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THE WORKS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, INCLUDING HIS NOVELS, POEMS, FUGITIVE PIECES, CRITICISMS, ETC., WITH A PREFACE BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD HOUGHTON, A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER, EDITH NICOLLS, AND PORTRAIT. EDITED BY HENRY COLE, C.B. IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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OF THE

COLLECTED EDITION OF THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE NOVELS.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the sixty-seventh volume of the Standard Novels published in 1837 were re-printed the tales of "Headlong Hall," "Nightmare Abbey," "Maid Marian," and "Crotchet Castle." To this collection Peacock wrote a "preface," characteristic of his opinions at that time. This preface was as follows:

All these little publications appeared originally without prefaces. I left them to speak for themselves; and I thought I might very fitly preserve my own impersonality, having never intruded on the personality of others, nor taken any liberties but with public conduct and public opinions. But an old friend assures me, that to publish a book without a preface is like entering a drawing-room without making a bow. In deference to this opinion, though I am not quite clear of its soundness, I make my prefatory bow at this eleventh hour.

"Headlong Hall" was written in 1815; "Nightmare Abbey," in 1817; "Maid Marian," with the exception of the last three chapters, in 1818; "Crotchet Castle," in 1830. I am desirous to note the intervals, because, at each of those periods, things were true, in great matters and in small, which are true no longer. "Headlong Hall" begins with the Holyhead Mail, and "Crotchet Castle" ends with a rotten borough. The Holyhead Mail no longer keeps the same hours, nor stops

at the Capel Cerig Inn, which the progress of improvement has thrown out of the road; and the rotten boroughs of 1830 have ceased to exist, though there are some very pretty pocket properties, which are their worthy successors. But the classes of tastes, feelings, and opinions, which were successively brought into play in these little tales, remain substantially the same. Perfectibilians, deteriorationists, statu-quo-ites, phrenologists, transcendentalists, political economists, theorists in all sciences, projectors in all arts, morbid visionaries, romantic enthusiasts, lovers of music, lovers of the picturesque, and lovers of good dinners, march, and will march for ever, *pari passu* with the march of mechanics, which some facetiously call the march of intellect. The fastidious in old wine are a race that does not decay. Literary violators of the confidences of private life still gain a disreputable livelihood and an unenviable notoriety. Match-makers from interest, and the disappointed in love and in friendship, are varieties of which specimens are extant. The great principle of the Right of Might is as flourishing now as in the days of Maid Marian: the array of false pretensions, moral, political, and literary, is as imposing as ever: the rulers of the world still feel things in their effects, and never foresee them in their causes; and political mountebanks continue, and will continue, to puff nostrums and practise legerdemain under the eyes of the multitude; following, like the "learned friend"* of Crotchet Castle, a course as tortuous as that of a river, but in a reverse process; beginning by being dark and deep, and ending by being transparent.

THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL."

4th March, 1837.

* *Lord Brougham*, whom Peacock held in aversion.—ED.

PREFACE.

THESE volumes contain the collected writings of an English gentleman, who was a scholar and a poet, and above all, a man of letters. They are the natural production of a mind which, through a long life of employment in practical affairs, was used to find its best relaxation in the studies its youth had mastered and appropriated, and of a temperament which sustained to the last a redundant fancy and keen observation of mankind. There is little about them of scholastic authorship, or of pretension to add to the wisdom of the world, but a great deal of the intellectual gaiety to which the follies, inconsistencies, exaggerations, conceits, and oddities of other men supply a continual fund of interest that does not exclude sympathy, and which prefers to satisfy its sense of superiority by humorous dissection and comic portraiture rather than by solemn censure or scathing ridicule. There is, too, the presence of the lyrical and inventive faculties which go far to humanize the critical understanding, and to the defect of which is due the utter barrenness and inutility of so much acute and learned disquisition.

Apart from *the especial merits*, to which the reader

requires no guidance, there are certain peculiarities in the character and circumstances of these writings that recommend them for republication. They are, for the most part, satirical; and satire, almost in any shape, is a valuable element of history. In politics and ethics it is the most permanent protest of good against evil, and of genius against stupidity; and even when it takes the form of the unwilling homage of malignity to something superior to itself, as it has so often done in matters of religion, it remains to posterity the best indication of the passions of the time and of the workings of society. The subjects and subject-matter of literary conflicts are indeed often in themselves unimportant, and we do not care for Curll or Fréron beyond the facetiæ of Pope or the epigrams of Voltaire. But the individualities illustrated in the following pages are for the most part such as attracted and influenced the generation to which they belonged, and nothing that affects their characters and reputations is altogether indifferent, while the systems of thought and ideal natures that are here impersonated have either a general human interest, or exercise a powerful, though partial, influence over certain orders of minds or classes of society.

If we are to look for the predisposing cause that turned the genius of Peacock so early towards a satirical view of the literature, philosophy, and social condition of his own generation, rather than to any intellectual sympathy, and practical fellowship with its efforts and aspirations, we may perhaps discover it in a fundamental idiosyncrasy of his mental constitution. Although brought as fairly as most men in contact with the best influences and most powerful impulses

of the nineteenth century, he belonged, in all his tastes, sentiments, and aspects of life to the eighteenth, the age pre-eminently of free fancy and common-sense. This is apparently the key to his character, and it finds the strongest confirmation in the construction, intention, and spirit of his works. These fictions, without any servile imitation, continually recall the *Contes* which filled the literary and philosophical atmosphere of France between the Regency and the Revolution in every variety of invention and argument, but with an uniform tendency to make humour out of other men's truths, and to raise the graces, flowers, and arts of life above its bare sincerities and angry convictions. There is the same disregard of plot, the same continuous weft of satirical allusion, the same exaggeration of the fallacies of opponents, the same assumption of an infallible judgment, but with a total absence of the indecency and impiety, without which so many productions of that great school of wit and intelligence would never have obtained notoriety. Thus, while the "Voyage en Mauritanie" of Antoine Hamilton, or the "Ile Frivole" of the Abbé Coyer, or the "Homme au Quarante Ecus" of Voltaire, or the "Compère Mathieu" of Pigault Lebrun, may rise to the recollection of the reader of these stories, he will recognize with satisfaction a superior morality, a greater amiability of treatment, and, above all, the happy manner of the well-bred and cultivated Englishman.

For another intellectual characteristic, noteworthy in these days of decline of classical, though not perhaps of scholastic, attainment, was his life-long familiarity with Greek and Latin literature. This taste had not come to him through the ordinary channels of

traditionary education, for he was never at a public school. But at an age at which most boys, even of superior intellect, are plodding through the limited routine of classic writers under methodical instruction, he was traversing the whole range of ancient literature with independent zeal, and realizing to himself the thoughts and images of that wonderful phase of human existence in the "old marbles ever beautiful" and abundant relics of architecture brought together in our national Museum. How far he penetrated into the finer recesses, and touched the more delicate niceties, of either language is not apparent; and, indeed, he seems to have regarded the efforts at absolute precision and perfect form as comparatively valueless. But, on the other hand, his command of the literature was complete. He drew no arbitrary distinction between writers to be used or set aside: he may have differed with Charles Fox in preferring the ninth Pythian of Pindar to the second Olympic, and he had, no doubt, his favourite graces of composition and turns of style; but he enjoyed as well the vivid pictures of Petronius, and Athenæus was to him a perpetual Banquet. He extended this sentiment to more disputable preferences of the ancient world: he believed that the ear of the Greeks was susceptible of perceptions of intonation which the modern has lost, and that their music was as perfect as their sculpture: he thought their painting was all the better for the ignorance of perspective, which gave it all the clearness of an alto-relievo: and though twitted with the painful certainty of the connection of the thyrsus with Grecian wine, he assumed it to be impossible that Alcœus, Anacreon, and Nonnus could have sung as they did under the inspiration of spirits-of-

turpentine, and gladly inferred (from an epigram of Rhianus) that the rosin was an occasional infusion for medical purposes. In the same spirit he clung to the old religious ideas that haunted all early Roman history, and, indeed, went far in the Empire (for the philosophic Pliny was proud of being made an Augur), and thus he liked to read Livy, and did not like to read Niebuhr. If this strong proclivity towards the feelings and tastes of an antique world inspired him with some real sentiment and much humorous affectation of hatred of the vaunted progress and actual advantages of the age in which his lot was cast, the continual recurrence of his mind to the simpler and more graceful aspects of humanity may have served to protect his essentially critical nature from any saturnine or severe expression, and enabled him to mix with our self-satisfied and malcontent society in the spirit of an elder time, before all the sherry was dry, and all the ale bitter, and when men of thought were not ashamed of being merry.

That there was in him an element of unreasoning animosity, appears from certain hostile generalizations which have no excuse in fact or reason. He exhibits an indiscriminate repugnance to Scotland and everything Scotch, which includes their poetry, their philosophy, their fiction, and their criticism. He accuses the Edinburgh Reviewers of every political, moral, and literary obliquity: "they had set an example of profligate contempt for truth, of which the success was in proportion to the effrontery, and when their prosperity had filled the market with competitors, they cried out against their own reflected sin, as if they had never committed it, or were entitled to a monopoly of it."

He makes the sagacious and genial economist, Mr. Macculloch, a ridiculous expounder of a fictitious science (with a perversity nearly as absurd as that of Cobbett, who always designated him as "Peter," when his initials were J. R.), and Sir Walter Scott an inferior performer to the purveyor of the London pantomimes—both "Enchanters" in their way, but the Southern infinitely the superior. This last extravagance was not perhaps entirely without excuse, but must have required a considerable critical courage, at a moment when the "Author of Waverley" was elevated above the romancers of all times and nations. Yet it was not exactly the best way to check this violent enthusiasm, to assert that "Scott was only amusing because he misrepresented everything," and "that any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, anything having tendency, however remote, to make men wise or better, to make them think, to make them even think of thinking, was to be found *nuspiam, nequaquam, nullibi, nullomodo*, in all these volumes, written in all the worst dialects of the English language." Thus the assumption of the name of the "Modern Athens" by Edinburgh, seemed to him absolutely profane: the only possible application could be to its occasional festivities; "but even a good supper could not make an Athenian without Attic salt, and with no better drama than the 'Gentle Shepherd,' which is as much a comedy as the Book of Job." All these ungentle sarcasms were republished without modification in the collected works of 1837, with the additional compliment to Lord Brougham, on whom he concentred a national and personal hatred, "that his course of life was tortuous as a river, but in a reverse process, beginning by being dark and deep, and ending by being transparent."

The Americans were a subject of a not less comprehen-

sive invective, which included the whole continent and its islands, from the Esquimaux to Patagonia: "the science of magnetism itself is odious to him" because it discovered the New World: "in the United States, the human mind has continuously degenerated, and the present superiority, such as it is, of the white man, is only kept up by intercourse with Europe;" "a time may come when a new Columbus will find nothing there but savages;" or at any rate the black race will predominate by mere force of numbers, and exterminate the white. If Mr. Peacock had lived to see the immense sacrifice by which the American nation resisted the extension of slavery and expiated the wrongs of the past, he might have relented in some of his judgments, but he never would have retracted his disgust of the false Latin of "Excelsior," "the only return we have got for the gift of classical literature with which we had endowed them."

There are some few exceptions to the general good-humour of Mr. Peacock's individual impersonations of representative men. The misanthropy of Lord Byron is made ludicrous in Mr. Cypress, without any compensating acknowledgment of his poetic power, and Southey is singled out among the literary celebrities of the time to be stigmatized with a Landorian violence, coupling him with Edmund Burke as political scarecrows, "gods of the garden of the golden apples of corruption," and accusing him of reviewing his own poems in the Quarterly, which fares no better, in his judgment, than its Edinburgh rival. Of a very different character is his treatment of another poet then, indeed, and long after, the subject of stupid and malignant calumny, who, amid all the wayward incidents and strange troubles of his youth, was fortunate, for once, in his accidental connection with

this appreciating and kindred mind. It was in his twenty-ninth year that Peacock made the acquaintance of Shelley, when residing with his first wife at Nant Gwillt, near Rhyadwr, in North Wales. How the fence which Shelley, with the wildness and suspicion of a hunted creature, had raised between himself and human intercourse, was broken down, is nowhere apparent; but then and there began a friendship which lasted without a break till that passionate heart and haunted brain rested beneath the Mediterranean waves.

It has been thought well to include in this collection Peacock's contributions to the memoirs of Shelley, not only from their separate value, but from the co-relative interest which attaches to the delineation of character in the hero of "Nightmare Abbey." The satisfaction of Shelley in this humorous portraiture of himself, as expressed in one of his letters, is remarkable, and it is surprising that more attention has not been paid to it by the numerous biographers and annotators of the poet. For, in this work of a faithful and considerate hand, the idealistic earnestness of his mental constitution is shown to be united with much wit and shrewd sense, and a distinct impression is made on the mind of the reader that if Shelley had had more of the companionship of such men as Peacock, and less of the narrow and conceited society in which both chance and choice had placed him, he would soon have thrown off the paradoxical spirit that the ungenial atmosphere of his youth had generated, and reconciled his genius to the conditions of his time and position among men. There was assuredly nothing irremediable in the young fanaticism which awaits in solemn expectation

the result of a publication "as a miner who has fired a train awaits the explosion of the rock," and who, on learning seven copies have been sold, finds consolation in the remembrance "that seven is a mystical number, and that the seven purchasers of the seven copies will be the seven candlesticks that will illuminate the world." The gain to Shelley by this association with a clear and healthy mind, and by serious classical reading with so competent a teacher, must have been great, and it is not too much to attribute his rapid progress from productions that exhibited little beyond the lyrical faculty common to poetic youth combined with the transformation of a boy's vivid thoughts into a fantastic system of ethics and religion, up to the imaginative grandeur and noble form of "The Spirit of Solitude" (the name suggested by his friend) and the "Revolt of Islam," to these better influences. And even when removed from them he exhibited a standard of moral and intellectual integrity which won both the love and admiration of men not easily accessible to those emotions, and which seems almost in contradiction to the exaggerations and disturbances of his earlier life. It is worth notice that in Mr. Peacock's affectionate notice of Shelley, he does not attempt to justify any of his social aberrations, but rather declines to admit any extenuation of his conduct to his first wife, and plainly states the very justifiable grounds on which Lord Eldon deprived him of the custody of his children.

The estimate of Mr. Coleridge in the same story, and in that of "Crotchet Castle," published thirteen years after, illustrates the repulsion of Mr. Peacock's mind towards the metaphysical aspects of morals and

politics, which, under the guidance of that great master, were destined to occupy so much of the best thoughts and most earnest reflections of the Englishmen of the coming generation. The first of these dramatic impersonations is evidently intended to be no more a caricature than that of Shelley himself, and it accords with many traits in Coleridge's letters and confessions. There is here powerfully represented what in one of his letters he describes as "the absorption into the contemplation of his own mismanaged sensibilities:" here is portrayed that visionary speculation of the inward eye, which he confessed by saying "that he had seen far too many ghosts to believe in them:" here is delineated the miserable reaction from the glorious prospects of the French Revolution, which is hardly expressed too strongly as "making him willing to rebuild the old feudal fortresses of tyranny and superstition, without the loopholes through which light had originally crept in." But there are other assumed characteristics not so easy to recognize—a gloom that disturbs all the incidents of daily life—an insolence of assumed omniscience—a delight in his own unintelligibility and the confusion of all around him, and an affectation of a sublime asceticism: while the imputation "that he dreamt with his eyes open, or with one eye open, which is an eye to his own gain," is totally at variance with the whole sad story of Coleridge's careless and comfortless life. It was, however, scarcely to be expected that the satirist would draw the Philosopher whom he took from the writings he certainly disliked and possibly misapprehended, as he did the Poet, whom he laughed at and analyzed with the indulgent discrimination of a friend.

The eighteenth-century spirit which has been already spoken of as pervading these volumes is no less apparent in the total absence of theology as an element of social life or public discussion, than in the frequent presence and general participation of the clergy in all subjects of dispute and interest. They are naturally members of the English Church—sound scholars—Tories in politics, full of good sense, good humour, and good cheer. In the open controversies on all sorts of questions, the satirist seems to do the order the honour of making them generally the exponents of his own opinions and examples of the jovial contentment with which the wise man makes the most of the gifts of Providence. This is, in fact, the transition view of the position of the sacerdotal class in this country that lay between the caricatures or pastorals of apostolic simplicity in Parson Adams and the Vicar of Wakefield, and the very different notions that have prevailed down to our time, diverse in dogma as the intellects and emotions of mankind, but all agreeing in isolating the clerical condition from that of the rest of humanity, and separating, on one pretext or another, the clergyman from the secular sympathies and unprofessional intercourse of the world about them. We shall not meet the Rev. Dr. Opimian again in fiction any more than the Rev. Sydney Smith at a London dinner-table.

The intimate friends of Mr. Peacock may have understood his political sentiments, but it is very difficult to deduce them from his works. They may, indeed, have justifiably undergone any amount of change in the half-century that elapsed between the studious friend of Shelley and the retired officer of the East India Company; but there is a singular continuity of

impressions lasting through the whole course of his writings, which indicate that at no time of his life would he have been what is commonly called a consistent member of a political party. There is, indeed, nothing singular in the discrepancy of argument between the admirable allegory of the "Misfortunes of Elphin," written in 1829, embodying Mr. Canning's defence of the English constitution against the reformers of the time, where the parts that are rotten "give elasticity to those that are sound," and the denunciation in the "Gryll Grange" of 1860 of Lord Michin Malicho (Lord John Russell), "the Gracchus of the last Reform, and the Sisyphus of "the present." Many of the most notorious Whigs had done the same; but it is difficult to reconcile the friend of Shelley, Fonblanque, and Hobhouse, the frequent contributor to the *Globe* and the *Examiner*, with the implacable satirist of every development of modern thought and life—the railroad "that hurries about persons who have nothing to do" and the telegraph "that conveys the words of people who have nothing to say"—the contemner of every apparatus for the extension of knowledge among the masses of mankind, and the continual exalter of material over mental happiness.

He is hard enough on the bird-shooting and vermin-killing squires, and he affords plenty of evidence of his appreciation of the refinements of men and manners; but there is a constant recurrence of fancy towards the older and simpler world, an exaggeration of the quiet and contentment of some earlier conditions of humanity, such as gave to the Voltairian and Encyclopœdic historic medal the reverse of the "Savoyard Pastor" and "Paul and Virginia." Mr. Day's "Sandford and Merton," the delight of the youth of the first generation of this century,

was a skilful imitation and adaptation of the "Emile" of Rousseau to English life, and the same influence is apparent, dissociated from its uncomfortable morality, in the pleasant representation of the greenwood of Sherwood Forest, the careless, lawless, Maid Marian existence—a kind of compromise between old Greek freedom and the Christianity of the middle ages. Another and still more striking mark of this line of thought is the leading idea of "Melincourt," the equality, if not the superiority, of the farthest savage type, the very link between the Brute of the forest and the Man of the wigwam, in comparison with the tailless, cultivated, artificial product of the most civilized society. The curious importance which the relations of this order of nature to mankind, in its physical aspects, has now assumed, would have astonished Lord Monboddo* himself, and gives not only an increased interest to his speculations and every deduction from them, such as that of Mr. Peacock, but raises the first author of them to a higher rank among original speculators than he has yet attained.

The class of mind which would employ itself earnestly in the verbal puzzle of *Aelia Loelia Crispis* and put aside with contemptuous disregard, as impositions or delusions, the "flint instruments" whose investigation has led to so much anthropological discovery, is so uncommon in our time that there is an interest in its very deficiency: if the literary passion is irreconcilable with historic or scientific thought, it is well that

* It is said that among the literary perquisitions that are going on so actively in Scotland there has been found a considerable amount of the papers and letters of Lord Monboddo which will well repay publication.

strong examples of it should be preserved and cherished as specimens of a peculiar intellectual condition, that has in its own time assuredly contributed to the elevation and happiness of man.

The practical character of Mr. Peacock's work in the service of the East India Company must have had a bearing on his character and opinions, which an intimate personal knowledge could alone have traced; and I should have been glad, if it had been thought advisable, to have included in this collection some records and impressions of his official life. Such administrators of our great Dependency as Mr. Peacock and Mr. Mill, were assuredly not engaged in merely functional occupations: the transactions in which they took part must have affected, as they must have been affected by, the mental dispositions of such remarkable men as these, and others, who gave an intellectual distinction to that wonderful government that no other branch of our Civil Service has ever attained, or, indeed, aspired to. His impressions and experience of the efficiency and adaptation of the instruments by which the India Office and its immense dominion were worked, of the combination of the most powerful moral influences with a specific instruction that did not absorb or limit the general intelligence, may have had to do with Mr. Peacock's repugnance to the system of Competitive Examinations, which had begun in his time, and has since extended to all our public offices, establishing, for good or evil, a new bureaucratic profession, and staking the social existence of a large body of men on a factitious and momentary acquisition of knowledge, obtained, with few exceptions, by methods of study attainable by the wealthy alone,

ltogether apart from general culture or original
s. His illustrations of the subject are infinitely
ng, and were probably inspired by the same feeling
availing regret that made a thoughtful and let-
politician of the last generation say to a friend,
days before his death, "that he was not sorry to
ne world was clearly becoming very disagree-
-everybody was going to examine everybody, and
s sure he should be plucked."*

Peacock's connection with the India Office
ht him into contact with Sir John Hobhouse, for
time at the head of the Board of Control, and
timate relation of mutual esteem and scholarly
thy followed, which endured during the re-
ler of their lives. Their correspondence is
l for many years to come under the strange dis-
ms which have shut up Lord Broughton's memoirs
orrespondence till a period when the personages
elate to will be forgotten, or will retain only an
ological interest. But in his friend's hospitable
s, both in London and in the country, and in the
r of his accomplished daughters, he found that
of society which every day is becoming more
where the ease of wealth ministers to rest of
without enervating the intellectual faculties, and
wit is stimulated by mutual affection and the
to please.

ic seems to have occupied no small place in
eacock's amusements, and it must have rather
ed the theatrical critics to have found a quiet
y official usurping their province of professional
m, and writing the Opera articles in the *Globe*

* The first Earl of Ellesmere.

and *Examiner*. But in these works, also, there are indications that the science of music attracted him as well as its sensuous gratification, such as the chromatic description of Shelley's voice and the explanation of the superiority of old Greek music to our own, a conclusion which those who are familiar with the art, as it at present exists in Oriental countries, will hardly be inclined to accept.

The earlier Poems of Mr. Peacock bear the characteristics of his own studies, and of the literature of the day, rather than of any original imagination. They belong to a time when verse-writing was a gentlemanlike recreation as well as a divine afflatus, and when a critic no more thought of dissecting a pleasant piece of rhyme than a man of science would object to the deficient mechanism of the toys of childhood. They are full of that imagery which transformed the affections and mental faculties into mythological personages, and haunted all nature with a new and uninteresting polytheism, while it established a certain obligatory diction for verse, that now sounds intolerably forced and pedantic. The good taste that is the primary effect of sound classical knowledge, saved him from the extravagance of the "Della Crusca" school, but the mannerism is there.

"Rhododaphne" is a great improvement. Lord Byron admired it, and it is not without signs of his influence. It is the old tale of the contest between natural and supernatural love, in which the supernatural is made always to have the worst of it, and where, by an odd inversion of ideas, the senses have a higher moral bearing than the imagination. Such is "Tannhauser," and other numerous forms of the legend of the "Venus-

berg;" such the "Bride of Corinth," such the "Loves of the Angels." Here Mr. Peacock was well served by his fine sense of Grecian rhythm, especially of Pindar, and the reader is conscious of a certain grace and power in the writer, beyond the interest of the story and the art of telling it.

It is in his lyrical pieces that Mr. Peacock shows a real talent for the lighter forms of verse. The most serious effort in his earliest works is in the "Misfortunes of Elphin," where the translation of the best Welsh legends into English poetry is made an important portion of the fiction. The war-song of "Dinas Vawr" is perfect in its kind, with its humorous ferocity and predatory swing; and every poem in the "Circle of the Bards" has its merit. The Bacchanalian and sentimental songs interspersed through these novels remind one of the best of Captain Morris's, with greater polish of language, and the broad comedy of the satirical verse does not degenerate for a moment into vulgarity. "Gryll Grange," published as late as 1860, probably contains poems written at various periods of maturer life, and frequent as have been the adaptations of the great Greek comedy to modern manners, none will hold their place better than "Aristophanes in London.' The charming stanzas, "Love and Age," like the "Forty Years" of Thackeray, sadly and gracefully indicate a definite stage of existence, and leave the impression that the man who could write thus at sixty must have gone through the world alike with happiness and honour.

[redacted]

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK,

BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER,

EDITH NICOLLS.

WHEN the collected works of an author are about to be presented to the public, a biographical notice of him is usually expected. My grandfather's life was not fertile in events, and so I have thought it better to run the risk of disappointing public expectation by brevity rather than of wearying it with uninteresting details. The following Biographical Notice, therefore, shall be concise:

My grandfather, Thomas Love Peacock, who was born on the 18th of October, 1785, at Weymouth, and baptized by Dr. Hunter, of the Scotch Kirk, London Wall, about the month of January, 1786, was the only child of Samuel Peacock, a merchant of London, head of the firm of Peacock and Pellatt, St. Paul's Churchyard, who died in the year 1788. His mother, Sarah Love, was the eldest daughter of Thomas Love who, when Master of H.M.S. "Prothee," lost one of his legs in the great action on the 12th of April, 1782, when Lord Rodney completely defeated the French under Admiral de Grasse, in the West Indies. His uncle, on his mother's side, and his cousin, Admiral Love, were both in the navy. My grandfather's almost professional taste for sailors and ships, which he afterwards

turned to good account in the service of the East India Company, was fostered from his childhood by his strong attachment to his Grandfather Love, with whom he and his mother lived at Chertsey until he was sixteen years of age.

As a boy, in his holidays, he would listen for hours with intense interest to his old sailor grandfather's vivid descriptions of the great naval battles in which he had fought, and the meeting of the ships after the "Mutiny at the Nore." This grandfather is brought into the novel "Melincourt" as old Captain Hawltaught. There existed between Mrs. Peacock and her son Thomas the deepest love and sympathy; she was a woman of no common order of mind; he read all his writings to her, consulting her judgment, and seeking her criticisms; he often said that, after his mother's death, he wrote with no interest, as his heart was not in the work. At the age of eight, my grandfather was sent to a school at Englefield Green, kept by a Mr. John Harris Wicks, who was proud of his pupil, and is said to have foretold that "he would prove one of the most remarkable men of his day." As a boy he was a very pretty little fellow, with handsome dark blue eyes, fresh colour, a fine head, covered with masses of flaxen hair, which had so attracted the attention of Queen Charlotte that she stopped her carriage to kiss the young owner of the beautiful flaxen curls, which then hung in great profusion below his waist. The boy gave promise of future literary power; the following epitaph on one of his schoolfellows is better than the usual doggrel on tombstones:

EPITAPH.

"Here lie interred, in silent shade,
The frail remains of Hamlet Wade;
A youth more promising ne'er took breath;
But ere fifteen laid cold in death!
Ye young, ye old, and ye of middle age,
Act well your part, for quit the stage
Of mortal life, one day you must,
And, like him, crumble into dust."

T. L. P.

Englefield House, 14th February, 1795.

In 1798, he left Mr. Wicks' school, and was from that time self-educated. Writing to a Mr. Thomas L'Estrange,

of Belfast, in 1862, he gives the following account of his education:

"I did not go to any University or public school. I was six years and a half at a private school on Englefield Green. I left it before I was thirteen. The master was not much of a scholar; but he had the art of inspiring his pupils with a love of learning, and he had excellent classical and French assistants. I passed many of my best years with my mother, taking more pleasure in reading than in society. I was early impressed with the words of Harris: 'To be competently skilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of such insuperable pains. The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country, where, every mile we advance, new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other.' Thus encouraged, I took to reading the best books, illustrated by the best critics; and amongst the latter I feel especially indebted to Heyne and Hermann. Such was my education."

When about sixteen years of age, my grandfather removed with his mother from Chertsey to London, and he then commenced a line of study at the British Museum, where he devoted his whole time to reading the authors of ancient Greece and Rome, studying at the same time the architectural remains—the statues, bas reliefs, &c.—the works of their contemporary artists,* and thus self-educated, he became one of the best classical scholars of his time, imbued with the spirit of Greek and Roman literature, and connecting it with illustrations of classical art.

In the years 1804 and 1806 he first appeared before the

* Might not such a union of study, connecting theory and practice, be followed at our public schools and Universities? And nothing would be easier. When the schoolboy at Eton reads of the Roman Forum, Basilica, theatres, &c., why is there not a model of the structures before him? Pompeii offers precise materials for such models; and when the lad reads of gods and heroes, why should not casts of the finest works of Greek and Roman art be present to give form to words?

Why do not our public schools turn the treasures of the British Museum to educational use in all its other departments besides its splendid library—the work of Panizzi? Why do not the labels and the catalogues popularize the antiquities—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Assyrian, &c., the several departments of natural history, ethnology, &c.? Why are the collections still looked upon by the Museum as "rare and curious" only, and not as the practical illustrations of science and art?—H. C.

public as an author—"The Monks of St. Mark," followed by "Palmyra and other Poems," were published by Mr. Edward Hookham, of Old Bond Street; who continued his friend and correspondent through life. Writing to Mr. Hookham, in 1807, he speaks rather despondingly of an intended Poem on the Thames.

"Perhaps I have undertaken more than I can perform, and shall be obliged at last to leave the work unfinished. However, as I have no better occupation, I will return to the 'idle trade' of writing verses. I am writing in a great hurry, and after dinner, a time at which I am not very fond of flourishing the goose-quill. Brevity, as Polonius says, is the soul of wit; but I apprehend, in the present instance, it is a soul without a body.

"*Chertsey, 3rd August*, 1807."

From the date of this letter, it is evident that he was back again in his grandfather's house at Chertsey. About this time, my grandfather fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady who lived with her widowed mother in the neighbourhood of Chertsey. The young people were engaged when she was eighteen and he was twenty-two. For a few summer months they were entirely happy in mutual affection and sympathy; their favourite place of meeting was the old ruin of Newark Abbey, which still is standing. The ruin is situated in a field, about eight miles from Chertsey, and near a mill; it can be approached either by road or by the canal which runs from Weybridge past the ruin to the mill; the latter way was always taken by my grandfather in later years, with whom the place was ever a favourite haunt either for solitary meditation, or with his friends in the summer for a picnic party. Unfortunately, this engagement was broken off in an unjustifiable manner by the underhand interference of a third person, and the young lady, supposing herself to be deserted, married another man, and died some time in the year 1808. This brief engagement my grandfather seemed never to have forgotten; it coloured the tone of his mind in his future. The beautiful lines written in 1842, with a reminiscence of 1807, on "Revisiting Newark Abbey," and first published in *Fraser* for November, 1860, were written in memory of this love of his life; the lines "Remember Me," written in 1809, and "Al mio primiero amore," written in 1813 (and now published for the first time), were also addressed to her; and

his description of her will be found in that of Miss Touchandgo, in "Crotchet Castle."

Other passing fancies, later in life, of course, fell to his lot, as they do more or less to all men, but this was a deep and lasting affection which he retained until his death; his was a nature capable of warm affections rather than strong passions; he always wore a locket with her hair in it, and only a few days before his death he spoke of her to me, saying, that he had been "dreaming of dear Fanny," that she had come to him in the night in his sleep, and he expressed himself as greatly pleased with the dream, remarking that it had for some weeks frequently recurred.

In the year 1808, my grandfather got an appointment as under-secretary to Sir Home Popham, then in command of H.M.S. "Venerable," and went to Flushing. The work of under-secretary was distasteful to him, and in a letter to Mr. Edward Hookham, dated from Flushing, November 28th, 1808, he says—

"As to writing poetry, or doing anything else that is rational, in this floating Inferno, it is almost next to a moral impossibility. I would give the world now to be at home, and devote the whole winter to the composition of a comedy. I am, most assuredly, completely out of my element here. Why, then, do I stay? To please some of my friends, who advise me to do so, because there is a prospect of its conducing to advantage. England is the modern Carthage; the love of gold—"the last corruption of man"—pervades the whole state, from the centre to the extremities. If any one be placed in a situation attended with immediate or consequent profit, it is sufficient for the multitude to pronounce him well employed, and to raise a most vehement outcry against all who dare to dissent from them. It would be ridiculous to talk to them of degradation of mind, or contamination of morals."

In this year, he wrote also "A Romance," now published for the first time. While on board the "Venerable," plays were acted, for which he wrote "Prologues" and "Addresses," somewhat in the style of Dibden, who inspired our sailors in fighting the French at that time; and while yearning for his return to land, he wrote "Stanzas written at Sea," which were appended to "The Genius of the Thames," published in 1810. He left the "Venerable" in 1809, and on the 3rd of April, in that year, he writes to Mr. Hookham from Ramsgate, saying, that he had walked from Deal, and in-

tended to walk to Canterbury, through Margate, and having done so to "commit my valuable carcase to the first leathern bucket* I can find bound to London." He was a great walker, and in his walking tours was generally accompanied by a large dog—"Otho" was one of his dogs who was with him in Wales for many years. My grandfather now turned his attention to his intended Poem on the Thames, which he first mentioned in a letter to Mr. Hookham, in August, 1807, and in May, 1809, he proposes to "trace the Thames from its source"—"the course of the river from Trewsbury Mead to Chertsey is 180 miles, a very decent walk." On the 2nd of June he writes from Cricklade, "still looking after the source of the Thames. Several streams unite here; the natives are the most perfect set of vandals I ever met with, they are not agreed which of these streams is the Thames."

He is next heard of from Oxford, whence he writes to Mr. Hookham, on the 6th of June, 1809, as follows:

"Thames Head is a flat spring, in a field about a mile from Tarlton, lying close to the bank of the Thames and Severn Canal. This spring, in the summer months, is totally dry. None of our picturesque tourists appear to have asked themselves the question, 'How is it possible that a river which is *perpetually flowing* can rise from a source which is *sometimes dry?*' The infant river at Kemble Meadow is never totally dry, and to the source by which the stream there is constantly supplied can alone belong the honour of giving birth to the Thames. But this spring, Thames Head, would never be dry, were it not for a monstrous piece of machinery erected near it for the purpose of throwing up its water into the neighbouring canal. The Thames is almost as good a subject for a satire as a panegyric. A satirist might exclaim, 'The rapacity of commerce, not content with the immense advantages derived from this river in a course of nearly 300 miles, erects a ponderous engine over the very place of its nativity, to suck up its unborn waters from the bosom of the earth, and pump them into a navigable canal!' It were to be wished, after all, that the crime of *water sucking* were the worst that could be laid to the charge of commercial navigation; but we have only to advert to the conduct of the Spanish Christians in South America, of the English Christians in the East Indies, and of the Christians of all nations on the coast of Africa, to discover the deeper dyes of its *blood-sucking* atrocities.

"A panegyrist, on the contrary, after expatiating on the benefits of commercial navigation, and the great effort of human ingenuity, the

* Also called the "basket," at the back of the stage-coaches. They were in use on the Greenwich coaches in 1823.

Thames and Severn Canal, which ascends the hills, sinks into the valleys, and penetrates the bosom of the earth, to unite the two noblest rivers of this most wealthy, prosperous, happy, generous, loyal, patriotic, &c., &c., &c., kingdom of England, might say, 'And yet this splendid undertaking would be incomplete, through the failure of water in the summer months, did not this noble river, this beautiful emblem and powerful instrument of the commercial greatness of Britain, contribute to that greatness even at the instant of its birth, by supplying this magnificent chain of connection with the means of perpetual utility.'"

In this extract may be traced the germ of the peculiar style of satire that pervades his novels, in which various characters express diametrically opposite views of the same circumstances, and this with so much clearness and earnestness that the reader is often left in doubt as to what the author's own opinion was on the subjects under discussion, or whether, indeed, he had any opinion at all on the matter. After this tour of the Thames, he completed and published his first work of any size, a lyrical poem, entitled, "The Genius of the Thames;" it came out in 1810, and passed through two editions.

I have a portrait of my grandfather taken about this time, it shows me that the pretty fair-haired boy had developed into a fine, tall, handsome man, with a profusion of bright brown hair, eyes of fine dark blue, massive brow, and regular features, a Roman nose, a handsome mouth which, when he laughed, as I well remember, turned up at the corners, and a complexion, fair as a girl's; his hair was peculiar in its wild luxuriant growth, it seemed to grow all from the top of his head, had no parting, but hung about in thick locks with a rich wave all through it, and as an old man, it turned to that beautifully bright silver-white, which one so seldom sees; at his death, in his eighty-first year, it was as profuse in quantity as when he was a young man.

In January, 1810, my grandfather went to North Wales to explore alone the wild and beautiful scenery of Merionethshire, which impressed itself so vividly on his mind that it lasted through life, and was reproduced in his works again and again. The following letter to Mr. Hookham, dated January the 20th, 1810, Maentwrog, gives a description of his first impression of the beauty of the country:

"This is a delightful spot, *enchanting* even in the gloom of winter;

in the summer it must be a terrestrial paradise. It is a beautiful narrow vale, several miles in length, extending in one direction to the sea, and totally embosomed in mountains, the sides of which are covered in many parts with large woods of oak. My sitting-room has a bow window, looking out on a lovely river, which flows through the vale. In the vicinity are many deep glens, along which copious mountain-streams of inconceivable clearness, roar in rocky channels, and numerous waterfalls, of the most romantic character. There is no other lodging of any description to be obtained in this part of the world but that in which I now am, and which suits me admirably in all respects but one. If I could induce mine host to moderate his demands a little, I should feel perfectly happy in casting anchor here. I am in a detached house, called the Lodge; there are not above seven houses in the place. The post-office is at Tan-y-Bwlch, a solitary inn just by, at which a picturesque tourist lately made a pause of five months, being unable to tear himself from so fascinating a scene. This piece of information I received from Mr. Madocks. Maentwrog, small as it is, contains a lawyer, doctor, and a parson; the latter is a little, dumpy, drunken mountain goat."

Again, writing to Hookham, he says:

"*Maentwrog Lodge*, 26 *Feb.*, 1810.

"I wish I could find language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an idea of the sublime magnificence of the waterfalls in the frost, when the old overhanging oaks are spangled with icicles; the rocks sheeted with frozen foam, formed by the flying spray; and the water that oozes from their sides congealed into innumerable pillars of crystal. Every season has its charms. The picturesque tourists—those birds of summer—see not half the beauties of nature."

"*Maentwrog Lodge*, 22*nd March*, 1810.

"I resolved to devote the whole interval to exploring the vicinity, and have been climbing about the rocks and mountains, by the rivers and the sea, with indefatigable zeal, carrying in my mind the law in triad that the poet should have an eye that can see nature, a heart that can feel nature, and a resolution that dares follow nature; in obedience to which latter injunctive, I have nearly broken my neck. The other day, I prevailed on my new acquaintance, Dr. Gryffydh, to accompany me, at midnight, to the *Black Cataract*, a favourite haunt of mine, about two and a half miles from hence. Mr. Lloyd, whom I believe I have mentioned to you more than once, volunteered to be of the party; and at twenty minutes past eleven, lighted by the full-orbed moon, we sallied forth, to the no small astonishment of mine host, who protested he never expected to see us all again. The effect was truly magnificent. The water descends from a mountainous glen down a winding rock, and then precipitates itself in one sheet of foam, over its black base, into a capacious basin, the sides of which are all but perpendicular, and covered with hanging oak and hazel. Evans, in the 'Cambria Itinerary,' describes it as an *abode of* damp and horror, and adds that the whole cataract cannot

be seen in one view, as the sides are too steep and slippery to admit of climbing up, and the top of the upper fall is invisible from below. Mr. Evans appears to have laboured under a small degree of alarm, which prevented accurate investigation, for I have repeatedly climbed this *unattemptable* rock, and obtained this impossible view, as he, or any one else might do, with very little difficulty; though Dr. Gryffydh, the other night, trusting to a rotten branch, had a fall of fifteen feet perpendicular, and, but for an intervening hazel, would infallibly have been hurled to the bottom. But a similar mistake is not likely to occur in daylight."

"There is more truth than poetry in the remark of Wordsworth, that, 'as high as we have mounted in delight, in our dejection do we sink as low.' You saw this exemplified in me last summer, when I was sometimes skipping about the room, singing, and playing all sorts of ridiculous antics, at others doling out staves of sorrow, and meditating on daggers and laurel-water. Such is the disposition of all votaries of the muses, and, in some measure, of all metaphysicians, for the sensitive and the studious are generally prone to melancholy, and the melancholy are usually subject to intervals of boisterous mirth. Poor Cowper was a lamentable instance, and Tasso, and Collins, and Chatterton—a list that might be prolonged almost *ad infinitum*. I do not mean to say that the effects of this morbid disposition are always so fatally exemplified as in the four I have mentioned, of whom three were driven to insanity, and one to suicide. Cratinus, Democrites, Horace, and others have opined that a certain degree of noncomposity is essential to the poetical character, and I am inclined to think there is considerable justice in the observation."

During this tour, my grandfather became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Gryffydh, the gentleman mentioned in the letter describing the midnight visit to the Black Cataract, who, in attempting to climb the rock, fell down from a height of fifteen feet; his daughter, Jane, eventually became ~~my grandfather's wife~~. He writes of her to Mr. Hookham, 12th June, 1810. "The Caernarvonshire nymph, whom I once mentioned to you, pleased me by talking of Scipio and Hannibal, and the Emperor Otho. It is now a month since I saw her, and 'Richard is himself again.'"

My grandfather first made the acquaintance of Shelley in 1812, at Nant Gwillt, near Rhayadr, in North Wales, where the latter was staying with his first wife Harriet, just before they went to Tanyrallt. He accompanied the Shelleys to Edinburgh, and an intimate friendship between the two then began, and continued till Shelley's death, at Spezzia, in 1822. Conjointly with Byron he was named as Shelley's executor, with a legacy of £1000, and Byron dying before

the will came into operation, which it did on the death of Shelley's grandfather, in 1844, he became sole executor. I can now no longer follow my grandfather's steps year by year; the record of his life becomes very broken henceforth, but as well as I can tell, he continued to live with his mother at Chertsey for some time, making frequent walking tours into Wales, and writing, for his own amusement, dramas and farces which he never published. It is not my intention to bring them forth from the oblivion to which he himself consigned them. I merely mention them *en passant*, to show how he employed his time. I have reason to think that, as well as writing for his own amusement, he at this time translated various novels from the French for the Hookhams, and perhaps he also wrote articles for different papers and periodicals, but of this I have no positive evidence, except in one instance where I have found a letter written in 1814, to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, finding a resemblance between Euripides and Hamlet, which is short and worth quoting:

"*To the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'*

"*April* 8, 1814.

"MR. EDITOR,

"It may perhaps gratify some of your readers who are more conversant with the English than with the Greek drama, to bring them acquainted with a passage of Euripides, which bears a striking resemblance to a part of Hamlet's soliloquy. The original lines being anapœstic, I have given them in translation the form of that colloquial lyric, which seems to me to bear the most strict analogy our language will admit of to the Greek tragedy and apœstic:

"The days of man in misery flow,
No rest from toil and tears we know;
The happier slumbers of the tomb
Are wrapt in clouds and veil'd in gloom,
And hence our abject spirits shrink
From pressing that oblivious brink;
Still fondly lingering to survey
The radiance of terrestrial day,
Through fear that fate's unpitying breath
May burst the deep repose of death,
And ignorance of those paths of dread,
Which no returning steps may tread,
We trace the mystic legends old,
Which many a dreaming bard has told,
And hear, half doubting, half deceived,
The songs our simple sires believed.

"These lines form part of a speech of Phædra's nurse, in the tragedy of 'Hippolytus.' The sentiments may seem too philosophical for the personage, and Aristophanes has not failed to ridicule Euripides for putting moral disquisitions and logical subtleties into the mouths of women. But it should be remembered that in the heroic age, the nurses of princesses were frequently princesses themselves, whom the chance of war had thrown into captivity.

"P."

In 1816, he published his first novel, "Headlong Hall." The scene is laid in the vale of Llanberris, in Caernarvonshire; it excited much attention, and ran through three editions. He took as the text for his tale—

"All philosophers who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit."

The four principal personages of this tale were Mr. Foster the perfectibilian, Mr. Escot, Mr. Jenkinson, and Dr. Gaster. He took the name Foster from φαος and τηρεω, one who watches over and guards the light; Escot, from ἐς σκοτον, one who is always looking into the dark side of the question; Jenkinson, from αἰεν ἐξ ἰσων, one who is always looking at both sides; and Gaster, from γαστηρ, the stomach.

In 1815, my grandfather went with his mother to live at Great Marlow, in Bucks; Shelley was then living at Bishamgate, somewhere about one mile from Marlow; these two, joined by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg (who, almost at his own solicitation, had been expelled with Shelley from Oxford, on the 25th of March, 1811), were in the habit of taking long walks together, and dining at the various inns in the neighbourhood. Sometimes they varied this recreation by going long boating expeditions. My grandfather always delighted in rowing and sailing on the Thames. He continued to live at Marlow till 1819. During that time he published "Headlong Hall," in 1816; "Melincourt," in 1817; and "Nightmare Abbey" and "Rhododaphne," in 1818. In 1816, he wrote also the prologue for Tobin's comedy of the "Guardians," which was performed in the November of that year, and I have several translations from the "Hecuba" of Euripides, hitherto unpublished. My grandfather's intimacy with Shelley induced him to make him the hero of "Nightmare

Abbey." He is there portrayed under the character of Scythrop. The reader who cares to see how my grandfather has almost paraphrased the remarkable realities in Shelley's strange life, should compare "Peacock's Memoirs of Shelley" with Scythrop's career in "Nightmare Abbey."* There Scythrop, seized with a desire to reform the world, falls in love with two women at the same time, is tossed like a shuttlecock between the two, and loses both; projects suicide, but does not commit it; and sees visions which he believes to be realities. Coleridge, as an antithesis to Shelley, is introduced as a Mr. Flosky, a corruption of Filosky, quasi-φιλοσχος, a lover, or spectator of shadows. Lord Byron makes a brief appearance as Mr. Cypress. The Hon. T. Skeffington, a fop of the day, is portrayed as the Hon. Mr. Listless; and Southey is mentioned as Mr. Sackbut. In 1817, my grandfather took Shelley to the opera with him for the first time; the piece was Mozart's "Don Giovanni;" and they met for the last time on the 10th of March, 1818, going to the opera and supping together afterwards. Shelley soon after this date went abroad, but till his death corresponded with my grandfather, by whom his letters were published in *Fraser* for March, 1860, and are included in these volumes.

My grandfather published in 1818 a grammatico-allegorical ballad, called, "Sir Hornbook; or Childe Launcelot's Expedition," with illustrations by Corbould; he allowed the book to be reprinted in Felix Summerly's "Home Treasury," in 1838.

In 1819, he accepted a clerkship in the Examiners' Office of the East India Company. It was the practice of the board of directors of that great political and commercial association, to keep their eyes open to the appearance above the horizon of men of brains, who in free and general competition had manifested their intellectual superiority. The publication of my grandfather's novels had introduced him to the notice of the directors, and he used gratefully to say that he owed all his success in the world to his knowledge of Greek. For his preparation for examination for the East India Company's service, he was allowed a school period of six weeks, and his passing papers were returned to him with this

* Shelley was much amused at this delineation of himself as Scythrop.

ut high compliment: "Nothing superfluous and wanting."

randfather's future in life being thus settled by his appointment, he made an offer of marriage to Miss ryffydh, the "Caernarvonshire nymph," of 1810, y known as "the beauty of Caernarvonshire," and e had not seen for eight years; she accepted him, and 20th of March, 1820, they were married, and went to 18, Stamford Street, Blackfriars. The issue of this e was four children—Mary Ellen, Margaret Love, Gryffydh, and Rosa Jane, all now dead. My mother, llen, the eldest child, was born in July, 1821, and , in January, 1844, Edward Nicolls, a Lieutenant in 'al Navy, son of the late General Sir Edward Nicolls, of the Royal Marines. He was lost in a storm at 'arbert, in Kerry, at the mouth of the Shannon, in the of that same year, while endeavouring to save the poor one-armed man.

822, my grandfather was promoted to the staff correspondence department of the East India Com- becoming an assistant examiner of Indian corre- ice, and in 1836, he rose to the chief post of ex- as successor to James Mill, the author of the ry of British India." Upon my grandfather's retire- 1 1856, John Stuart Mill took his place. It was the of the East India Company to give to the members of ermanent staff their breakfast, provided that they ar- Leadenhall Street before 10 a.m. The way in which assed their official hours (I believe Charles Lamb the number), he thus describes—

> "From ten to eleven, ate a breakfast for seven:
> From eleven to noon, to begin 'twas too soon;
> From twelve to one, asked, 'What's to be done?'
> From one to two, found nothing to do;
> From two to three began to foresee
> That from three to four would be a d——d bore."

clerks who came especially into communication with ndfather were, Horace Grant, the author of numerous onal works, and Francis Prideaux, who was subse- transferred to the present India Office when the ndia Company was abolished. At this time he took a to Mr. Henry *Cole, then a young* man who often passed

the evening with him; he introduced Mr. Cole to John Stuart Mill. Mr. Cole, in respect for my grandfather's talents and memory, suggested this collection of his works, and assisted in the editorship of them. My grandfather's friends were especially, Mr. Macgregor Laird and Mr. Coulson, also the two Smiths of the "Rejected Addresses," "Barry Cornwall" (Mr. Proctor), and a remarkable man, Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Norwich, commonly called "Pagan Taylor," who always addressed grandpapa as "Greeky Peeky;" he sacrificed lambs in his lodgings to the "immortal gods," and "poured out libations to Jupiter," until his landlord threatened to turn him out; hence his nickname of "Pagan."

In 1822, my grandfather published his tale of "Maid Marian," which is interspersed with ballads, and was dramatized by Planché as an opera; it was produced with success at Covent Garden Theatre. Bishop composed the music, many of the melodies still live, and delight those who look for melody as a leading feature in music. Charles Kemble made a great hit with one song, the only one in his career he ever learned to sing. This tale was translated into German, "Der Forstgraf oder R. Hood und Mariane nach dem Englishen," and it may be found in the British Museum.

Between the years 1822 and 1827, my grandfather did not publish anything; he was much occupied by his duties in the India House, and family cares began to press upon him. On the 13th of January, 1826, he lost his second daughter, Margaret; she died in London at the age of three, but was buried in Shepperton churchyard, close to Halliford on the Thames, where, in 1823, he had taken a small cottage, and where his mother used to live; he used to run down there from Friday night till Monday morning for rest in the country after the week's work in town. He composed the following lines and put them on the child's tombstone:

"MARGARET LOVE PEACOCK.

"Long night succeeds thy little day;
Oh blighted blossom! can it be,
That this gray stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care of thee?

"The half-form'd speech of artless thought,
That spoke a mind beyond thy years;
The song, the dance, by nature taught;
The sunny smiles, the transient tears;

"The symmetry of face and form,
The eye with light and life replete;
The little heart so fondly warm;
The voice so musically sweet.

"These lost to hope, in memory yet
Around the hearts that lov'd thee cling,
Shadowing, with long and vain regret,
The too fair promise of thy spring."

My grandmother was inconsolable for the death of this little child, Margaret; she fell into bad health, and until her death in 1852, she was a complete invalid. Very soon after Margaret's death, my grandmother noticed a little girl in its mother's arms, at the door of a cottage on Halliford Green; she was much taken with the child, seeing in it a strong likeness to the little one she was so sorely grieving after; she coaxed the little girl, Mary Rosewell, into her own house by a promise of some cake, and dressed it in her lost child's clothes. My grandfather, on his return from town, looked in through the dining-room window as he passed round to the door of his house, and seeing the child standing on the hearth-rug in the room, he was so struck by its likeness to Margaret, that he afterwards declared that he felt quite stunned, for the moment believing that he really saw her again before him. My grandparents finally adopted the child, Mary Rosewell, whose family had lived for generations much respected in the neighbourhood, and a most devoted and unselfish adopted daughter she always proved to be.

In 1829, Parliament was at work discussing Catholic emancipation, and Lord Winchilsea was one of its most vigorous opponents; one of his fiery summonses to the country, to petition against the bill, my grandfather thus versified:

"When John of Ziska went to kingdom come
He left his skin to make his church a drum,
To sound a rub-a-dub for Reformation,
And beat a glorious muster for salvation;

"So Winchilsea, who soon will be no more,
Between two stools—Guy Faux and Scarlet W——,
To bigots of all ages and conditions
Shall leave his noble sheepskin for petitions."

Another speech, or rather breakdown, of Lord Winchilsea's, he thus rendered:

"My lords, as I'm a man veracious,
I had a word or two to say
Which were exceedingly sagacious;
But, I protest, they've flown away.

"'Tis sure the greatest of all hardships,
And proves some spell is round me spread,
That barely looking at your lordships
Drives all ideas from my head.

"My 'winged words,' in regions airy,
Just now are hovering out of reach;
I'll catch my stray vocabulary,
And then, my lords, I'll make a speech."

The "Misfortunes of Elphin" was written to introduce translations of Welsh triads and poems of the sixth century, and was published in 1829. The agitation for the first great reform bill, passed in 1832, was at that time hot. In this tale, my grandfather has almost paraphrased, in the speech of Prince Seithenyn, first commissioner to the king in charge of the embankment which keeps out the sea from the lowlands of Mawddach, Canning's eloquence in a speech delivered in the year 1825 against reform. Seithenyn left the embankment to his deputies, who left it to their assistants, who left it to itself; on being reminded that the embankment was in some parts rotten and required repair, Seithenyn (like Canning) answered, "So I have heard some people say before, perverse people, blind to venerable antiquity; that very unamiable sort of people who are in the habit of indulging their reason," &c. At this time my grandfather wrote the critiques of the opera for the *Globe* (his friend Walter Coulson being the editor), and subsequently for the *Examiner* (Albany Fonblanque being the editor and proprietor). On Tuesday evenings, during the season, he seldom failed to take his seat in the centre of the front row of the pit, having Fop's Alley between it and the orchestra; in those days there were no stalls, and no conductor like Costa; the first violin, Spagnoletti, leading the band, in which played Mori, Ella, Lindley, and Dragonetti. Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Donzelli, Tamburini, Lablache, &c., were the Italian singers. My grandfather was fascinated by Malibran above all her contemporaries; he used to say he "would give all Sontag's body for Malibran's little finger." Taglioni, "who floated on the stage like eider down," the two Elslers, Cerito, and Montessu were the chiefs of the ballet. He delighted

in the Christmas pantomimes; he used to say that Farley, who "for more than a quarter of a century produced two pantomimes a year," at Covent Garden Theatre, was a greater enchanter than Walter Scott. "All the northern enchanter's romances put together would not furnish materials for half the southern enchanter's pantomimes." He discusses the point fully in "Crotchet Castle," published in 1831; he took for the motto of this tale—

> "Le monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir,
> Doit se tenir tout seul, et casser son miroir."

The hero of this work is the Rev. Dr. Folliott, whose function is to vindicate abuses and Toryism, and to demolish the equally useless whims and fancies of the various parties assembled at the castle, without mercy or respect of persons. My grandfather used to say that this character was intended by him to make the *amende honourable* to the clergy, for his satires on them in the Rev. Dr. Gaster, the Rev. Dr. Portpipe, and others in previous tales.

In 1833, my grandfather sustained a terrible loss in the death of his mother. His eldest daughter was then only twelve years old, and from the death of little Margaret, in 1826, he had left his children entirely in his mother's care at Halliford, his wife's sad health making it impossible that she could attend to the care of their children, or undertake the troubles of housekeeping. My grandfather's duties kept him in town except from Friday to Monday, when he paid his weekly visit to Halliford. Feeling perfect confidence in his mother's care of her grandchildren, on her death he could but very indifferently supply her tender, loving care by a governess, and servants to take charge of his children; this added greatly to his private anxieties, and, consequently, for the next twenty years, he did not publish anything at all, his whole time and attention being devoted to the service of the East India Company and the management of his domestic affairs. Never very fond of what is usually understood by the word "society," his dislike to morning visitors gradually increased, and he one day wrote the following—

> "Instead of sitting wrapped up in flannel
> With rheumatism in every joint,

I wish I was in the English Channel,
Cruising round the Lizard point,
Steering south, with the wind before me,
I should not care whether smooth or rough,
For then no visitors would call to bore me,
Of whose 'good-mornings' I have had enough."

In consequence of the very important evidence given by my grandfather before the committees of the House of Commons, in 1832 and 1834, respecting the navigation of the Indian rivers, and the Euphrates, and Red Sea route to India, £20,000 was voted by Parliament to test the navigation of the Euphrates, for which purpose two vessels were built* and despatched, the expedition being under command of the late General Chesney, at that time captain in the Royal Artillery. At the instance of my grandfather, two vessels were built by order of the East India Company (of a larger class than had hitherto been constructed for the sea-going service of that company) for the Red Sea and Bombay route. These vessels made voyages round the Cape of Good Hope to India, thus proving correct my grandfather's opinion (maintained by him, almost alone, against powerful opposition) that it was practicable for steam vessels to do so. In 1837, the first vessel† that navigated the Indus was sent out in pieces, and put together at Bombay, and in 1839, three iron vessels were similarly sent out to be put together at the mouth of the Euphrates for the navigation of that river and the Tigris. In the same year, six more were built,‡ four of which, named "Nemesis," "Phlegethon," "Pluto," and "Proserpine," are well known for their successful service in China and India; and were also at his instigation, and after his practical experiments at sea, sent round the Cape, for which hazardous purpose novel sliding keels were fitted to them, they being constructed to draw only five feet of water, to suit their intended special service in shallow rivers. At a time when long voyages by steam were considered impracticable, the world is indebted to my grandfather for the extension of,

* By Mr. John Laird of Birkenhead.
† Built by Mr. John Laird of Birkenhead.
‡ Four built by Mr. J. Laird, of Birkenhead; two by Messrs. Di & Mare, London.

and improvement in, steam navigation, both by his written advocacy, and by his assumption of the responsibility of constructing a new class of iron men-of-war of light draft, but of sufficient strength to carry guns of heavy calibre, a system which has now been generally adopted.

Writing to his cousin, Harriet Love, 21st October, 1840, my grandfather says of these vessels, "I am in high spirits about my iron chickens; having excellent accounts of them from Maderia. I have accounts of 'Nemesis' from the Cape, where she arrived in fine order, and literally astonished the natives. I shall scarcely be absent from town till the 'Pluto' is ready for sea."

Lord Auckland, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1846, wrote the following letter to my grandfather on this subject:

"Private. "Admiralty, 16th Oct.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am greatly obliged to you for the very instructive and valuable paper which you have sent to me upon iron vessels. It seems to me very satisfactorily to prove that iron is a material which may very advantageously be used for the construction of vessels intended to act in shallow waters, and indeed for vessels intended to be used for many other purposes, but I apprehend that a construction of this material is not adapted to the general purposes of war. A single shot striking at right angles may be stopt, or a shot striking at a very obtuse angle may glance off, but an iron vessel would ill stand a heavy broadside, and there will be angles in which a shot would act longitudinally, or it may strike on a rib where the rivets of four plates meet, and where the damage would be irreparable. It has been found, too, that a shot making a round hole on entering a vessel may, when its force is spent in a great degree, tear off a whole plate from its rivets; but upon this, as upon many other points, we require much more of experiment, and thank you for having given us the advantage of the experience of the East India Company.

"I am, very faithfully yours,

"AUCKLAND."

In 1836, my grandfather attended the Salt Committee of the House of Commons, which had been obtained by Liverpool interest; he used to say that Liverpool wished to have a salt monopoly of its own, rather than that the East India Company should keep theirs, and he defeated the attempt. The following letter on eastern policy is characteristic of the creator of "Dr. Folliott:"

LETTER TO J. H., *June*, 1838.

"My dear Sir,

"No European power that intends to march through Central Asia need care about the actual possessors of the divisions of nominal supremacy. Belong Herat to whom it may before an European army walks up to it, it belongs to that army from the moment of its approach. So with the whole country from the Mediterranean to the Indus. As to the establishment of local interest by diplomacy, I consider it mere child's play. If we do not mean to fight in Central Asia, we may as well leave the field to Russia, who certainly does mean to fight there some time or other. If we do mean to fight under any conceivable circumstances, let us conceive those circumstances and see how we mean to fight. Surely we shall begin by sending troops up the Indus. Indian troops from India, but European troops, how? I say down the Euphrates. Then let us retain our present pre-occupation of that river, which we can now do without offence, and make our pre-arrangements quietly but surely. I have been thinking of sending you a memorandum on the grounds and modes of proceeding, but on mature consideration, with which recent circumstances have had something to do, I cannot originate anything, or suggest the origination of anything, on the matter, or on any matter connected with the East India Company's Steam Navigation.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"T. L. Peacock.

"P.S.—Did it make any difference to Alexander whether Darius had a satrapy more or less?"

An intimate friendship existed between Lord Broughton and my grandfather to the end of their lives, and is illustrated by the following extracts from their correspondence. Lord Broughton to my grandfather, 31st October, 1851:

"Do not forget that you are under an engagement, implied or positive, to come here during the Saturnalia, 'and let me find, the first cold weather, you and the icicles together.' Going down to Windsor, the other day, with your 'Chaios' and Sir David Dundas, the latter suddenly said, 'How is *your* Mr. Peacock?' To which I replied, 'Ask those gentlemen, he belongs to them.' 'Yes,' continued Sir J. Hogg, '*your* Mr. Peacock, *our* Mr. Peacock, *everybody's* Mr. Peacock.' So you see that although you are the property of mankind in general, yet you are especially part of my portion. Come, therefore, you must and shall. I am rather proud of being able to read off your 'Fish Dinner,' and translate all but one or two words at once; I have, as I think I told you, put it into verse."

When my grandfather died, all Lord Broughton's letters to him were collected and returned to Lord Broughton

by me; since this collected edition of "Peacock's Works" has been thought of, I have much regretted that on returning those letters I did not ask Lord Broughton for my grandfather's letters in exchange, as, by the terms of Lord Broughton's will, all his correspondence has been placed in the care of the British Museum, to remain sealed up till 1900.

On Lord Broughton's seventy-sixth birthday, he sent the following lines to my grandfather:

"A BIRTH-DAY, 27th JUNE, 1862.

"This neck, in spite of sundry cricks,
Has lasted me to seventy-six—
Unbroken yet by ropes or sticks,
But somewhat bent at seventy-six.
Though little with the world I mix,
'Tis quite enough at seventy-six—
Besides, I'm tired of all its tricks,
And who is not at seventy-six?
Some very persevering *bricks*
Still bustle on at seventy-six,
Like candles flaring to their wicks,
But what's their light at seventy-six?
Old Time has put me in a fix—
No wonder, for I'm seventy-six.
The game of life has got no nicks
For him who plays at seventy-six.
Youthful Harrys, Toms, and Dicks,
When, like me, at seventy-six,
You may chance to have more kicks
Than halfpence when you're seventy-six.
Mobs may burn my barns and bricks,
No matter, for I'm seventy-six.
I help'd to rule Hindoos and Sikhs
Not when I was seventy-six.
Cease, conscience, thy superfluous pricks,
No one mends at seventy-six.
Hark! I hear the deathwatch ticks,
And warns me that I'm seventy-six.
Charon! ferryman of Styx
I'm your fare at seventy-six.
Yet, I swear it by the Pyx,
I'm still alive at seventy-six."

To which my grandfather sent the following reply:

"Old friend, whose rhymes so kindly mix,
Thoughts grave and gay with seventy-six,
I hope it may to you be given
To do the same at seventy-seven;

Whence your still living friends may date
A new good wish for seventy-eight;
And thence again extend the line,
Until it passes seventy-nine;
And yet again, and yet again,
While health and cheerfulness remain.
Long be they yours, for, blessed with these,
Life's latest years have power to please,
And round them spread the genial glow
Which sunset casts on Alpine snow.

Here is a fragment of a letter to Lord Broughton without any date.

"DEAR LORD BROUGHTON,

"I return the letter, with many thanks for the communication. It is an affecting reminiscence. I very much regret not having seen more of Mr. Baillie. The little intercourse I had with him was most agreeable to me.

"'Encore une étoile qui file,
File, file, et disparâit.'

"I have had too much occasion of late to recall these beautiful words of Béranger. The last winter made fearful havoc among my few friends of my own generation, and among some of the generation below me. I am sorry to think that you have had cause to say the same. Yesterday you attended your old friend's funeral. Soldiers who 'follow their dead comrade to the grave' march slowly to solemn music, but they return in quick time to the liveliest measures the band can play. The last duty has been paid to the dead; what remains belongs to the living. Therefore, turning from sad to comic realities, I will tell you a good story. Our parson is evangelical, and holds forth weekly against rowing and fishing on Sunday. The other day going into church he saw two bargemen unloading gravel; he asked them if they could not do their work on a week day? They said 'they could not afford to lose their day's work.' 'How much was their day's work worth?' 'Three and sixpence a piece.' 'If they would leave off work to go into church he would give them five shillings each and a Bible.' Readily accepted. He went into his house, which is close to the church, and returned with ten shillings and two Bibles. The bargemen followed him into the church, where they behaved very decorously, receiving some unctuous admonitions on the sin of unloading gravel on Sunday. After church they went to a public-house where they dined, and sat over their host's good liquor till the time for afternoon service. The parson, proceeding to it, saw them reeling away together arm-in-arm, flourishing their Bibles with their disengaged hands, and singing at the tops of their voices—

"'The parson's a jolly good fellow.'"

On the 22d Feb., 1862, he again writes as follows:

"DEAR LORD BROUGHTON,

"There is an often-quoted saying of Doctor Johnson: 'If you do not go on making new friends as old ones drop off, you will find yourself alone in the world.' I have seen Lord Mansfield and Lord Campbell severally cited as men who had wisely acted on this dictum. Perhaps lawyers can do it. The doctor spoke more to my mind when he asked, 'What can replace a friend of twenty years' standing?' And Voltaire still more so when he wrote to Madame du Deffond, 'You have lost two old friends; can you replace them? *Pas même l'ombre.*' Orlando, standing alone by the fountain of Roncesvalles, with his dearest friends and his favourite horse lying dead at his feet, is visited by the Archangel Gabriel, who says to him amongst other things:—

"'Ma se tu vuogli ancor nel mondo stare,
Iddio ti dara ben di nuovo gente,
E tremerà di te la terra e il mare:
Ma perchè il nostro Signor non si pente,
Quí che son morti non posson tornare.'

"Pulci, xxvii. 143.

"Orlando does not accept the offer, he wishes to follow those who are gone. I have more pleasure in reading through books which I have read and admired before than in reading anything new. The three last old works which I have so gone through were 'Rabelais,' Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' and the 'Morgante Maggiore.' I have, however, read Miss Knight's 'Autobiography;' Windsor and its neighbourhood, and the old royal family were so familiar to me from my earliest days, that I seemed in reading it to live over again in the associations of my youth. I have not, for a long time, read anything that pleased me so much; but I am not sure how much may belong to the book and how much to old associations. She is a very accomplished woman. Her 'Latium' has long been a favourite book with me. My son is at present in Paris. He intends to return in about a month and take a house near the British Museum. I shall have a special apartment, and shall be in town occasionally. In the meantime the abomination I entertain for gas and tobacco prevents my taking up my quarters there even for a night. Science has greatly multiplied the old metropolitan horrors:—incendia, lapsus Tectorum assiduus, et mille pericula sævæ Urbis. When I have ποῦ στῶ, I hope I may see you. I earnestly wish to do so.

"Vale, nostri memor,

"Tuus ex animo,

"T. L. PEACOCK.

I have already pointed out that my grandfather's work with the East India Company, between 1831 and 1852,

caused an almost entire lull in his writings; but he began to write again in 1852, and for another ten years he was a constant contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*. Of these articles in *Fraser*,* space allows only of the republication of the three—"Horæ Dramaticæ," the "Life of Shelley," "Shelley's Letters," and "Gryll Grange;" the latter tale my grandfather wrote when he was seventy-five years of age, and it gives a proof of the wonderful vitality of his mind; it is as full of wit, humour, and thought as his earlier tales, and bears the mark of finished scholarship that distinguishes all his writings. "He had lived to criticize the views, and laugh at the nonsense of three generations," and in "Gryll Grange" "he laughed as merrily at the third—that rising just now—as he had done at the first."† A writer in the *Athenæum* on the 10th of February, 1866, remarks of my grandfather that, "Rated among novelists, Peacock, in one respect, counts for very little. He never tried for plot; he had small descriptive power. Rated as a satirist who shot folly as it flew, and could exhibit the philosophies and paradoxes of the time with an epigrammatic keenness, and withal a genial recognition of all that is best, highest, and most liberal, he demands no common praise, and will hold no common place whenever the story of ultra-liberal literature shall come to be written." Of "Gryll Grange," my grandfather used to avow that in the character of Mr. Gryll, he had repaired the injustice with which he had hitherto treated the landed gentry; but his hero is the Rev. Dr. Opimian, another edition of Dr. Folliott.

In 1856, my grandfather retired from the service of the East India Company upon a pension of £1333 6*s.* 8*d.* After this he rarely left Halliford, except to visit Lord Broughton.

It would appear, that about this time he contemplated publishing a volume of miscellanies, for in his letter to Mr. L'Estrange, dated July 11th, he says:

"The death of my friend, Mr. Parker, junior, suspended my pursuits, so far as writing is concerned. For some time past I have done little else than read Cicero. But I have thought of a new work, which I shall probably commence when the time returns for lighting fires; and about the same time I shall again think of my 'Collec-

* I am greatly indebted to the courtesy and liberality of Messrs. Longmans & Green for their permission to republish these articles.

† *North British Review*, September, 1866.

tion of Miscellanies.' In the questions which have come within my scope, I have endeavoured to be impartial, and to say what could be said on both sides. If I have not done so, it is because I could find nothing to say in behalf of some specific proposition, as in 'Gryll Grange,' page 171. If I have said lately nothing about the Tories, it arises from my considering them to be as completely extinct as the Mammoth. Their successors, the Conservatives as they call themselves, appear to me like Falstaff's otter, 'neither fish nor flesh;' one knows not where to have them. I could not, in a dialogue, put into the mouth of one of them the affirmation of any principle which I should expect him to adhere to for five minutes. I am not a fair judge of George the Third. I passed many of my earliest years in the neighbourhood of Windsor, where he was certainly popular. He lived much in public, attending every day at Ascot and Egham races, riding on horseback in the park and forest. There was not a trace, then, of the system of exclusion which has destroyed to me all the charm of the neighbourhood. Subsequently, too, I liked to see him at the theatre. He went week after week to Covent Garden, and there was something very genial in his hearty enjoyment of Comedy. You see I have pleasant associations with him, which have nothing to do with politics, but have their influence in judgment of character. I quite agree in your red ink question about Homer. I agree, too, with your opinion on the reconstruction of poems in deference to criticism—that the practice usually spoils them, is unquestionably true. I will think of your suggestions, but I defer all literary speculations till the return of regular daily fires."

In society, my grandfather was ever a welcome guest, his genial manner, hearty appreciation of wit and humour in others, and the amusing way in which he told stories made him a very delightful acquaintance; he was always so agreeable and so very witty that he was called by his most intimate friends the "Laughing Philosopher," and it seems to me that the term "Epicurean Philosopher," which I have often heard applied to him, describes him accurately and briefly. In public business, my grandfather was upright and honourable; but as he advanced in years, his detestation of anything disagreeable made him simply avoid whatever fretted him, laughing off all sorts of ordinary calls upon his leisure time. His love of ease and kindness of heart made it impossible that he could be actively unkind to any one, but he would not be worried, and just got away from anything that annoyed him. He was very fond of his children, and was an indulgent father to them, and he was a kind and affectionate grandfather; he could not bear any one to be unhappy or uncomfortable about him, and this feeling

he carried down to the animal creation; his pet cats and dogs were especially cared for by himself, the birds in the garden were carefully watched over and fed, and no gun was ever allowed to be fired about the place. After he retired from the India House he seldom left Halliford; his life was spent among his books, and in the garden, in which he took great pleasure, and on the river. May-day he always kept in true old English fashion; all the children of the village came round with their garlands of flowers, and each child was presented with a new penny, or silver threepenny or fourpenny piece, according to the beauty of their garlands; the money was given by the Queen of the May, always one of his grand-daughters, who sat beside him, dressed in white and crowned with flowers, and holding a sceptre of flowers in her hand. He loved to keep up these old English customs. It was the habit of my grandfather's life to rise every morning at 5 a.m., and read till 8 a.m. In the winter he used to light his own fire, and always from the top. All day we saw but little of him unless we sought him in the library. When he joined us at seven o'clock dinner (which, by-the-by, he always ordered himself) his genial manner, sparkling wit, and very amusing stories were welcomed by us all—his hearty laugh was most infectious. About a year before his death, he took to reading the works of Charles Dickens afresh; he found them a rest from more serious study, which fatigued him latterly a good deal; he was continually in fits of laughter over "Pickwick," with which he was greatly delighted; but "Our Mutual Friend" was, perhaps, his favourite. He declared that "Lizzie Hexham" was the perfection of womanhood, and he was often heard to say, he would give anything if some artist could paint his ideal of her. He talked of her often with great pleasure, saying that he had quite "fallen in love with Lizzie." His grandchildren loved him—"Grandpapa was such a good playfellow." He entered with great amusement into any of our games in the garden; in the house we were apt to grow too noisy, and he hated noise. Towards the close of his life he grew much depressed in spirits; the loss of his two daughters was a terrible grief to him, and a very short time before his death he was greatly shaken by a fire breaking out in the roof of his bedroom. He was taken to his library, which, being at the other end of the house, was away from the danger and

the water. At one time it was feared the fire was gaining ground, and that it would be needful to move him into some one of the houses in the neighbourhood, but he refused to move. The curate who came kindly to beg my grandfather to take shelter in his house, received rather a rough and startling reception, for in answer to the invitation, my grandfather exclaimed with great warmth and energy, "By the immortal gods, I will not move!"

He would not leave his books; and fortunately the danger passed. He never recovered that fire; he had been weak and ailing all the winter, and he took to his bedroom almost entirely after that; he died in a few weeks, in his eighty-first year. My grandfather had, in his adopted daughter, Mary Rosewell, a most tender and devoted nurse; she had never married, or left the family into which she had been taken at the early age of three; after his death she went back to live with her own father and mother, at Walton Bridge. It may surprise my readers to find so few private letters in this notice; but all who knew my grandfather will doubtless remember that he ever entertained the greatest aversion to writing letters; he never did it if he could possibly help it. His only correspondents latterly were Lord Broughton and his daughter; his cousin, Harriet Love; Mrs. Jenkins, a very old friend; and Mr. Thomas James Arnold, who was the only friend he saw during the last few years of his life. My grandfather was a reserved man on his own private and family affairs; he never spoke or wrote to his most intimate friends on these subjects; even with his own family on his own business matters he seldom if ever talked; it was nearly impossible to get into conversation with him on such matters. The few who knew him intimately entertained the greatest affection for him; nearly all his old friends died before him, and he would never attempt to make new ones; indeed, latterly, he refused to see any visitors, preferring the society of his books to anything else. His servants all loved him, for he was a kind and considerate master.

My grandfather died on the 23rd of January, 1866, and is buried in the New Cemetery, at Shepperton, close to his daughter Rosa; his mother and his infant daughter, Margaret, lie in the old churchyard, but that has long been closed. His grave is marked by a stone, with only his name and the date of his birth and death inscribed on it.

which was placed there by his cousins, Henry and Harriet Love, and chosen in accordance with his own taste, merely to indicate where he was laid. Students of classical literature, and admirers of his writings, may see his simple grave in a Sunday's visit to the quiet village, and the river which he loved so dearly, on the banks of which almost his whole life was passed.

END OF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

HEADLONG HALL.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAIL.

THE ambiguous light of a December morning, peeping through the windows of the Holyhead mail, dispelled the soft visions of the four insides, who had slept, or seemed to sleep, through the first seventy miles of the road, with as much comfort as may be supposed consistent with the jolting of the vehicle, and an occasional admonition to *remember the coachman*,* thundered through the open door, accompanied by the gentle breath of Boreas, into the ears of the drowsy traveller.

A lively remark, that *the day was none of the finest*, having elicited a repartee of *quite the contrary*, the various knotty points of meteorology, which usually form the exordium of an English conversation, were successfully discussed and exhausted; and, the ice being thus broken, the colloquy rambled to other topics, in the course of which it appeared, to the surprise of every one, that all four, though perfect strangers to each other, were actually bound to the same point, namely, Headlong Hall, the seat of the ancient and honourable family of the Headlongs, of the vale of Llanberris, in Caernarvonshire. This name may appear at first sight not to be truly Cambrian, like those of the Rices, and Prices, and Morgans,

* Railway travellers of the present day may be reminded that in coaching times, half a century ago, the coachman was changed every twenty miles. He expected a "tip" from each passenger, and woke them up to remind them. Liston in one of his farces used to make a strong point, when asked to "remember the coachman," by dividing sixpence between guard and coachman, and explaining that the gift was "hoptional."—[Ed.]

and Owens, and Williamses, and Evanses, and Parrys, and Joneses; but, nevertheless, the Headlongs claim to be not less genuine derivatives from the antique branch of Cadwallader than any of the last-named multiramified families. They claim, indeed, by one account, superior antiquity to all of them, and even to Cadwallader himself; a tradition having been handed down in Headlong Hall for some few thousand years, that the founder of the family was preserved in the deluge on the summit of Snowdon, and took the name of Rhaiader, which signifies a *waterfall*, in consequence of his having accompanied the water in its descent or diminution, till he found himself comfortably seated on the rocks of Llanberris. But, in later days, when commercial bagmen began to scour the country, the ambiguity of the sound induced his descendants to drop the suspicious denomination of *Riders*, and translate the word into English; when, not being well pleased with the sound of the *thing*, they substituted that of the *quality*, and accordingly adopted the name *Headlong*, the appropriate epithet of waterfall.

> I cannot say how the truth may be:
> I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

The present representative of this ancient and dignified house, Harry Headlong, Esquire, was, like all other Welsh squires, fond of shooting, hunting, racing, drinking, and other such innocent amusements, μειζονος δ' αλλου τινος, as Menander expresses it. But, unlike other Welsh squires, he had actually suffered certain phenomena, called books, to find their way into his house; and, by dint of lounging over them after dinner, on those occasions when he was compelled to take his bottle alone, he became seized with a violent passion to be thought a philosopher and a man of taste; and accordingly set off on an expedition to Oxford, to inquire for other varieties of the same genera, namely, men of taste and philosophers; but, being assured by a learned professor that there were no such things in the University, he proceeded to London, where, after beating up in several booksellers' shops, theatres, exhibition-rooms, and other resorts of literature and taste, he formed as extensive an acquaintance with philosophers and dilettanti as his utmost ambition could desire; and it now became his chief wish to have them altogether in Headlong Hall, arguing, over his old Port and Burgundy, the various

knotty points which had puzzled his pericranium. He had, therefore, sent them invitations in due form to pass their Christmas at Headlong Hall; which invitations the extensive fame of his kitchen fire had induced the greater part of them to accept; and four of the chosen guests had, from different parts of the metropolis, ensconced themselves in the four corners of the Holyhead mail.

These four persons were, Mr. Foster*, the perfectibilian; Mr. Escott†, the deteriorationist; Mr. Jenkison‡; the statu-quo-ite; and the Reverend Doctor Gaster§, who, though of course neither a philosopher nor a man of taste, had so won on the Squire's fancy, by a learned dissertation on the art of stuffing a turkey, that he concluded no Christmas party would be complete without him.

The conversation among these illuminati soon became animated; and Mr. Foster, who, we must observe, was a thin gentleman, about thirty years of age, with an aquiline nose, black eyes, white teeth, and black hair—took occasion to panegyrize the vehicle in which they were then travelling, and observed what remarkable improvements had been made in the means of facilitating intercourse between distant parts of the kingdom: he held forth with great energy on the subject of roads and railways, canals and tunnels, manufactures and machinery: "In short," said he, "everything we look on attests the progress of mankind in all the arts of life, and demonstrates their gradual advancement towards a state of unlimited perfection."

* Foster, quasi Φωστηρ,—from φαος and τηρεω, lucem servo, conservo, observo, custodio,—one who watches over and guards the light; a sense in which the word is often used amongst us, when we speak of *fostering* a flame.

† Escot, quasi εις σκοτον, *in tenebras*, scilicet, intuens; one who is always looking into the dark side of the question.

‡ Jenkison: This name may be derived from αιεν εξ ισων, *semper ex æqualibus*—scilicet, mensuris, omnia metiens: one who from equal measures divides and distributes all things: one who from equal measures can always produce arguments on both sides of a question, with so much nicety and exactness, as to keep the said question eternally pending, and the balance of the controversy perpetually in statu quo. By an aphæresis of the α, an elision of the second ι, and an easy and natural mutation of ξ into κ, the derivation of this name proceeds according to the strictest principles of etymology: αιεν εξ ισων—ιεν εξ ισων—ιεν εκ ισων—ιεν κ' ισων—ιενκισων—Ienkison—Jenkison.

§ Gaster: scilicet Γαστηρ—Venter,—et præterea nihil.

Mr. Escot, who was somewhat younger than Mr. Foster, but rather more pale and saturnine in his aspect, here took up the thread of the discourse, observing, that the proposition just advanced seemed to him perfectly contrary to the true state of the case: "for," said he, "these improvements, as you call them, appear to me only so many links in the great chain of corruption, which will soon fetter the whole human race in irreparable slavery and incurable wretchedness: your improvements proceed in a simple ratio, while the factitious wants and unnatural appetites they engender proceed in a compound one; and thus one generation acquires fifty wants, and fifty means of supplying them are invented, which each in its turn engenders two new ones; so that the next generation has a hundred, the next two hundred, the next four hundred, till every human being becomes such a helpless compound of perverted inclinations, that he is altogether at the mercy of external circumstances, loses all independence and singleness of character, and degenerates so rapidly from the primitive dignity of his sylvan origin, that it is scarcely possible to indulge in any other expectation, than that the whole species must at length be exterminated by its own infinite imbecility and vileness."

"Your opinions," said Mr. Jenkison, a round-faced little gentleman of about forty-five, "seem to differ *toto cœlo*. I have often debated the matter in my own mind, *pro* and *con*, and have at length arrived at this conclusion,—that there is not in the human race a tendency either to moral perfectibility or deterioration; but that the quantities of each are so exactly balanced by their reciprocal results, that the species, with respect to the sum of good and evil, knowledge and ignorance, happiness and misery, remains exactly and perpetually *in statu quo*."

"Surely," said Mr. Foster, "You cannot maintain such a proposition in the face of evidence so luminous. Look at the progress of all the arts and sciences,—see chemistry, botany, astronomy——."

"Surely," said Mr. Escot, "experience deposes against you. Look at the rapid growth of corruption, luxury, selfishness——."

"Really, gentlemen," said the Reverend Doctor Gaster, after clearing the husk in his throat with two or three hems, "this is a very sceptical, and, I must say, atheistical con

versation, and I should have thought, out of respect to my cloth——."

Here the coach stopped, and the coachman, opening the door, vociferated, "Breakfast, gentlemen:" a sound which so gladdened the ears of the divine, that the alacrity with which he sprang from the vehicle superinduced a distortion of his ankle, and he was obliged to limp into the inn between Mr. Escot and Mr. Jenkison; the former observing that he ought to look for nothing but evil, and, therefore, should not be surprised at this little accident; the latter remarking that the comfort of a good breakfast, and the pain of a sprained ankle, pretty exactly balanced each other.

CHAPTER II.

THE SQUIRE.—THE BREAKFAST.

SQUIRE HEADLONG, in the meanwhile, was quadripartite in his locality; that is to say, he was superintending the operations in four scenes of action—namely, the cellar, the library, the picture-gallery, and the dining-room—preparing for the reception of his philosophical and dilettante visitors. His myrmidon on this occasion was a little red-nosed butler, whom nature seemed to have cast in the genuine mould of an antique Silenus, and who waddled about the house after his master, wiping his forehead and panting for breath, while the latter bounced from room to room like a cracker, and was indefatigable in his requisitions for the proximity of his vinous Achates, whose advice and co-operation he deemed no less necessary in the library than in the cellar. Multitudes of packages had arrived, by land and water, from London, and Liverpool, and Chester, and Manchester, and Birmingham, and various parts of the mountains: books, wine, cheese, globes, mathematical instruments, turkeys, telescopes, hams, tongues, microscopes, quadrants, sextants, fiddles, flutes, tea, sugar, electrical machines, figs, spices, air-pumps, soda-water, chemical apparatus, eggs, French-horns, drawing-books, palettes, oils and colours, bottled ale and porter, scenery *for a private* theatre, pickles and

fish-sauce, patent lamps and chandeliers, barrels of oysters, sofas, chairs, tables, carpets, beds, looking-glasses, pictures, fruits and confections, nuts, oranges, lemons, packages of salt salmon, and jars of Portugal grapes. These, arriving with infinite rapidity, and in inexhaustible succession, had been deposited at random, as the convenience of the moment dictated,—sofas in the cellar, chandeliers in the kitchen, hampers of ale in the drawing-room, and fiddles and fish-sauce in the library. The servants, unpacking all these in furious haste, and flying with them from place to place, according to the tumultuous directions of Squire Headlong and the little fat butler who fumed at his heels, chafed, and crossed, and clashed, and tumbled over one another, upstairs and down. All was bustle, uproar, and confusion; yet nothing seemed to advance: while the rage and impetuosity of the Squire continued fermenting to the highest degree of exasperation, which he signified, from time to time, by converting some newly unpacked article, such as a book, a bottle, a ham, or a fiddle, into a missile against the head of some unfortunate servant who did not seem to move in a ratio of velocity corresponding to the intensity of his master's desires.

In this state of eager preparation we shall leave the happy inhabitants of Headlong Hall, and return to the three philosophers and the unfortunate divine, whom we left limping with a sprained ankle into the breakfast-room of the inn; where his two supporters deposited him safely in a large arm-chair, with his wounded leg comfortably stretched out on another. The morning being extremely cold, he contrived to be seated as near the fire as was consistent with his other object of having a perfect command of the table and its apparatus; which consisted not only of the ordinary comforts of tea and toast, but of a delicious supply of new-laid eggs, and a magnificent round of beef; against which Mr. Escot immediately pointed all the artillery of his eloquence, declaring the use of animal food, conjointly with that of fire, to be one of the principal causes of the present degeneracy of mankind. "The natural and original man," said he, "lived in the woods: the roots and fruits of the earth supplied his simple nutriment: he had few desires and no diseases. But, when he began to sacrifice victims on the altar of superstition, to pursue the goat and the deer, and, by the pernicious invention of fire, to pervert their flesh into food, luxury, disease,

and premature death, were let loose upon the world. Such is clearly the correct interpretation of the fable of Prometheus, which is a symbolical portraiture of that disastrous epoch, when man first applied fire to culinary purposes, and thereby surrendered his liver to the vulture of disease. From that period the stature of mankind has been in a state of gradual diminution, and I have not the least doubt that it will continue to grow *small by degrees and lamentably less*, till the whole race will vanish imperceptibly from the face of the earth."

"I cannot agree," said Mr. Foster, "in the consequences being so very disastrous. I admit, that in some respects the use of animal food retards, though it cannot materially inhibit, the perfectibility of the species. But the use of fire was indispensably necessary, as Æschylus and Virgil expressly assert, to give being to the various arts of life, which, in their rapid and interminable progress, will finally conduct every individual of the race to the philosophic pinnacle of pure and perfect felicity."

"In the controversy concerning animal and vegetable food," said Mr. Jenkison, "there is much to be said on both sides; and, the question being in equipoise, I content myself with a mixed diet, and make a point of eating whatever is placed before me, provided it be good in its kind."

In this opinion his two brother philosophers practically coincided, though they both ran down the theory as highly detrimental to the best interests of man.

"I am really astonished," said the Reverend Doctor Gaster, gracefully picking off the supernal fragments of an egg he had just cracked, and clearing away a space at the top for the reception of a small piece of butter—"I am really astonished, gentlemen, at the very heterodox opinions I have heard you deliver: since nothing can be more obvious than that all animals were created solely and exclusively for the use of man."

"Even the tiger that devours him?" said Mr. Escot.

"Certainly," said Doctor Gaster.

"How do you prove it?" said Mr. Escot.

"It requires no proof," said Doctor Gaster: "it is a point of doctrine. It is written, therefore it is so."

"Nothing can be *more logical*," said Mr. Jenkison. "It *has been said*," *continued he*, "that the ox was expressly *made to be eaten by man*: it may be said, by a parity of

reasoning, that man was expressly made to be eaten by the tiger: but as wild oxen exist where there are no men, and men where there are no tigers, it would seem that in these instances they do not properly answer the ends of their creation."

"It is a mystery," said Dr. Gaster.

"Not to launch into the question of final causes," said Mr. Escot, helping himself at the same time to a slice of beef, "concerning which I will candidly acknowledge I am as profoundly ignorant as the most dogmatical theologian possibly can be, I just wish to observe that the pure and peaceful manners which Homer ascribes to the Lotophagi, and which at this day characterize many nations (the Hindoos, for example, who subsist exclusively on the fruits of the earth), depose very strongly in favour of a vegetable regimen."

"It may be said, on the contrary, said Mr. Foster, "that animal food acts on the mind as manure does on flowers, forcing them into a degree of expansion they would not otherwise have attained. If we can imagine a philosophical auricula falling into a train of theoretical meditation on its original and natural nutriment, till it should work itself up into a profound abomination of bullock's blood, sugar-bakers' scum, and other *unnatural* ingredients of that rich composition of soil which had brought it to perfection,* and insist on being planted in common earth, it would have all the advantage of natural theory on its side that the most strenuous advocate of the vegetable system could desire; but it would soon discover the practical error of its retrograde experiment by its lamentable inferiority in strength and beauty to all the auriculas around it. I am afraid, in some instances at least, this analogy holds true with respect to mind. No one will make a comparison in point of mental power, between the Hindoos and the ancient Greeks."

"The anatomy of the human stomach," said Mr. Escot, "and the formation of the teeth, clearly place man in the class of frugivorous animals."

"Many anatomists," said Mr. Foster, "are of a different opinion, and agree in discerning the characteristics of the carnivorous classes."

* See Emmerton on the Auricula.

"I am no anatomist," said Mr. Jenkison, "and cannot decide, where doctors disagree; in the meantime I conclude that man is omnivorous, and on that conclusion I act."

"Your conclusion is truly orthodox," said the Reverend Doctor Gaster: "indeed the loaves and fishes are typical of a mixed diet; and the practice of the Church in all ages shows——"

"That it never loses sight of the loaves and fishes," said Mr. Escot.

"It never loses sight of any point of sound doctrine," said the reverend doctor.

The coachman now informed them that their time was elapsed; nor could all the pathetic remonstrances of the reverend divine, who declared that he had not half breakfasted, succeed in gaining one minute from the inexorable Jehu.

"You will allow," said Mr. Foster, as soon as they were again in motion, "that the wild man of the woods could not transport himself over two hundred miles of forest with as much facility as one of these vehicles transports you and me through the heart of this cultivated country."

"I am certain," said Mr. Escot, "that a wild man can travel an immense distance without fatigue; but what is the advantage of locomotion? The wild man is happy in one spot, and there he remains: the civilized man is wretched in every place he happens to be in, and then congratulates himself on being accommodated with a machine, that will whirl him to another, where he will be just as miserable as ever."

We shall now leave the mail-coach to find its way to Capel Cerig, the nearest point of the Holyhead road to the dwelling of Squire Headlong.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVALS.

IN the midst of that scene of confusion thrice confounded, in which we left the inhabitants of Headlong Hall, arrived the lovely Caprioletta Headlong, the Squire's sister (whom he had sent for, from the residence of her maiden aunt at Caernarvon, to do the honours of his house),

beaming, like light on chaos, to arrange disorder and harmonize discord. The tempestuous spirit of her brother became instantaneously as smooth as the surface of the lake of Llanberris; and the little fat butler "plessed Cot, and St. Tafit, and the peautiful tamsel," for being permitted to move about the house in his natural pace. In less than twenty-four hours after her arrival, everything was disposed in its proper station, and the Squire began to be all impatience for the appearance of his promised guests.

The first visitor with whom he had the felicity of shaking hands was Marmaduke Milestone, Esquire, who arrived with a portfolio under his arm. Mr. Milestone* was a picturesque landscape gardener of the first celebrity, who was not without hopes of persuading Squire Headlong to put his romantic pleasure-grounds under a process of improvement, promising himself a signal triumph for his incomparable art in the difficult, and therefore glorious achievement of polishing and trimming the rocks of Llanberris.

Next arrived a post-chaise from the inn at Capel Cerig, containing the Reverend Doctor Gaster. It appeared that, when the mail-coach deposited its valuable cargo, early on the second morning, at the inn at Capel Cerig, there was only one post-chaise to be had; it was therefore determined that the reverend doctor and the luggage should proceed in the chaise, and that the three philosophers should walk. When the reverend gentleman first seated himself in the chaise, the windows were down all round; but he allowed it to drive off

* Mr. Knight, in a note to the "Landscape," having taken the liberty of laughing at a notable device of a celebrated *improver*, for giving greatness of character to a place, and showing an undivided extent of property, by placing the family arms on the neighbouring *milestones*, the improver retorted on him with a charge of misquotation, misrepresentation, and malice prepense. Mr. Knight, in the preface to the second edition of his poem, quotes the improver's words: "The market-house, or other public edifice, or even a *mere stone with distances*, may bear the arms of the family:" and adds: "By a *mere stone with distances*, the author of the 'Landscape' certainly thought he meant a *milestone;* but, if he did not, any other interpretation which he may think more advantageous to himself shall readily be adopted, as it will equally answer the purpose of the quotation." The improver, however, did not condescend to explain what he really meant by a *mere stone with distances*, though he strenuously maintained that he did *not* mean a *milestone*. His idea, therefore, stands on record, invested with all the sublimity that obscurity can confer.

under the idea that he could easily pull them up. This task, however, he had considerable difficulty in accomplishing, and when he had succeeded, it availed him little; for the frames and glasses had long since discontinued their ancient familiarity. He had, however, no alternative but to proceed, and to comfort himself, as he went, with some choice quotations from the book of Job. The road led along the edges of tremendous chasms, with torrents dashing in the bottom; so that, if his teeth had not chattered with cold, they would have done so with fear. The Squire shook him heartily by the hand, and congratulated him on his safe arrival at Headlong Hall. The doctor returned the squeeze, and assured him that the congratulation was by no means misapplied.

Next came the three philosophers, highly delighted with their walk, and full of rapturous exclamations on the sublime beauties of the scenery.

The Doctor shrugged up his shoulders, and confessed he preferred the scenery of Putney and Kew, where a man could go comfortably to sleep in his chaise without being in momentary terror of being hurled headlong down a precipice.

Mr. Milestone observed that there were great capabilities in the scenery, but it wanted shaving and polishing. If he could have it under his care for a single twelvemonth, he assured them no one would be able to know it again.

Mr. Jenkison thought the scenery was just what it ought to be, and required no alteration.

Mr. Foster thought it could be improved, but doubted if that effect would be produced by the system of Mr. Milestone.

Mr. Escot did not think that any human being could improve it, but had no doubt of its having changed very considerably for the worse, since the days when the now barren rocks were covered with the immense forest of Snowdon, which must have contained a very fine race of wild men, not less than ten feet high.

The next arrival was that of Mr. Cranium, and his lovely daughter, Miss Cephalis Cranium, who flew to the arms of her dear friend Caprioletta, with all that warmth of friendship which young ladies usually assume towards each other in the presence of young gentlemen.*

* "Il est constant qu'elles *se baisent de* meilleur cœur, et se cares-

Miss Cephalis blushed like a carnation at the sight of Mr. Escot, and Mr. Escot glowed like a corn-poppy at the sight of Miss Cephalis. It was at least obvious to all observers that he could imagine the possibility of one change for the better, even in this terrestrial theatre of universal deterioration.

Mr. Cranium's eyes wandered from Mr. Escot to his daughter, and from his daughter to Mr. Escot; and his complexion, in the course of the scrutiny, underwent several variations, from the dark red of the peony to the deep blue of the convolvulus.

Mr. Escot had formerly been the received lover of Miss Cephalis, till he incurred the indignation of her father by laughing at a very profound craniological dissertation which the old gentleman delivered; nor had Mr. Escot yet discovered the means of mollifying his wrath.

Mr. Cranium carried in his own hands a bag, the contents of which were too precious to be entrusted to any one but himself; and earnestly entreated to be shown to the chamber appropriated for his reception, that he might deposit his treasure in safety. The little butler was accordingly summoned to conduct him to his *cubiculum*.

Next arrived a post-chaise, carrying four inside, whose extreme thinness enabled them to travel thus economically without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. These four personages were, two very profound critics, Mr. Gall and Mr. Treacle, who followed the trade of reviewers, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad poetry; and two very multitudinous versifiers, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel, who followed the trade of poetry, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad criticism. Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel were the two senior lieutenants of a very formidable corps of critics, of whom Timothy Treacle, Esquire, was captain, and Geoffrey Gall, Esquire, generalissimo.

The last arrivals were Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, the most profound and scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle, with his two blooming daughters, Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa; Sir

sent avec plus de grace devant les hommes, fières d'aiguiser impunément leur convoitise par l'image des faveurs qu'elles savent leur faire envier."—*Rousseau*, "Emile," liv. 5.

Patrick O'Prism, a dilettante painter of high renown, and his maiden aunt, Miss Philomela Poppyseed, an indefatigable compounder of novels, written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice; and Mr. Panscope, the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, mathematical, metaphysical, meteorological, anatomical, physiological, galvanistical, musical, pictorial, bibliographical, critical philosopher, who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well.

Mr. Milestone was impatient to take a walk round the grounds that he might examine how far the system of clumping and levelling could be carried advantageously into effect. The ladies retired to enjoy each other's society in the first happy moments of meeting: the Reverend Doctor Gaster sat by the library fire in profound meditation over a volume of the "*Almanach des Gourmands:*" Mr. Panscope sat in the opposite corner with a volume of Rees's Cyclopædia: Mr. Cranium was busy upstairs: Mr. Chromatic retreated to the music-room, where he fiddled through a book of solos before the ringing of the first dinner-bell. The remainder of the party supported Mr. Milestone's proposition; and, accordingly, Squire Headlong and Mr. Milestone leading the van, they commenced their perambulation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GROUNDS.

"I PERCEIVE," said Mr. Milestone, after they had walked a few paces, "these grounds have never been touched by the finger of taste."

"The place is quite a wilderness," said Squire Headlong, "for, during the latter part of my father's life, while I was *finishing* my *education*, he troubled himself about nothing but the cellar, and suffered everything else to go to rack and ruin. A mere wilderness, as you see, even now in December; but in summer a complete nursery of briers, a forest of thistles, a plantation of nettles, without any live stock but goats that have eaten up all the bark of the trees. Here you see is the pedestal of a statue, with only half a leg and

four toes remaining: there were many here once. When I was a boy, I used to sit every day on the shoulders of Hercules: what became of *him* I have never been able to ascertain. Neptune has been lying these seven years in the dust-hole; Atlas had his head knocked off to make him prop a shed; and only the day before yesterday we fished Bacchus out of the horse-pond."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Milestone, "accord me your permission to wave the wand of enchantment over your grounds. The rocks shall be blown up, the trees shall be cut down, the wilderness and all its goats shall vanish like mist. Pagodas and Chinese bridges, gravel walks and shrubberies, bowling-greens, canals, and clumps of larch, shall rise upon its ruins. One age, sir, has brought to light the treasures of ancient learning; a second has penetrated into the depths of metaphysics; a third has brought to perfection the science of astronomy; but it was reserved for the exclusive genius of the present times, to invent the noble art of picturesque gardening, which has given, as it were, a new tint to the complexion of nature, and a new outline to the physiognomy of the universe!"

"Give me leave," said Sir Patrick O'Prism, "to take an exception to that same. Your system of levelling, and trimming, and clipping, and docking, and clumping, and polishing, and cropping, and shaving, destroys all the beautiful intricacies of natural luxuriance, and all the graduated harmonies of light and shade, melting into one another, as you see them on that rock over yonder. I never saw one of your improved places, as you call them, and which are nothing but big bowling-greens, like sheets of green paper, with a parcel of round clumps scattered over them, like so many spots of ink, flicked at random out of a pen *, and a solitary animal here and there looking as if it were lost, that I did not think it was for all the world like Hounslow Heath, thinly sprinkled over with bushes and highwaymen."

"Sir," said Mr. Milestone, "you will have the goodness to make a distinction between the picturesque and the beautiful."

"Will I?" said Sir Patrick, "och! but I won't. For what is beautiful? That which pleases the eye. And what

* See Price on the Picturesque.

pleases the eye? Tints variously broken and blended. Now, tints variously broken and blended constitute the picturesque."

"Allow me," said Mr. Gall. "I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*."

"Pray sir," said Mr. Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?"*

Mr. Gall bit his lips, and inwardly vowed to revenge himself on Milestone, by cutting up his next publication.

A long controversy now ensued concerning the picturesque and the beautiful, highly edifying to Squire Headlong.

The three philosophers stopped, as they wound round a projecting point of rock, to contemplate a little boat which was gliding over the tranquil surface of the lake below.

"The blessings of civilization," said Mr. Foster, "extend themselves to the meanest individuals of the community. That boatman, singing as he sails along, is, I have no doubt, a very happy, and, comparatively to the men of his class some centuries back, a very enlightened and intelligent man."

"As a partisan of the system of the moral perfectibility of the human race," said Mr. Escot,—who was always for considering things on a large scale, and whose thoughts immediately wandered from the lake to the ocean, from the little boat to a ship of the line,—"you will probably be able to point out to me the degree of improvement that you suppose to have taken place in the character of a sailor, from the days when Jason sailed through the Cyanean Symplegades, or Noah moored his ark on the summit of Ararat.

"If you talk to me," said Mr. Foster, "of mythological personages, of course I cannot meet you on fair grounds."

"We will begin, if you please, then," said Mr. Escot, "no further back than the battle of Salamis; and I will ask you if you think the mariners of England are, in any one respect, morally or intellectually, superior to those who then preserved the liberties of Greece, under the direction of Themistocles?"

"I will venture to assert," said Mr. Foster, "that, considered merely as sailors, which is the only fair mode of

* See Knight on Taste, and the Edinburgh Review, No. XIV.

judging them, they are as far superior to the Athenians as the structure of our ships is superior to that of theirs. Would not one English seventy-four, think you, have been sufficient to have sunk, burned, and put to flight, all the Persian and Grecian vessels in that memorable bay? Contemplate the progress of naval architecture, and the slow, but immense, succession of concatenated intelligence, by which it has gradually attained its present stage of perfectibility. In this, as in all other branches of art and science, every generation possesses all the knowledge of the preceding, and adds to it its own discoveries in a progression to which there seems no limit. The skill requisite to direct these immense machines is proportionate to their magnitude and complicated mechanism; and, therefore, the English sailor, considered merely as a sailor, is vastly superior to the ancient Greek."

"You make a distinction, of course," said Mr. Escot, "between scientific and moral perfectibility?"

"I conceive," said Mr. Foster, "that men are virtuous in proportion as they are enlightened; and that, as every generation increases in knowledge, it also increases in virtue."

"I wish it were so," said Mr. Escot; "but to me the very reverse appears to be the fact. The progress of knowledge is not general: it is confined to a chosen few of every age. How far these are better than their neighbours, we may examine by-and-by. The mass of mankind is composed of beasts of burden, mere clods, and tools of their superiors. By enlarging and complicating your machines, you degrade, not exalt the human animals you employ to direct them. When the boatswain of a seventy-four pipes all hands to the main tack, and flourishes his rope's end over the shoulders of the poor fellows who are tugging at the ropes, do you perceive so dignified, so gratifying a picture, as Ulysses exhorting his dear friends, his ΕΡΙΗΡΕΣ ΈΤΑΙΡΟΙ, to ply their oars with energy? You will say, Ulysses was a fabulous character. But the economy of his vessel is drawn from nature. Every man on board has a character and a will of his own. He talks to them, argues with them, convinces them; and they obey him, because they love him, and know the reason of his orders. Now, as I have said before, all singleness of character is lost. We divide men into herds like cattle: an individual man, if you strip him of all that is extraneous to himself, is the most wretched and contemptible creature on the face of

the earth. The sciences advance. True. A few years of study puts a modern mathematician in possession of more than Newton knew, and leaves him at leisure to add new discoveries of his own. Agreed. But does this make him a Newton? Does it put him in possession of that range of intellect, that grasp of mind, from which the discoveries of Newton sprang? It is mental power that I look for: if you can demonstrate the increase of that, I will give up the field. Energy—independence—individuality—disinterested virtue—active benevolence—self-oblivion—universal philanthropy—these are the qualities I desire to find, and of which I contend that every succeeding age produces fewer examples. I repeat it; there is scarcely such a thing to be found as a single individual man: a few classes compose the whole frame of society, and when you know one of a class you know the whole of it. Give me the wild man of the woods; the original, unthinking, unscientific, unlogical savage: in him there is at least some good; but, in a civilized, sophisticated, cold-blooded, mechanical, calculating slave of Mammon and the world, there is none—absolutely none. Sir, if I fall into a river, an unsophisticated man will jump in and bring me out; but a philosopher will look on with the utmost calmness, and consider me in the light of a projectile, and, making a calculation of the degree of force with which I have impinged the surface, the resistance of the fluid, the velocity of the current, and the depth of the water in that particular place, he will ascertain with the greatest nicety in what part of the mud at the bottom I may probably be found, at any given distance of time from the moment of my first immersion."

Mr. Foster was preparing to reply, when the first dinner-bell rang, and he immediately commenced a precipitate return towards the house; followed by his two companions, who both admitted that he was now leading the way to at least a temporary period of physical amelioration: "but, alas!" added Mr. Escot, after a moment's reflection, "Epulæ NOCUÈRE repostæ!"*

* Protracted banquets have been copious sources of evil.

CHAPTER V.

THE DINNER.

THE sun was now terminating his diurnal course, and the lights were glittering on the festal board. When the ladies had retired, and the Burgundy had taken two or three tours of the table, the following conversation took place:—

Squire Headlong.—Push about the bottle: Mr. Escot, it stands with you. No heeltaps. As to skylight, liberty-hall.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—Really, Squire Headlong, this is the vara nactar itsel. Ye hae saretainly descovered the tarrestrial paradise, but it flows wi' a better leecor than milk an' honey.

The Rev. Doctor Gaster.—Hem! Mr. Mac Laurel! there is a degree of profaneness in that observation, which I should not have looked for in so stanch a supporter of Church and State. Milk and honey was the pure food of the antediluvian patriarchs, who knew not the use of the grape, happily for them.—(*Tossing off a bumper of Burgundy.*)

Mr. Escot.—Happily, indeed! The first inhabitants of the world knew not the use either of wine or animal food; it is, therefore, by no means incredible that they lived to the age of several centuries, free from war, and commerce, and arbitrary government, and every other species of desolating wickedness. But man was then a very different animal to what he now is: he had not the faculty of speech; he was not encumbered with clothes; he lived in the open air; his first step out of which, as Hamlet truly observes, is *into his grave.** His first dwellings, of course, were the hollows of trees and rocks. In process of time he began to build: thence grew villages; thence grew cities. Luxury, oppression, poverty, misery, and disease kept pace with the progress of his pretended improvements, till, from a free, strong, healthy, peaceful animal, he has become a weak, distempered, cruel, carnivorous slave.

The Rev. Doctor Gaster.—Your doctrine is orthodox, in so far as you assert that the original man was not encumbered with clothes, and that he lived in the open air; but, as to

* See Lord Monboddo's "Ancient Metaphysics."

the faculty of speech, that, it is certain, he had, for the authority of Moses——

Mr. Escot.—Of course, sir, I do not presume to dissent from the very exalted authority of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmogonist, who had, moreover, the advantage of being inspired; but when I indulge myself with a ramble in the fields of speculation, and attempt to deduce what is probable and rational from the sources of analysis, experience, and comparison, I confess I am too often apt to lose sight of the doctrines of that great fountain of theological and geological philosophy.

Squire Headlong.—Push about the bottle.

Mr. Foster.—Do you suppose the mere animal life of a wild man, living on acorns, and sleeping on the ground, comparable in felicity to that of Newton, ranging through unlimited space, and penetrating into the arcana of universal motion—to that of a Locke, unravelling the labyrinth of minds—to that of a Lavoisier, detecting the minutest combinations of matter, and reducing all nature to its elements—to that of a Shakespeare, piercing and developing the springs of passion—or of a Milton, identifying himself, as it were, with the beings of an invisible world?

Mr. Escot.—You suppose extreme cases: but, on the score of happiness, what comparison can you make between the tranquil being of the wild man of the woods and the wretched and turbulent existence of Milton, the victim of persecution, poverty, blindness, and neglect? The records of literature demonstrate that Happiness and Intelligence are seldom sisters. Even if it were otherwise, it would prove nothing. The many are always sacrificed to the few. Where one man advances, hundreds retrograde; and the balance is always in favour of universal deterioration.

Mr. Foster.—Virtue is independent of external circumstances. The exalted understanding looks into the truth of things, and, in its own peaceful contemplations, rises superior to the world. No philosopher would resign his mental acquisitions for the purchase of any terrestrial good.

Mr. Escot.—In other words, no man whatever would resign his identity, which is nothing more than the consciousness of his perceptions, as the price of any acquisition. But every man, without exception, would willingly effect a very material change in his relative *situation to* other individuals. Un-

luckily for the rest of your argument, the understanding of literary people is for the most part *exalted*, as you express it, not so much by the love of truth and virtue, as by arrogance and self-sufficiency; and there is, perhaps, less disinterestedness, less liberality, less general benevolence, and more envy, hatred, and uncharitableness among them, than among any other description of men.

(*The eye of Mr. Escot, as he pronounced these words, rested very innocently and unintentionally on Mr. Gall.*)

Mr. Gall.—You allude, sir, I presume, to my review.

Mr. Escot.—Pardon me, sir. You will be convinced it is impossible I can allude to your review, when I assure you that I have never read a single page of it.

Mr. Gall, Mr. Treacle, Mr. Nightshade, and Mr. Mac Laurel.—Never read our review!!!!

Mr. Escot.—Never. I look on periodical criticism in general to be a species of shop where panegyric and defamation are sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation. I am not inclined to be a purchaser of these commodities, or to encourage a trade which I consider pregnant with mischief.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—I can readily conceive, sir, ye wou'd na wullinly encoorage ony dealer in panegeeric: but, frae the manner in which ye speak o' the first creetics an' scholars o' the age, I shou'd think you wou'd hae a leetle mair predilaction for deefamation.

Mr. Escot.—I have no predilection, sir, for defamation. I make a point of speaking the truth on all occasions; and it seldom happens that the truth can be spoken without some stricken deer pronouncing it a libel.

Mr. Nightshade.—You are, perhaps, sir, an enemy to literature in general?

Mr. Escot.—If I were, sir, I should be a better friend to periodical critics.

Squire Headlong.—Buz!

Mr. Treacle.—May I simply take the liberty to inquire into the basis of your objection?

Mr. Escot.—I conceive that periodical criticism disseminates superficial knowledge, and its perpetual adjunct, vanity; that it checks in the youthful mind the habit of thinking for itself; that it delivers partial opinions, and thereby misleads the judgment; that it is never conducted with a view to the general interests of literature, but to serve the interested ends of individuals, and the miserable purposes of party.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—Ye ken, sir, a mon mun leeve.

Mr. Escot.—While he can live honourably, naturally, justly, certainly: no longer.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—Every mon, sir, leeves according to his ain notions of honour an' justice: there is a wee deference amang the learned wi' respect to the defineetion o' the terms.

Mr. Escot.—I believe it is generally admitted that one of the ingredients of justice is disinterestedness.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—It is na admetted, sir, amang the pheelosophers of Edinbroo' that there is ony sic thing as desenterestelness in the warld, or that a mon can care for onything sae much as his ain sel: for ye mun observe, sir, every mon has his ain parteecular feelings of what is gude, an' beautifu', an' consentaneous to his ain indiveedual nature, an' desires to see everything aboot him in that parteecular state which is maist conformable to his ain notions o' the moral an' poleetical fetness o' things. Twa men, sir, shall purchase a piece o' grund atween 'em, and ae mon shall cover his half wi' a park——

Mr. Milestone.—Beautifully laid out in lawns and clumps, with a belt of trees at the circumference, and an artificial lake in the centre.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—Exactly, sir: and shall keep it a' for his ain sel: an' the other mon shall divide his half into leetle farms of twa or three acres——

Mr. Escot.—Like those of the Roman republic, and build a cottage on each of them, and cover his land with a simple, innocent, and smiling population, who shall owe, not only their happiness, but their existence, to his benevolence.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—Exactly, sir: an' ye will ca' the first mon selfish, an' the second desenterested; but the pheelosophical truth is semply this, that the ane is pleased wi' looking at trees, an' the other wi' seeing people happy an' comfortable. It is aunly a matter of indiveedual feeling. A paisant saves a mon's life for the same reason that a hero or a footpad cuts his thrapple: an' a pheelosopher delevers a mon frae a preson, for the same reason that a tailor or a prime menester puts him into it: because it is conformable to his ain particular feelings o' the moral an' poleetical fetness o' things.

Squire Headlong.—Wake the Reverend Doctor. Doctor, the bottle stands with you.

The Rev. Doctor Lester.—It is an error of which I am seldom guilty.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—No, sir; sir, every man is the centre of an system, and nature, as much as possible to adapt everything around him to his particular views.

Mr. Facet.—Thus, sir, I presume, it suits the particular views of a poet, at one time to take the part of the people against their oppressors, and at another to take the part of the oppressors against the people.

Mr. Mac Laurel.—Ye mun allow, sir, that poetry is a sort of ware or commodity that is brought into the public market wi' a' other issecretions o' merchandise, an' that a man is perfectly justified in getting the best price he can for his article. Now, there are three reasons for taking the part o' the people: the first is, when general liberty an' public happiness are conformable to your un particular feelings o' the moral an' political fitness o' things: the second is, when they happen to be, as it were, in a state of excestabeeliity, an' ye think ye can get a guid price for your commodity by flingin' in a leetle seasoning o' philanthropy an' republican spearit: the third is, when ye think ye can bully the monetry into gieing ye a place or a pension to haud your din, an' in that case, ye joint an attack against them within the pale o' the law; an', if they tak nae heed o' ye, ye open a stronger fire; an' the less heed they tak, the mair ye bawl; an' the mair factious ye grow, always within the pale o' the law, till they send a plenipotentiary to treat wi' ye for yoursel, an' then the mair popular ye happen to be, the better price ye fetch.

Squire Headlong.—Off with your heeltaps.

Mr. Cranium.—I perfectly agree with Mr. Mac Laurel in his definition of self-love and disinterestedness: every man's actions are determined by his peculiar views, and those views are determined by the organization of his skull. A man in whom the organ of benevolence is not developed, cannot be benevolent: he in whom it is so, cannot be otherwise. The organ of self-love is prodigiously developed in the greater number of subjects that have fallen under my observation.

Mr. Facet.—Much less, I presume, among savage than civilized men, who, *constant only to the love of self, and consistent only in their aim to deceive, are always actuated by the*

hope of personal advantage, or by the dread of personal punishment.[*]

Mr. Cranium.—Very probably.

Mr. Escot.—You have, of course, found very copious specimens of the organs of hypocrisy, destruction, and avarice.

Mr. Cranium.—Secretiveness, destructiveness, and covetiveness. You may add, if you please, that of constructiveness.

Mr. Escot.—Meaning, I presume, the organ of building; which I contend to be not the natural organ of the *featherless biped.*

Mr. Cranium.—Pardon me: it is here.—(*As he said these words he produced a skull from his pocket, and placed it on the table, to the great surprise of the company.*)—This was the skull of Sir Christopher Wren. You observe this protuberance—(*the skull was handed round the table*).

Mr. Escot.—I contend that the original unsophisticated man was by no means constructive. He lived in the open air, under a tree.

The Reverend Doctor Gaster.—The tree of life. Unquestionably. Till he had tasted the forbidden fruit.

Mr. Jenkison.—At which period, probably, the organ of constructiveness was added to his anatomy, as a punishment for his transgression.

Mr. Escot.—There could not have been a more severe one, since the propensity which has led him to building cities has proved the greatest curse of his existence.

Squire Headlong.—(*Taking the skull*)—*Memento mori.* Come, a bumper of Burgundy.

Mr. Nightshade.—A very classical application, Squire Headlong. The Romans were in the practice of adhibiting skulls at their banquets, and sometimes little skeletons of silver, as a silent admonition to the guests to enjoy life while it lasted.

The Reverend Doctor Gaster.—Sound doctrine, Mr. Nightshade.

Mr. Escot.—I question its soundness. The use of vinous spirit has a tremendous influence in the deterioration of the human race.

Mr. Foster.—I fear, indeed, it operates as a considerable check to the progress of the species towards moral and intel-

[*] Drummond's "Academical Questions."

lectual perfection. Yet many great men have been of opinion that it exalts the imagination, fires the genius, accelerates the flow of ideas, and imparts to dispositions naturally cold and deliberative, that enthusiastic sublimation which is the source of greatness and energy.

*Mr. Nightshade.—Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.**

Mr. Jenkison.—I conceive the use of wine to be always pernicious in excess, but often useful in moderation: it certainly kills some, but it saves the lives of others: I find that an occasional glass, taken with judgment and caution, has a very salutary effect in maintaining that equilibrium of the system, which it is always my aim to preserve; and this calm and temperate use of wine was, no doubt, what Homer meant to inculcate when he said:

Παρ δε δεπας οινοιο, πιειν ότε θυμος ανωγοι.†

Squire Headlong.—Good. Pass the bottle.

(*Un morne silence.*)

Sir Christopher does not seem to have raised our spirits. Chromatic, favour us with a specimen of your vocal powers. Something in point.

Mr. Chromatic, without further preface, immediately struck up the following

SONG.

In his last binn SIR PETER lies,
  Who knew not what it was to frown:
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
  And in his cellar stopped him down,
Through all our land we could not boast
  A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
  And pass it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

None better knew the feast to sway,
  Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim;
For Nature had but little clay
  Like that of which she moulded him.
The meanest guest that graced his board
  Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when PETER poured,
  And passed it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

* *Homer is proved to have been a lover of wine by the praises he bestows upon it.*

† *A cup of wine at hand, to drink as inclination prompts.*

He kept at true good humour's mark
  The social flow of pleasure's tide:
He never made a brow look dark,
  Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell:
  More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song, and passing bell,
  To hear no sound but THREE TIMES THREE.

(*Hammering of knuckles and glasses, and shouts of Bravo!*)

Mr. Panscope (*suddenly emerging from a deep reverie*).—I have heard, with the most profound attention, everything which the gentleman on the other side of the table has thought proper to advance on the subject of human deterioration; and I must take the liberty to remark, that it augurs a very considerable degree of presumption in any individual to set himself up against the *authority* of so many great men, as may be marshalled in metaphysical phalanx under the opposite banners of the controversy; such as Aristotle, Plato, the scholiast on Aristophanes, St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Athanasius, Orpheus, Pindar, Simonides, Gronovius, Hemsterhusius, Longinus, Sir Isaac Newton, Thomas Paine, Doctor Paley, the King of Prussia, the King of Poland, Cicero, Monsieur Gautier, Hippocrates, Machiavelli, Milton, Colley Cibber, Bojardo, Gregory Nazianzenus, Locke, D'Alembert, Boccaccio, Daniel Defoe, Erasmus, Doctor Smollett, Zimmermann, Solomon, Confucius, Zoroaster, and Thomas-à-Kempis.

Mr. Escot.—I presume, sir, you are one of those who value an *authority* more than a reason.

Mr. Panscope.—The *authority*, sir, of all these great men, whose works, as well as the whole of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the entire series of the Monthly Review, the complete set of the Variorum Classics, and the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, I have read through from beginning to end, deposes, with irrefragable refutation, against your ratiocinative speculations, wherein you seem desirous, by the futile process of analytical dialectics, to subvert the pyramidal structure of synthetically deduced opinions, which have withstood the secular revolutions of physiological disquisition, and which I maintain to be transcendentally self-evident, categorically certain, and syllogistically demonstrable.

Squire Headlong.—Bravo! Pass the bottle. The very best speech that ever was made.

Mr. Escot.—It has only the slight disadvantage of being unintelligible.

Mr. Panscope.—I am not obliged, sir, as Dr. Johnson observed on a similar occasion, to furnish you with an understanding.

Mr. Escot.—I fear, sir, you would have some difficulty in furnishing me with such an article from your own stock.

Mr. Panscope.—'Sdeath, sir, do you question my understanding?

Mr. Escot.—I only question, sir, where I expect a reply; which, from things that have no existence, I am not visionary enough to anticipate.

Mr. Panscope.—I beg leave to observe, sir, that my language was perfectly perspicuous, and etymologically correct; and, I conceive, I have demonstrated what I shall now take the liberty to say in plain terms, that all your opinions are extremely absurd.

Mr. Escot.—I should be sorry, sir, to advance any opinion that you would not think absurd.

Mr. Panscope.—Death and fury, sir———

Mr. Escot.—Say no more, sir. That apology is quite sufficient.

Mr. Panscope.—Apology, sir?

Mr. Escot.—Even so, sir. You have lost your temper, which I consider equivalent to a confession that you have the worst of the argument.

Mr. Panscope.—Lightning and devils! sir———

Squire Headlong.—No civil war!—Temperance in the name of Bacchus!—A glee! a glee! *Music has charms to bend the knotted oak.* Sir Patrick, you'll join?

Sir Patrick O'Prism.—Troth, with all my heart: for, by my soul, I'm bothered completely.

Squire Headlong.—Agreed, then: you, and I, and Chromatic. Bumpers!—bumpers! Come, strike up.

Squire Headlong, Mr. Chromatic, and Sir Patrick O'Prism, each holding a bumper, immediately vociferated the following

GLEE.

A heeltap! a heeltap! I never could bear it!
So fill me a bumper, a bumper of claret!
Let the bottle pass freely, don't shirk it nor spare it,
For a heeltap! a heeltap! I never could bear it!

No skylight! no twilight! while Bacchus rules o'er us:
No thinking! no shrinking! all drinking in chorus:
Let us moisten our clay, since 't is thirsty and porous:
No thinking! no shrinking! all drinking in chorus!

GRAND CHORUS.

By Squire Headlong, Mr. Chromatic, Sir Patrick O'Prism, Mr. Panscope, Mr. Jenkison, Mr. Gall, Mr. Treacle, Mr. Nightshade, Mr. Mac Laurel, Mr. Cranium, Mr. Milestone, and the Reverend Doctor Gaster.

A healtap! a healtap! I never could bear it!
So fill me a bumper, a bumper of claret!
Let the bottle pass freely, don't shirk it nor spare it,
For a healtap! a healtap! I never could bear it!

"ΟΜΑΛΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΔΟΥΠΟΣ ΟΡΩΡΕΙ!"

The little butler now waddled in with a summons from the ladies to tea and coffee. The squire was unwilling to leave his Burgundy. Mr. Escot strenuously urged the necessity of immediate adjournment, observing, that the longer they continued drinking the worse they should be. Mr. Foster seconded the motion, declaring the transition from the bottle to female society to be an indisputable amelioration of the state of the sensitive man. Mr. Jenkison allowed the squire and his two brother philosophers to settle the point between them, concluding that was just as well in one place as another. The question of adjournment was then put, and carried by a large majority.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EVENING.

MR. PANSCOPE, highly irritated by the cool contempt with which Mr. Escot had treated him, sate sipping his coffee and meditating revenge. He was not long in discovering the passion of his antagonist for the beautiful Cephalis, for whom he had himself a species of predilection; and it was also obvious to him, that there was some lurking anger in the mind of her father, unfavourable to the hopes of his rival. The stimulus of revenge, superadded to that of

[illegible] Mr. Escot is the young lady's favour. The peculiarities of his person he did not trouble himself to investigate. For the name he had made in the houses of some city men, who were extremely numerous in Hackney, and who, not understanding a word he said, considered him a prodigious [illegible] man, had impressed him with an exhilarating idea of his own importance. He had not only the requisites usually needed for successful female society, he could dance little with tolerable dexterity, though by no means so well as Mr. Cranium; for his readers are of course aware that rapidity of execution, not delicacy of expression, constitutes the essential perfection of modern dancing, and could write a [illegible] billet-doux with considerable affectation of feeling. Besides this, he was always extremely well dressed, and was [illegible] to be worth [illegible] thousand a year. The influence which the latter consideration might have on the minds of the majority of his female acquaintance, whose morals had been formed by the novels of such writers as Miss Philomela Poppyseed, did not escape his calculation of his own personal attractions. Relying, therefore, on past success, he determined to spend a day *chez* [illegible], and already, in imagination, considered himself sole lord and master of the affections of the beautiful Cephalia.

Mr. Escot and Mr. Foster were the only two of the party who had entered the library, to which the ladies had retired, and which was interior to the music-room, in a state of perfect sobriety. Mr. Escot had placed himself next to the beautiful *Cephalia*: Mr. Cranium had laid aside much of the terror of his *frown*; the short craniological conversation, which had passed between him and Mr. Escot, had softened his heart in his favour; and the copious libations of Burgundy in which he had indulged had smoothed his brow into unusual serenity.

Mr. Foster placed himself near the lovely Caprioletta, whose artless and innocent conversation had already made an impression on his susceptible spirit.

The Reverend Doctor Gaster seated himself in the corner of a sofa near Miss Philomela Poppyseed. Miss Philomela detailed to him the plan of a very moral and aristocratical novel she was preparing for the press, and continued holding forth, with her eyes half shut, till a long drawn nasal tone from the reverend divine compelled her suddenly to open them

in all the indignation of surprise. The cessation of the hum of her voice awakened the reverend gentleman, who, lifting up first one eyelid, then the other, articulated, or rather murmured, "Admirably planned, indeed!"

"I have not quite finished, sir," said Miss Philomela, bridling. "Will you have the goodness to inform me where I left off?"

The doctor hummed a while, and at length answered: "I think you had just laid it down as a position, that a thousand a year is an indispensable ingredient in the passion of love, and that no man, who is not so far gifted by *nature*, can reasonably presume to feel that passion himself, or be correctly the object of it with a well-educated female."

"That, sir," said Miss Philomela, highly incensed, "is the fundamental principle which I lay down in the first chapter, and which the whole four volumes, of which I detailed to you the outline, are intended to set in a strong practical light."

"Bless me!" said the doctor, "what a nap I must have had!"

Miss Philomela flung away to the side of her dear friends Gall and Treacle, under whose fostering patronage she had been puffed into an extensive reputation, much to the advantage of the young ladies of the age, whom she taught to consider themselves as a sort of commodity, to be put up at public auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. Mr. Nightshade and Mr. Mac Laurel joined the trio; and it was secretly resolved, that Miss Philomela should furnish them with a portion of her manuscripts, and that Messieurs Gall and Co. should devote the following morning to cutting and drying a critique on a work calculated to prove so extensively beneficial, that Mr. Gall protested he really *envied* the writer.

While this amiable and enlightened quintetto were busily employed in flattering one another, Mr. Cranium retired to complete the preparations he had begun in the morning for a lecture, with which he intended, on some future evening, to favour the company: Sir Patrick O'Prism walked out into the grounds to study the effect of moonlight on the snow-clad mountains: Mr. Foster and Mr. Escot continued to make love, and Mr. Panscope to digest his plan of attack on the heart of Miss Cephalis: Mr. Jenkison sate by the fire, reading *Much Ado about Nothing*: the Reverend Doctor Gaster was still enjoying

the benefit of Miss Philomela's opiate, and serenading the company from his solitary corner: Mr. Chromatic was reading music, and occasionally humming a note: and Mr. Milestone had produced his portfolio for the edification and amusement of Miss Tenorina, Miss Graziosa, and Squire Headlong, to whom he was pointing out the various beauties of his plan for Lord Littlebrain's park.

Mr. Milestone.—This, you perceive, is the natural state of one part of the grounds. Here is a wood, never yet touched by the finger of taste; thick, intricate, and gloomy. Here is a little stream, dashing from stone to stone, and overshadowed with these untrimmed boughs.

Miss Tenorina.—The sweet romantic spot! How beautifully the birds must sing there on a summer evening!

Miss Graziosa.—Dear sister! how can you endure the horrid thicket?

Mr. Milestone.—You are right, Miss Graziosa: your taste is correct—perfectly *en règle.* Now, here is the same place corrected—trimmed—polished—decorated—adorned. Here sweeps a plantation, in that beautiful regular curve: there winds a gravel walk: here are parts of the old wood, left in these majestic circular clumps, disposed at equal distances with wonderful symmetry: there are some single shrubs scattered in elegant profusion: here a Portugal laurel, there a juniper; here a laurustinus, there a spruce fir; here a larch, there a lilac; here a rhododendron, there an arbutus. The stream, you see, is become a canal: the banks are perfectly smooth and green, sloping to the water's edge: and there is Lord Littlebrain, rowing in an elegant boat.

Squire Headlong.—Magical, faith!

Mr. Milestone.—Here is another part of the grounds in its natural state. Here is a large rock, with the mountain-ash rooted in its fissures, overgrown, as you see, with ivy and moss; and from this part of it bursts a little fountain, that runs bubbling down its rugged sides.

Miss Tenorina.—O how beautiful! How I should love the melody of that miniature cascade!

Mr. Milestone.—Beautiful, Miss Tenorina! Hideous. Base, common, and popular. Such a thing as you may see anywhere, in wild and mountainous districts. Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock, cut into the shape of

a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which that little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath :* and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it.

Squire Headlong.—Miraculous, by Mahomet !

Mr. Milestone.—This is the summit of a hill, covered, as you perceive, with wood, and with those mossy stones scattered at random under the trees.

Miss Tenorina.—What a delightful spot to read in, on a summer's day ! The air must be so pure, and the wind must sound so divinely in the tops of those old panes !

Mr. Milestone.—Bad taste, Miss Tenorina. Bad taste, I assure you. Here is the spot improved. The trees are cut down : the stones are cleared away : this is an octagonal pavilion, exactly on the centre of the summit : and there you see Lord Littlebrain, on the top of the pavilion, enjoying the prospect with a telescope.

Squire Headlong.—Glorious, egad !

Mr. Milestone.—Here is a rugged mountainous road, leading through impervious shades : the ass and the four goats characterize a wild uncultured scene. Here, as you perceive, it is totally changed into a beautiful gravel-road, gracefully curving through a belt of limes : and there is Lord Littlebrain driving four-in-hand.

Squire Headlong.—Egregious, by Jupiter !

Mr. Milestone.—Here is Littlebrain Castle, a Gothic, moss-grown structure, half-bosomed in trees. Near the casement of that turret is an owl peeping from the ivy.

Squire Headlong.—And devilish wise he looks.

Mr. Milestone.—Here is the new house, without a tree near it, standing in the midst of an undulating lawn : a white, polished, angular building, reflected to a nicety in this waveless lake : and there you see Lord Littlebrain looking out of the window.

Squire Headlong.—And devilish wise he looks too. You shall cut me a giant before you go.

Mr. Milestone.—Good. I'll order down my little corps of pioneers.

During this conversation, a hot dispute had arisen between

* See Knight on Taste.

Messieurs Gall and Nightshade; the latter pertinaciously insisting on having his new poem reviewed by Treacle, who he knew would extol it most loftily, and not by Gall, whose sarcastic commendation he held in superlative horror. The remonstrances of Squire Headlong silenced the disputants, but did not mollify the inflexible Gall, nor appease the irritated Nightshade, who secretly resolved that, on his return to London, he would beat his drum in Grub Street, form a mastigophoric corps of his own, and hoist the standard of determined opposition against this critical Napoleon.

Sir Patrick O'Prism now entered, and, after some rapturous exclamations on the effect of the mountain-moonlight, entreated that one of the young ladies would favour him with a song. Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa now enchanted the company with some very scientific compositions, which, as usual, excited admiration and astonishment in every one, without a single particle of genuine pleasure. The beautiful Cephalis being then summoned to take her station at the harp, sang with feeling and simplicity the following air:—

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

Oh! who art thou, so swiftly flying!
My name is Love, the child replied:
Swifter I pass than south winds sighing,
Or streams, through summer vales that glide.
And who art thou, his flight pursuing?
'Tis cold Neglect whom now you see:
The little god you there are viewing,
Will die, if once he's touched by me.

* Oh! who art thou so fast proceeding,
Ne'er glancing back thine eyes of flame?
Marked but by few, through earth I'm speeding,
And Opportunity's my name.
What form is that, which scowls beside thee?
Repentance is the form you see:
Learn then, the fate may yet betide thee;
She seizes them who seize not me.

The little butler now appeared with a summons to supper, shortly after which the party dispersed for the night.

* This stanza is imitated from Machiavelli's *Capitolo dell' Occasione.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE WALK.

IT was an old custom in Headlong Hall to have breakfast ready at eight, and continue it till two; that the various guests might rise at their own hour, breakfast when they came down, and employ the morning as they thought proper; the Squire only expecting that they should punctually assemble at dinner. During the whole of this period, the little butler stood sentinel at a side-table near the fire, copiously furnished with all the apparatus of tea, coffee, chocolate, milk, cream, eggs, rolls, toast, muffins, bread, butter, potted beef, cold fowl and partridge, ham, tongue, and anchovy. The Reverend Doctor Gaster found himself rather *queasy* in the morning, therefore preferred breakfasting in bed, on a mug of buttered ale and an anchovy toast. The three philosophers made their appearance at eight, and enjoyed *les prémices des dépouilles*. Mr. Foster proposed, that, as it was a fine frosty morning, and they were all good pedestrians, they should take a walk to Tremadoc, to see the improvements carrying on in that vicinity. This being readily acceded to, they began their walk.

After their departure, appeared Squire Headlong and Mr. Milestone, who agreed, over their muffin and partridge, to walk together to a ruined tower, within the precincts of the squire's grounds, which Mr. Milestone thought he could improve.

The other guests dropped in by ones and twos, and made their respective arrangements for the morning. Mr. Panscope took a little ramble with Mr. Cranium, in the course of which, the former professed a great enthusiasm for the science of craniology, and a great deal of love for the beautiful Cephalis, adding a few words about his expectations: the old gentleman was unable to withstand this triple battery, and it was accordingly determined—after the manner of the heroic age, in which it was deemed superfluous to consult the opinions and feelings of the lady, as to the manner in which she should be disposed of—that the lovely Miss Cranium should be made the happy bride of the accomplished Mr. Panscope.

We shall leave them for the present to settle preliminaries, while we accompany the three philosophers in their walk to Tremadoc.

The vale contracted as they advanced, and, when they had passed the termination of the lake, their road wound along a narrow and romantic pass, through the middle of which an impetuous torrent dashed over vast fragments of stone. The pass was bordered on both sides by perpendicular rocks, broken into the wildest forms of fantastic magnificence.

"These are, indeed," said Mr. Escot, "*confracti mundi rudera*:"* yet they must be feeble images of the valleys of the Andes, where the philosophic eye may contemplate, in their utmost extent, the effects of that tremendous convulsion which destroyed the perpendicularity of the poles, and inundated this globe with that torrent of physical evil, from which the greater torrent of moral evil has issued, that will continue to roll on, with an expansive power and an accelerated impetus, till the whole human race shall be swept away in its vortex."

"The precession of the equinoxes," said Mr. Foster, "will gradually ameliorate the physical state of our planet, till the ecliptic shall again coincide with the equator, and the equal diffusion of light and heat over the whole surface of the earth typify the equal and happy existence of man, who will then have attained the final step of pure and perfect intelligence."

"It is by no means clear," said Mr. Jenkison, "that the axis of the earth was ever perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, or that it ever will be so. Explosion and convulsion are necessary to the maintenance of either hypothesis: for La Place has demonstrated, that the precession of the equinoxes is only a secular equation of a very long period, which, of course, proves nothing either on one side or the other."

They now emerged, by a winding ascent, from the vale of Llanberris, and after some little time arrived at Bedd Gelert. Proceeding through the sublimely romantic pass of Aberglaslynn, their road led along the edge of Traeth Mawr, a vast arm of the sea, which they then beheld in all the magnificence of the flowing tide. Another five miles brought them to the embankment, which has since been completed, and which, by connecting the two counties of Meirionnydd and

* Fragments of a demolished world.

Caernarvon, excludes the sea from an extensive tract. The embankment, which was carried on at the same time from both the opposite coasts, was then very nearly meeting in the centre. They walked to the extremity of that part of it which was thrown out from the Caernarvonshire shore. The tide was now ebbing: it had filled the vast basin within, forming a lake about five miles in length and more than one in breadth. As they looked upwards with their backs to the open sea, they beheld a scene which no other in this country can parallel, and which the admirers of the magnificence of nature will ever remember with regret, whatever consolation may be derived from the probable utility of the works which have excluded the waters from their ancient receptacle. Vast rocks and precipices, intersected with little torrents, formed the barrier on the left: on the right, the triple summit of Moëlwyn reared its majestic boundary: in the depth was that sea of mountains, the wild and stormy outline of the Snowdonian chain, with the giant Wyddfa towering in the midst. The mountain-frame remains unchanged, unchangeable; but the liquid mirror it enclosed is gone.

The tide ebbed with rapidity: the waters within, retained by the embankment, poured through its two points an impetuous cataract, curling and boiling in innumerable eddies, and making a tumultuous melody admirably in unison with the surrounding scene. The three philosophers looked on in silence; and at length unwillingly turned away and proceeded to the little town of Tremadoc, which is built on land recovered in a similar manner from the sea. After inspecting the manufactories, and refreshing themselves at the inn on a cold saddle of mutton and a bottle of sherry, they retraced their steps towards Headlong Hall, commenting as they went on the various subjects they had seen.

Mr. Escot.—I regret that time did not allow us to see the caves on the sea-shore. There is one of which the depth is said to be unknown. There is a tradition in the country, that an adventurous fiddler once resolved to explore it; that he entered and never returned; but that the subterranean sound of a fiddle was heard at a farm-house seven miles inland. It is, therefore, concluded that he lost his way in the labyrinth of caverns, supposed to exist under the rocky soil of this part of the country.

Mr. Jenkison.—A supposition that must always remain in

force, unless a second fiddler, equally adventurous and more successful, should return with an accurate report of the true state of the fact.

Mr. Foster.—What think you of the little colony we have just been inspecting; a city, as it were, in its cradle?

Mr. Escot.—With all the weakness of infancy, and all the vices of maturer age. I confess, the sight of those manufactories, which have suddenly sprung up, like fungous excrescences, in the bosom of these wild and desolate scenes, impressed me with as much horror and amazement as the sudden appearance of the stocking-manufactory struck into the mind of Rousseau, when, in a lonely valley of the Alps, he had just congratulated himself on finding a spot where man had never been.

Mr. Foster.—The manufacturing system is not yet purified from some evils which necessarily attend it, but which I conceive are greatly overbalanced by their concomitant advantages. Contemplate the vast sum of human industry to which this system so essentially contributes: seas covered with vessels, ports resounding with life, profound researches, scientific inventions, complicated mechanism, canals carried over deep valleys and through the bosoms of hills: employment and existence thus given to innumerable families, and the multiplied comforts and conveniences of life diffused over the whole community.

Mr. Escot.—You present to me a complicated picture of artificial life, and require me to admire it. Seas covered with vessels: every one of which contains two or three tyrants, and from fifty to a thousand slaves, ignorant, gross, perverted, and active only in mischief. Ports resounding with life: in other words, with noise and drunkenness, the mingled din of avarice, intemperance, and prostitution. Profound researches, scientific inventions: to what end? To contract the sum of human wants? to teach the art of living on a little? to disseminate independence, liberty, and health? No; to multiply factitious desires, to stimulate depraved appetites, to invent unnatural wants, to heap up incense on the shrine of luxury, and accumulate expedients of selfish and ruinous profusion. Complicated machinery: behold its blessings. Twenty years ago, at the door of every cottage sate the good woman with her spinning-wheel: the children, *if not* more profitably employed than in gathering heath and

sticks, at least laid in a stock of health and strength to sustain the labours of maturer years. Where is the spinning-wheel now, and every simple and insulated occupation of the industrious cottager? Wherever this boasted machinery is established, the children of the poor are death-doomed from their cradles. Look for one moment at midnight into a cotton-mill, amidst the smell of oil, the smoke of lamps, the rattling of wheels, the dizzy and complicated motions of diabolical mechanism: contemplate the little human machines that keep play with the revolutions of the iron work, robbed at that hour of their natural rest, as of air and exercise by day: observe their pale and ghastly features, more ghastly in that baleful and malignant light, and tell me if you do not fancy yourself on the threshold of Virgil's hell, where

> Continuò auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
> *Infantumque animæ flentes*, in limine primo,
> Quos *dulcis vitæ exsortes*, et ab ubere raptos,
> *Abstulit atra dies*, et FUNERE MERSIT ACERBO!

As Mr. Escot said this, a little rosy-cheeked girl, with a basket of heath on her head, came tripping down the side of one of the rocks on the left. The force of contrast struck even on the phlegmatic spirit of Mr. Jenkison, and he almost inclined for a moment to the doctrine of deterioration. Mr. Escot continued:

"Nor is the lot of the parents more enviable. Sedentary victims of unhealthy toil, they have neither the corporeal energy of the savage, nor the mental acquisitions of the civilized man. Mind, indeed, they have none, and scarcely animal life. They are mere automata, component parts of the enormous machines which administer to the pampered appetites of the few, who consider themselves the most valuable portion of a state, because they consume in indolence the fruits of the earth, and contribute nothing to the benefit of the community.

Mr. Jenkison.—That these are evils cannot be denied; but they have their counterbalancing advantages. That a man should pass the day in a furnace and the night in a cellar, is bad for the individual, but good for others who enjoy the benefit of his labour.

Mr. Escot.—By what right do they so?

Mr. Jenkison.—By the right of all property and all possession: *le droit du plus fort.*

Mr. Escot.—Do you justify that principle?

Mr. Jenkison.—I neither justify nor condemn it. It is practically recognized in all societies; and, though it is certainly the source of enormous evil, I conceive it is also the source of abundant good, or it would not have so many supporters.

Mr. Escot.—That is by no means a consequence. Do we not every day see men supporting the most enormous evils, which they know to be so with respect to others, and which in reality are so with respect to themselves, though an erroneous view of their own miserable self-interest induces them to think otherwise?

Mr. Jenkison.—Good and evil exist only as they are perceived. I cannot therefore understand, how that which a man perceives to be good can be in reality an evil to him: indeed, the word *reality* only signifies *strong belief.*

Mr. Escot.—The views of such a man I contend are false. If he could be made to see the truth——

Mr. Jenkison.—He sees his own truth. Truth is that which a man *troweth.* Where there is no man there is no truth. Thus the truth of one is not the truth of another.*

Mr. Escot.—I am aware of the etymology; but I contend that there is an universal and immutable truth, deducible from the nature of things.

Mr. Jenkison.—By whom deducible? Philosophers have investigated the nature of things for centuries, yet no two of them will agree in *trowing* the same conclusion.

Mr. Foster.—The progress of philosophical investigation, and the rapidly increasing accuracy of human knowledge, approximate by degrees the diversities of opinion; so that, in process of time, moral science will be susceptible of mathematical demonstration; and, clear and indisputable principles being universally recognized, the coincidence of deduction will necessarily follow.

Mr. Escot.—Possibly, when the inroads of luxury and disease shall have exterminated nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of every million of the human race, the remaining fractional units may congregate into one point, and come to something like the same conclusion.

Mr. Jenkison.—I doubt it much. I conceive, if only we

* Tooke's Diversions of Purley.

three were survivors of the whole system of terrestrial being, we should never agree in our decisions as to the cause of the calamity.

Mr. Escot.—Be that as it may, I think you must at least assent to the following positions: that the many are sacrificed to the few; that ninety-nine in a hundred are occupied in a perpetual struggle for the preservation of a perilous and precarious existence, while the remaining one wallows in all the redundancies of luxury that can be wrung from their labours and privations; that luxury and liberty are incompatible; and that every new want you invent for civilized man is a new instrument of torture for him who cannot indulge it.

They had now regained the shores of the lake, when the conversation was suddenly interrupted by a tremendous explosion, followed by a violent splashing of water, and various sounds of tumult and confusion, which induced them to quicken their pace towards the spot whence they proceeded.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TOWER.

IN all the thoughts, words, and actions of Squire Headlong, there was a remarkable alacrity of progression, which almost annihilated the interval between conception and execution. He was utterly regardless of obstacles, and seemed to have expunged their very name from his vocabulary. His designs were never nipped in their infancy by the contemplation of those trivial difficulties which often turn awry the current of enterprise; and, though the rapidity of his movements was sometimes arrested by a more formidable barrier, either naturally existing in the pursuit he had undertaken, or created by his own impetuosity, he seldom failed to succeed either in knocking it down or cutting his way through it. He had little idea of gradation: he saw no interval between the first step and the last, but pounced upon his object with the impetus of a mountain cataract. This rapidity of movement, indeed, subjected him to some disasters which cooler spirits would have escaped. He was an excellent sportsman, and

almost always killed his game; but now and then he killed his dog.* Rocks, streams, hedges, gates, and ditches, were objects of no account in his estimation; though a dislocated shoulder, several severe bruises, and two or three narrow escapes for his neck, might have been expected to teach him a certain degree of caution in effecting his transitions. He was so singularly alert in climbing precipices and traversing torrents, that, when he went out on a shooting party, he was very soon left to continue his sport alone, for he was sure to dash up or down some nearly perpendicular path, where no one else had either ability or inclination to follow. He had a pleasure boat on the lake, which he steered with amazing dexterity; but as he always indulged himself in the utmost possible latitude of sail, he was occasionally upset by a sudden gust, and was indebted to his skill in the art of swimming for the opportunity of tempering with a copious libation of wine the unnatural frigidity introduced into his stomach by the extraordinary intrusion of water, an element which he had religiously determined should never pass his lips, but of which, on these occasions, he was sometimes compelled to swallow no inconsiderable quantity. This circumstance alone, of the various disasters that befell him, occasioned him any permanent affliction, and he accordingly noted the day in his pocket-book as a *dies nefastus*, with this simple abstract, and brief chronicle of the calamity: *Mem. Swallowed two or three pints of water:* without any notice whatever of the concomitant circumstances. These days, of which there were several, were set apart in Headlong Hall for the purpose of anniversary expiation; and, as often as the day returned on which the squire had swallowed water, he not only made a point of swallowing a treble allowance of wine himself, but imposed a heavy mulct on every one of his servants who should be detected in a state of sobriety after sunset: but their conduct

* Some readers will, perhaps, recollect the Archbishop of Prague, who also was an excellent sportsman, and who,

Com' era scritto in certi suoi giornali,
Ucciso avea con le sue proprie mani
Un numero infinito d'animali:
Cinquemila con quindici fagiani,
Seimila lepri, ottantatrè cignali,
E per disgrazia, ancor *tredici cani*, &c.

on these occasions was so uniformly exemplary, that no instance of the infliction of the penalty appears on record.

The Squire and Mr. Milestone, as we have already said, had set out immediately after breakfast to examine the capabilities of the scenery. The object that most attracted Mr. Milestone's admiration was a ruined tower on a projecting point of rock, almost totally overgrown with ivy. This ivy, Mr. Milestone observed, required trimming and clearing in various parts: a little pointing and polishing was also necessary for the dilapidated walls: and the whole effect would be materially increased by a plantation of spruce fir, interspersed with cypress and juniper, the present rugged and broken ascent from the land side being first converted into a beautiful slope, which might be easily effected by blowing up a part of the rock with gunpowder, laying on a quantity of fine mould, and covering the whole with an elegant stratum of turf.

Squire Headlong caught with avidity at this suggestion; and, as he had always a store of gunpowder in the house, for the accommodation of himself and his shooting visitors, and for the supply of a small battery of cannon, which he kept for his private amusement, he insisted on commencing operations immediately. Accordingly, he bounded back to the house, and very speedily returned, accompanied by the little butler, and half a dozen servants and labourers, with pickaxes and gunpowder, a hanging stove and a poker, together with a basket of cold meat and two or three bottles of Madeira: for the Squire thought, with many others, that a copious supply of provision is a very necessary ingredient in all rural amusements.

Mr. Milestone superintended the proceedings. The rock was excavated, the powder introduced, the apertures strongly blockaded with fragments of stone: a long train was laid to a spot which Mr. Milestone fixed on as sufficiently remote from the possibility of harm: the Squire seized the poker, and, after flourishing it in the air with a degree of dexterity which induced the rest of the party to leave him in solitary possession of an extensive circumference, applied the end of it to the train; and the rapidly communicated ignition ran hissing along the surface of the soil.

At this critical moment, Mr. Cranium and Mr. Panscope appeared at the top of the tower, which, unseeing and unseen, they had ascended on the opposite side to that where the

Squire and Mr. Milestone were conducting their operations. Their sudden appearance a little dismayed the Squire, who, however, comforted himself with the reflection, that the tower was perfectly safe, or at least was intended to be so, and that his friends were in no probable danger but of a knock on the head from a flying fragment of stone.

The succession of these thoughts in the mind of the Squire was commensurate in rapidity to the progress of the ignition, which having reached its extremity, the explosion took place, and the shattered rock was hurled into the air in the midst of fire and smoke.

Mr. Milestone had properly calculated the force of the explosion; for the tower remained untouched: but the Squire, in his consolatory reflections, had omitted the consideration of the influence of sudden fear, which had so violent an effect on Mr. Cranium, who was just commencing a speech concerning the very fine prospect from the top of the tower, that, cutting short the thread of his observations, he bounded, under the elastic influence of terror, several feet into the air. His ascent being unluckily a little out of the perpendicular, he descended with a proportionate curve from the apex of his projection, and alighted, not on the wall of the tower, but in an ivy-bush by its side, which, giving way beneath him, transferred him to a tuft of hazel at its base, which, after upholding him an instant, consigned him to the boughs of an ash that had rooted itself in a fissure about half way down the rock, which finally transmitted him to the waters below.

Squire Headlong anxiously watched the tower as the smoke which at first enveloped it rolled away; but when the shadowy curtain was withdrawn, and Mr. Panscope was discovered, *solus*, in a tragical attitude, his apprehensions became boundless, and he concluded that the unlucky collision of a flying fragment of rock had indeed emancipated the spirit of the craniologist from its terrestrial bondage.

Mr. Escot had considerably outstripped his companions and arrived at the scene of the disaster just as Mr. Cranium, being utterly destitute of natatorial skill, was in imminent danger of final submersion. The deteriorationist, who had cultivated this valuable art with great success, immediately plunged in to his assistance, and brought him alive and in safety to a shelving part of the shore. Their landing was hailed with a *view-holla* from the delighted Squire, who, shaking them both

heartily by the hand, and making ten thousand lame apologies to Mr. Cranium, concluded by asking, in a pathetic tone, *How much water he had swallowed?* and without waiting for his answer, filled a large tumbler with Madeira, and insisted on his tossing it off, which was no sooner said than done. Mr. Jenkison and Mr. Foster now made their appearance. Mr. Panscope descended the tower, which he vowed never again to approach within a quarter of a mile. The tumbler of Madeira was replenished, and handed round to recruit the spirits of the party, which now began to move towards Headlong Hall, the Squire capering for joy in the van, and the little fat butler waddling in the rear.

The Squire took care that Mr. Cranium should be seated next to him at dinner, and plied him so hard with Madeira to prevent him, as he said, from taking cold, that long before the ladies sent in their summons to coffee, every organ in his brain was in a complete state of revolution, and the Squire was under the necessity of ringing for three or four servants to carry him to bed, observing, with a smile of great satisfaction, that he was in a very excellent way for escaping any ill consequences that might have resulted from his accident.

The beautiful Cephalis, being thus freed from his *surveillance*, was enabled, during the course of the evening, to develop to his preserver the full extent of her gratitude.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEXTON.

MR. ESCOT passed a sleepless night, the ordinary effect of love, according to some amatory poets, who seem to have composed their whining ditties for the benevolent purpose of bestowing on others that gentle slumber of which they so pathetically lament the privation. The deteriorationist entered into a profound moral soliloquy, in which he first examined *whether a philosopher ought to be in love?* Having decided this point affirmatively against Plato and Lucretius, he next examined, *whether that passion ought to have the effect of keeping a philosopher awake?* Having decided this nega-

tively, he resolved to go to sleep immediately: not being able to accomplish this to his satisfaction, he tossed and tumbled, like Achilles or Orlando, first on one side, then on the other; repeated to himself several hundred lines of poetry; counted a thousand; began again, and counted another thousand: in vain: the beautiful Cephalis was the predominant image in all his soliloquies, in all his repetitions: even in the numerical process from which he sought relief, he did but associate the idea of number with that of his dear tormentor, till she appeared to his mind's eye in a thousand similitudes, distinct, not different. These thousand images, indeed, were but one; and yet the one was a thousand, a sort of uni-multiplex phantasma, which will be very intelligible to some understandings.

He arose with the first peep of day, and sallied forth to enjoy the balmy breeze of morning, which any but a lover might have thought too cool; for it was an intense frost, the sun had not risen, and the wind was rather fresh from north-east and by north. But a lover, who, like Ladurlad in the curse of Kehama, always has, or at least is supposed to have, "a fire in his heart and a fire in his brain," feels a wintry breeze from N. E. and by N. steal over his cheek like the south over a bank of violets: therefore, on walked the philosopher, with his coat unbuttoned and his hat in his hand, careless of whither he went, till he found himself near the enclosure of a little mountain-chapel. Passing through the wicket, and stepping over two or three graves, he stood on a rustic tombstone, and peeped through the chapel window, examining the interior with as much curiosity as if he had "forgotten what the inside of a church was made of," which, it is rather to be feared, was the case. Before him and beneath him were the font, the altar, and the grave; which gave rise to a train of moral reflections on the three great epochs in the course of the *featherless biped*,—birth, marriage, and death. The middle stage of the process arrested his attention; and his imagination placed before him several figures, which he thought, with the addition of his own, would make a very picturesque group; the beautiful Cephalis, "arrayed in her bridal apparel of white;" her friend Caprioletta officiating as bridesmaid; Mr. Cranium giving her away; and, last not least, the Reverend Doctor Gaster intoning the marriage ceremony with the regular orthodox allowance of nasal recitative. *Whilst* he was feasting his eyes on this imaginary picture, the

demon of mistrust insinuated himself into the storehouse of his conceptions, and, removing his figure from the group, substituted that of Mr. Panscope, which gave such a violent shock to his feelings, that he suddenly exclaimed, with an extraordinary elevation of voice, *Οιμοι κακοδαιμων, και τρις κακοδαιμων, και τετρακις, και πεντακις, και δωδεκακις, και μυριακις!** to the great terror of the sexton, who was just entering the churchyard, and, not knowing from whence the voice proceeded, *pensa que fut un diableteau.* The sight of the philosopher dispelled his apprehensions, when, growing suddenly valiant, he immediately addressed him :—

"Cot pless your honour, I shouldn't have thought of meeting any pody here at this time of the morning, except, look you, it was the tevil—who, to pe sure, toes not often come upon consecrated cround—put for all that, I think I have seen him now and then, in former tays, when old Nanny Llwyd of Llyn-isa was living—Cot deliver us! a terriple old witch to pe sure she was—I tidn't much like tigging her crave—put I prought two cocks with me—the tevil hates cocks—and tied them py the leg on two tombstones—and I tug, and the cocks crowed, and the tevil kept at a tistance. To pe sure now, if I hadn't peen very prave py nature—as I ought to pe truly—for my father was Owen Ap-Llwyd Ap-Gryffydd Ap-Shenkin Ap-Williams Ap-Thomas Ap-Morgan Ap-Parry Ap-Evan Ap-Rhys, a coot preacher and a lover of *cwrw*†—I should have thought just now pefore I saw your honour, that the foice I heard was the tevil's calling Nanny Llwyd—Cot pless us! to pe sure she should have peen puried in the middle of the river, where the tevil can't come, as your honour fery well knows."

"I am perfectly aware of it," said Mr. Escot.

"True, true," continued the sexton; "put to pe sure, Owen Thomas of Morfa-Bach will have it that one summer evening—when he went over to Cwm Cynfael in Meirionnydd, apout some cattles he wanted to puy—he saw a strange figure—pless us!—with five horns!—Cot save us! sitting on Hugh Llwyd's pulpit, which, your honour fery well knows, is a pig rock in the middle of the river——"

"Of course he was mistaken," said Mr. Escot.

* Me miserable! and thrice miserable! and four times, and five times, and twelve times, and ten thousand times miserable!

† Pronounced cooroo—the Welsh word for *ale*.

"To pe sure he was," said the sexton. "For there is no toubt put the tevil, when Owen Thomas saw him, must have peen sitting on a piece of rock in a straight line from him on the other side of the river, where he used to sit, look you, for a whole summer's tay, while Hugh Llwyd was on his pulpit, and there they used to talk across the water! for Hugh Llwyd, please your honour, never raised the tevil except when he was safe in the middle of the river, which proves that Owen Thomas, in his fright, didn't pay proper attention to the exact spot where the tevil was."

The sexton concluded his speech with an approving smile at his own sagacity, in so luminously expounding the nature of Owen Thomas's mistake.

"I perceive," said Mr. Escot, "you have a very deep insight into things, and can, therefore, perhaps, facilitate the resolution of a question, concerning which, though I have little doubt on the subject, I am desirous of obtaining the most extensive and accurate information."

The sexton scratched his head, the language of Mr. Escot not being to his apprehension quite so luminous as his own.

"You have been sexton here," continued Mr. Escot, in the language of Hamlet, "man and boy, forty years."

The sexton turned pale. The period Mr. Escot named was so nearly the true one, that he began to suspect the personage before him of being rather too familiar with Hugh Llwyd's sable visitor. Recovering himself a little, he said, "Why, thereapouts, sure enough."

"During this period, you have of course dug up many bones of the people of ancient times."

"Pones! Cot pless you, yes! pones as old as the 'orlt."

"Perhaps you can show me a few."

The sexton grinned horribly a ghastly smile. "Will you take your Pible oath you ton't want them to raise the tevil with?"

"Willingly," said Mr. Escot, smiling; "I have an abstruse reason for the inquiry."

"Why, if you have an *obtuse* reason," said the sexton, who thought this a good opportunity to show that he could pronounce hard words as well as other people; "if you have an *obtuse* reason, that alters the case."

So saying he led the way to the bone-house, from which he began to throw out various bones and skulls of more than

common dimensions, and amongst them a skull of very extraordinary magnitude, which he swore by St. David was the skull of Cadwallader.

"How do you know this to be his skull?" said Mr. Escot.

"He was the piggest man that ever lived, and he was puried here; and this is the piggest skull I ever found: you see now——"

"Nothing can be more logical," said Mr. Escot. "My good friend, will you allow me to take this skull away with me?"

"St. Winifred pless us!" exclaimed the sexton:—"would you have me haunted py his chost for taking his plessed pones out of consecrated cround? Would you have him come in the tead of the night, and fly away with the roof of my house? Would you have all the crop of my carden come to nothing? for, look you, his epitaph says,

'He that my pones shall ill prestow,
Leek in his cround shall neber crow.'"

"You will ill bestow them," said Mr. Escot, "in confounding them with those of the sons of little men, the degenerate dwarfs of later generations: you will well bestow them in giving them to me; for I will have this illustrious skull bound with a silver rim, and filled with mantling wine, with this inscription, NUNC TANDEM: signifying that that pernicious liquor has at length found its proper receptacle; for, when the wine is in, the brain is out."

Saying these words, he put a dollar into the hands of the sexton, who instantly stood spell-bound by the talismanic influence of the coin, while Mr. Escot walked off in triumph with the skull of Cadwallader.

CHAPTER X.

THE SKULL.

WHEN Mr. Escot entered the breakfast-room he found the majority of the party assembled, and the little butler very active at his station. Several of the ladies shrieked at the sight of the skull; and Miss Tenorina, starting up in great haste and terror, caused the subversion of a cup of chocolate, which a servant was handing to the Reverend Doctor Gaster, into the nape of the neck of Sir Patrick O'Prism. Sir Patrick, rising impetuously, *to clap an extinguisher*, as he expressed himself, *on the farthing rushlight of the rascal's life*, pushed over the chair of Marmaduke Milestone, Esquire, who, catching for support at the first thing that came in his way, which happened unluckily to be the corner of the table-cloth, drew it instantaneously with him to the floor, involving plates, cups and saucers, in one promiscuous ruin. But, as the principal *matériel* of the breakfast apparatus was on the little butler's side-table, the confusion occasioned by this accident was happily greater than the damage. Miss Tenorina was so agitated that she was obliged to retire: Miss Graziosa accompanied her through pure sisterly affection and sympathy, not without a lingering look at Sir Patrick, who likewise retired to change his coat, but was very expeditious in returning to resume his attack on the cold partridge. The broken cups were cleared away, the cloth re-laid, and the array of the table restored with wonderful celerity.

Mr. Escot was a little surprised at the scene of confusion which signalized his entrance; but, perfectly unconscious that it originated with the skull of Cadwallader, he advanced to seat himself at the table by the side of the beautiful Cephalis, first placing the skull in a corner, out of the reach of Mr. Cranium, who sate eyeing it with lively curiosity, and after several efforts to restrain his impatience, exclaimed, "You seem to have found a rarity."

"A rarity indeed," said Mr. Escot, cracking an egg as he spoke; "no less than the genuine and indubitable skull of Cadwallader."

"The skull of Cadwallader!" vociferated Mr. Cranium: "O treasure of treasures!"

Mr. Escot then detailed by what means he had become possessed of it, which gave birth to various remarks from the other individuals of the party: after which, rising from table, and taking the skull again in his hand:

"This skull," said he, "is the skull of a hero, παλαι καταθνητος,* and sufficiently demonstrates a point, concerning which I never myself entertained a doubt, that the human race is undergoing a gradual process of diminution in length, breadth, and thickness. Observe this skull. Even the skull of our reverend friend, which is the largest and thickest in the company, is not more than half its size. The frame this skull belonged to could scarcely have been less than nine feet high. Such is the lamentable progress of degeneracy and decay. In the course of ages, a boot of the present generation would form an ample château for a large family of our remote posterity. The mind, too, participates in the contraction of the body. Poets and philosophers of all ages and nations have lamented this too visible process of physical and moral deterioration. 'The sons of little men,' says Ossian. 'Οιοι νυν βροτοι εισιν,' says Homer: 'such men as live in these degenerate days.' 'All things,' says Virgil,† 'have a retrocessive tendency, and grow worse and worse by the inevitable doom of fate.' 'We live in the ninth age,' says Juvenal,‡ 'an age worse than the age of iron; nature has no metal sufficiently pernicious to give a denomination to its wickedness.' 'Our fathers,' says Horace,'§ 'worse than our grandfathers, have given birth to us, their more vicious progeny, who, in our turn, shall become the parents of a still viler generation.' You all know the fable of the buried Pict, who bit off the end of a pickaxe, with which sacrilegious hands were breaking open his grave, and called out with a voice like subterranean thunder, *I perceive the degeneracy of your race by the smallness of your little finger!* videlicet, the pickaxe. This, to be sure, is a fiction; but it shows the prevalent opinion, the feeling, the conviction, of absolute, universal, irremediable deterioration."

"I should be sorry," said Mr. Foster, "that such an opinion should become universal, independently of my conviction of

* Long since dead.
† Georg. I. 199.
‡ Sat. XIII. 28.
§ Carm. III. 6, 46.

its fallacy. Its general admission would tend, in a great measure, to produce the very evils it appears to lament. What could be its effect, but to check the ardour of investigation, to extinguish the zeal of philanthropy, to freeze the current of enterprising hope, to bury in the torpor of scepticism and in the stagnation of despair, every better faculty of the human mind, which will necessarily become retrograde in ceasing to be progressive?"

"I am inclined to think, on the contrary," said Mr. Escot, "that the deterioration of man is accelerated by his blindness—in many respects wilful blindness—to the truth of the fact itself, and to the causes which produce it; that there is no hope whatever of ameliorating his condition but in a total and radical change of the whole scheme of human life, and that the advocates of his indefinite perfectibility are in reality the greatest enemies to the practical possibility of their own system, by so strenuously labouring to impress on his attention that he is going on in a good way, while he is really in a deplorably bad one."

"I admit," said Mr. Foster, "there are many things that may, and therefore will, be changed for the better."

"Not on the present system," said Mr. Escot, "in which every change is for the worse."

"In matters of taste I am sure it is," said Mr. Gall: "there is, in fact, no such thing as good taste left in the world."

"O, Mr. Gall!" said Miss Philomela Poppyseed, "I thought my novel——"

"My paintings," said Sir Patrick O'Prism——

"My ode," said Mr. Mac Laurel——

"My ballad," said Mr. Nightshade——

"My plan for Lord Littlebrain's park," said Marmaduke Milestone, Esquire——

"My essay," said Mr. Treacle——

"My sonata," said Mr. Chromatic——

"My claret," said Squire Headlong——

"My lectures," said Mr. Cranium——

"Vanity of vanities," said the Reverend Doctor Gaster, turning down an empty egg-shell; "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

CHAPTER XI.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

G· the *dies albâ cretâ notandos*, which the beau-
nde of the Cambrian mountains was in the habit
emembering with the greatest pleasure, and antici-
ı the most lively satisfaction, was the Christmas
the ancient family of the Headlongs had been
to give from time immemorial. Tradition attri-
onour of its foundation to Headlong Ap-Headlong
ck Ap-Headlong Ap-Cataract Ap-Pistyll * Ap-
Headlong, who lived about the time of the Trojan
in it is, at least, that a grand chorus was always
upper in honour of this illustrious ancestor of the
is ball was, indeed, an æra in the lives of all the
fashion of Caernarvon, Meirionnydd, and Anglesea,
e Greek Olympiads and the Roman consulates,
he main pillar of memory, round which all the
e year were suspended and entwined. Thus, in
mind any circumstance imperfectly recollected,
l point to be ascertained was, whether it had oc-
e year of the first, second, third, or fourth ball of
Ap-Breakneck, or Headlong Ap-Torrent, or Head-
rricane; and, this being satisfactorily established,
ler followed of course in the natural order of its
ociation.

ntful anniversary being arrived, every chariot,
ouche, and barouchette, landau and landaulet,
icle, buggy, whiskey, and tilbury, of the three
as in motion: not a horse was left idle within five
y gentleman's seat, from the high-mettled hunter
n-cropping galloway. The ferrymen of the Menai
eir stations before day-break, taking a double
f rum and *curw* to strengthen them for the fatigues
. The ivied towers of Caernarvon, the romantic
Tan-y-bwlch, the heathy hills of Kernioggau, the
es of Tremadoc, the mountain recesses of Bedd-
the lonely lakes of Capel-Cerig, re-echoed to the
e delighted ostlers and postilions, who reaped on
day their wintry harvest. Landlords and land-

in Welsh, signifies a cataract, and Rhaidr a cascade.

ladies, waiters, chambermaids, and toll-gate keepers, roused themselves from the torpidity which the last solitary tourist, flying with the yellow leaves on the wings of the autumnal wind, had left them to enjoy till the returning spring: the bustle of August was renewed on all the mountain roads, and, in the meanwhile, Squire Headlong and his little fat butler carried most energetically into effect the lessons of the *savant* in the Court of Quintessence, *qui par engin mirifique jectoit les maisons par les fenestres.**

It was the custom for the guests to assemble at dinner on the day of the ball, and depart on the following morning after breakfast. Sleep during this interval was out of the question: the ancient harp of Cambria suspended the celebration of the noble race of Shenkin, and the songs of Hoel and Cyveilioc, to ring to the profaner but more lively modulation of *Voulez vous danser, mademoiselle?* in conjunction with the symphonious scraping of fiddles, the tinkling of triangles, and the beating of tambourines. Comus and Momus were the deities of the night; and Bacchus of course was not forgotten by the male part of the assembly (with them, indeed, a ball was invariably a scene of "*tipsy dance and jollity*"): the servants flew about with wine and negus, and the little butler was indefatigable with his cork-screw, which is reported on one occasion to have grown so hot under the influence of perpetual friction that it actually set fire to the cork.

The company assembled. The dinner, which on this occasion was a secondary object, was despatched with uncommon celerity. When the cloth was removed, and the bottle had taken its first round, Mr. Cranium stood up and addressed the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "the golden key of mental phænomena, which has lain buried for ages in the deepest vein of the mine of physiological research, is now, by a happy combination of practical and speculative investigations, grasped, if I may so express myself, firmly and inexcussibly, in the hands of physiognomical empiricism." The Cambrian visitors listened with profound attention, not comprehending a single syllable he said, but concluding he would finish his speech by proposing the health of Squire Headlong. The gentlemen accordingly tossed off their heeltaps, and Mr. Cranium proceeded: "Ardently desirous, to the extent of my

* Rabelais.

feeble capacity, of disseminating, as much as possible, the inexhaustible treasures to which this golden key admits the humblest votary of philosophical truth, I invite you, when you have sufficiently restored, replenished, refreshed, and exhilarated that osteosarchæmatosplanchnochondroneuromuelous, or to employ a more intelligible term, osseocarnisanguineoviscericartilaginonervomedullary, *compages*, or shell, the body, which at once envelops and develops that mysterious and inestimable kernel, the desiderative, determinative, ratiocinative, imaginative, inquisitive, appetitive, comparative, reminiscent, congeries of ideas and notions, simple and compound, comprised in the comprehensive denomination of mind, to take a peep with me into the mechanical arcana of the anatomicometaphysical universe. Being not in the least dubitative of your spontaneous compliance, I proceed," added he, suddenly changing his tone, "to get everything ready in the library." Saying these words, he vanished.

The Welsh squires now imagined they had caught a glimpse of his meaning, and set him down in their minds for a sort of gentleman conjuror, who intended to amuse them before the ball with some tricks of legerdemain. Under this impression, they became very impatient to follow him, as they had made up their minds not to be drunk before supper. The ladies, too, were extremely curious to witness an exhibition which had been announced in so singular a preamble; and the squire, having previously insisted on every gentleman tossing off a half-pint bumper, adjourned the whole party to the library, where they were not a little surprised to discover Mr. Cranium seated, in a pensive attitude, at a large table, decorated with a copious variety of skulls.

Some of the ladies were so much shocked at this extraordinary display, that a scene of great confusion ensued. Fans were very actively exercised, and water was strenuously called for by some of the most officious of the gentlemen; on which the little butler entered with a large allowance of liquid, which bore, indeed, the name of *water*, but was in reality a very powerful spirit. This was the only species of water which the little butler had ever heard called for in Headlong Hall. The mistake was not attended with any evil effects: for the fluid was no sooner applied to the lips of the fainting fair ones, than it resuscitated them with an expedition truly miraculous.

Order was at length restored; the audience took their seats; and the craniological orator held forth in the following terms:—

CHAPTER XII.

THE LECTURE.

"PHYSIOLOGISTS have been much puzzled to account for the varieties of moral character in men, as well as for the remarkable similarity of habit and disposition in all the individual animals of every other respective species. A few brief sentences, perspicuously worded, and scientifically arranged, will enumerate all the characteristics of a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf, or a bear, or a squirrel, or a goat, or a horse, or an ass, or a rat, or a cat, or a hog, or a dog; and whatever is physiologically predicted of any individual lion, tiger, wolf, bear, squirrel, goat, horse, ass, hog, or dog, will be found to hold true of all lions, tigers, wolves, bears, squirrels, goats, horses, asses, hogs, and dogs, whatsoever. Now, in man, the very reverse of this appears to be the case; for he has so few distinct and characteristic marks which hold true of all his species, that philosophers in all ages have found it a task of infinite difficulty to give him a definition. Hence one has defined him to be a *featherless biped*, a definition which is equally applicable to an unfledged fowl: another, to be *an animal which forms opinions*, than which nothing can be more inaccurate, for a very small number of the species form opinions, and the remainder take them upon trust, without investigation or inquiry.

"Again, man has been defined to be *an animal that carries a stick:* an attribute which undoubtedly belongs to man only, but not to all men always; though it uniformly characterises some of the graver and more imposing varieties, such as physicians, oran-outangs, and lords in waiting.

"We cannot define man to be a reasoning animal, for we do not dispute that idiots are men; to say nothing of that very numerous description of persons who consider themselves reasoning animals, and are so denominated by the ironical courtesy

of the world, who labour, nevertheless, under a very gross delusion in that essential particular.

"It appears to me that man may be correctly defined an animal which, without any peculiar or distinguishing faculty of its own, is, as it were, a bundle or compound of faculties of other animals, by a distinct enumeration of which any individual of the species may be satisfactorily described. This is manifest even in the ordinary language of conversation, when in summing up, for example, the qualities of an accomplished courtier, we say he has the vanity of a peacock, the cunning of a fox, the treachery of an hyæna, the cold-heartedness of a cat, and the servility of a jackal. That this is perfectly consentaneous to scientific truth will appear in the further progress of these observations.

"Every particular faculty of the mind has its corresponding organ in the brain. In proportion as any particular faculty or propensity acquires paramount activity in any individual, these organs develop themselves, and their development becomes externally obvious by corresponding lumps and bumps, exuberances and protuberances, on the osseous compages of the occiput and sinciput. In all animals but man the same organ is equally developed in every individual of the species: for instance, that of migration in the swallow, that of destruction in the tiger, that of architecture in the beaver, and that of paternal affection in the bear. The human brain, however, consists, as I have said, of a bundle or compound of all the faculties of all other animals; and, from the greater development of one or more of these, in the infinite varieties of combination, result all the peculiarities of individual character.

"Here is the skull of a beaver, and that of Sir Christopher Wren. You observe, in both these specimens, the prodigious development of the organ of constructiveness.

"Here is the skull of a bullfinch, and that of an eminent fiddler. You may compare the organ of music.

"Here is the skull of a tiger. You observe the organ of carnage. Here is the skull of a fox. You observe the organ of plunder. Here is the skull of a peacock. You observe the organ of vanity. Here is the skull of an illustrious robber, who, after a long and triumphant process of depredation and murder, *was suddenly checked* in his career by means of *a certain quality inherent in* preparations of hemp, which, for

the sake of perspicuity, I shall call *suspensiveness*. Here is the skull of a conqueror, who, after overrunning several kingdoms, burning a number of cities, and causing the deaths of two or three millions of men, women, and children, was entombed with all the pageantry of public lamentation, and figured as the hero of several thousand odes and a round dozen of epics; while the poor highwayman was twice executed—

> "'At the gallows first, and after in a ballad,
> Sung to a villanous tune.'

You observe, in both these skulls, the combined development of the organs of carnage, plunder, and vanity, which I have separately pointed out in the tiger, the fox, and the peacock. The greater enlargement of the organ of vanity in the hero is the only criterion by which I can distinguish them from each other. Born with the same faculties and the same propensities, these two men were formed by nature to run the same career: the different combinations of external circumstances decided the differences of their destinies.

"Here is the skull of a Newfoundland dog. You observe the organ of benevolence, and that of attachment. Here is a human skull, in which you may observe a very striking negation of both these organs; and an equally striking development of those of destruction, cunning, avarice, and self-love. This was one of the most illustrious statesmen that ever flourished in the page of history.

"Here is the skull of a turnspit, which, after a wretched life of *dirty work*, was turned out of doors to die on a dunghill. I have been induced to preserve it in consequence of its remarkable similarity to this, which belonged to a courtly poet, who having grown gray in flattering the great, was cast off in the same manner to perish by the same catastrophe."

After these, and several other illustrations, during which the skulls were handed round for the inspection of the company, Mr. Cranium proceeded thus:—

"It is obvious from what I have said that no man can hope for worldly honour or advancement, who is not placed in such a relation to external circumstances, as may be consentaneous to his peculiar cerebral organs; and I would advise

every parent who has the welfare of his son at heart, to procure as extensive a collection as possible of the skulls of animals, and, before determining on the choice of a profession, to compare with the utmost nicety their bumps and protuberances with those of the skull of his son. If the development of the organ of destruction point out a similarity between the youth and the tiger, let him be brought to some profession (whether that of a butcher, a soldier, or a physician, may be regulated by circumstances) in which he may be furnished with a licence to kill: as, without such licence the indulgence of his natural propensity may lead to the untimely rescission of his vital thread, 'with edge of penny cord and vile reproach.' If he show an analogy with the jackal, let all possible influence be used to procure him a place at court, where he will infallibly thrive. If his skull bear a marked resemblance to that of a magpie, it cannot be doubted that he will prove an admirable lawyer; and if with this advantageous conformation be combined any similitude to that of an owl, very confident hopes may be formed of his becoming a judge."

A furious flourish of music was now heard from the ball-room, the Squire having secretly despatched the little butler to order it to strike up, by way of a hint to Mr. Cranium to finish his harangue. The company took the hint, and adjourned tumultuously, having just understood as much of the lecture as furnished them with amusement for the ensuing twelvemonth, in feeling the skulls of all their acquaintance.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BALL.

THE ball-room was adorned with great taste and elegance, under the direction of Miss Caprioletta and her friend Miss Cephalis, who were themselves its most beautiful ornaments, even though romantic Meirion, the pre-eminent in loveliness, sent many of its loveliest daughters to grace the festive scene. Numberless were the solicitations of the dazzled swains of Cambria for the honour of the two first dances with

the one or the other of these fascinating friends; but little availed, on this occasion, the pedigree lineally traced from Caractacus or King Arthur: their two philosophical lovers, neither of whom could have given the least account of his great-great-grand-father, had engaged them many days before. Mr. Panscope chafed and fretted like Llugwy in his bed of rocks, when the object of his adoration stood up with his rival: but he consoled himself with a lively damsel from the vale of Edeirnion, having first compelled Miss Cephalis to promise him her hand for the fourth set.

The ball was accordingly opened by Miss Caprioletta and Mr. Foster, which gave rise to much speculation among the Welsh gentry, as to who this Mr. Foster could be; some of the more learned among them secretly resolving to investigate most profoundly the antiquity of the name of Foster, and ascertain what right a person so denominated could have to open the most illustrious of all possible balls with the lovely Caprioletta Headlong, the only sister of Harry Headlong, Esquire, of Headlong Hall, in the Vale of Llanberris, the only surviving male representative of the antediluvian family of Headlong Ap-Rhaiader.

When the two first dances were ended, Mr. Escot, who did not choose to dance with any one but his adorable Cephalis, looking round for a convenient seat, discovered Mr. Jenkison in a corner by the side of the Reverend Doctor Gaster, who was keeping excellent time with his nose to the lively melody of the harp and fiddle. Mr. Escot seated himself by the side of Mr. Jenkison, and inquired if he took no part in the amusement of the night.

Mr. Jenkison.—No. The universal cheerfulness of the company induces me to rise; the trouble of such violent exercise induces me to sit still. Did I see a young lady in want of a partner, gallantry would incite me to offer myself as her devoted knight for half an hour: but, as I perceive there are enough without me, that motive is null. I have been weighing these points *pro* and *con*, and remain *in statu quo*.

Mr. Escot.—I have danced, contrary to my system, as I have done many other things since I have been here, from a motive that you will easily guess. (*Mr. Jenkison smiled.*) I have great objections to dancing. The wild and original man is a calm and contemplative animal. The stings of natural appetite alone rouse him to action. He satisfies his hunger

with roots and fruits, unvitiated by the malignant adhibition of fire, and all its diabolical processes of elixion and assation: he slakes his thirst in the mountain-stream, συμμισγεται τη σεσιγχωσει, and returns to his peaceful state of meditative repose.

Mr. Jenkison.—Like the metaphysical statue of Condillac.

Mr. Escot.—With all its senses and purely natural faculties developed, certainly. Imagine this tranquil and passionless being, occupied in his first meditation on the simple question of *Where am I? Whence do I come? And what is the end of my existence?* Then suddenly place before him a chandelier, a fiddler, and a magnificent beau in silk stockings and pumps, bounding, skipping, swinging, capering, and throwing himself into ten thousand attitudes, till his face glows with fever, and distils with perspiration: the first impulse excited in his mind by such an apparition will be that of violent fear, which, by the reiterated perception of its harmlessness, will subside into simple astonishment. Then let any genius, sufficiently powerful to impress on his mind all the terms of the communication, impart to him, that after a long process of ages, when his race shall have attained what some people think proper to denominate a very advanced stage of perfectibility, the most favoured and distinguished of the community shall meet by hundreds, to grin, and labour, and gesticulate, like the phantasma before him, from sunset to sunrise, while all nature is at rest, and that they shall consider this a happy and pleasurable mode of existence, and furnishing the most delightful of all possible contrasts to what they will call his vegetative state: would he not groan from his inmost soul for the lamentable condition of his posterity?

Mr. Jenkison.—I know not what your wild and original man might think of the matter in the abstract; but comparatively, I conceive, he would be better pleased with the vision of such a scene as this, than with that of a party of Indians (who would have all the advantage of being nearly as wild as himself) dancing their infernal war-dance round a midnight fire in a North American forest.

Mr. Escot.—Not if you should impart to him the true nature of both, by laying open to his view the springs of action in both parties.

Mr. Jenkison.—To do this with effect, you must make him a profound metaphysician, and thus transfer him at once from

his wild and original state to a very advanced stage of intellectual progression; whether that progression be towards good or evil, I leave you and our friend Foster to settle between you.

Mr. Escot.—I wish to make no change in his habits and feelings, but to give him, hypothetically, so much mental illumination, as will enable him to take a clear view of two distinct stages of the deterioration of his posterity, that he may be enabled to compare them with each other, and with his own more happy condition. The Indian, dancing round the midnight fire, is very far deteriorated; but the magnificent beau, dancing to the light of chandeliers, is infinitely more so. The Indian is a hunter: he makes great use of fire, and subsists almost entirely on animal food. The malevolent passions that spring from these pernicious habits involve him in perpetual war. He is, therefore, necessitated, for his own preservation, to keep all the energies of his nature in constant activity: to this end his midnight war-dance is very powerfully subservient, and though in itself a frightful spectacle, is at least justifiable on the iron plea of necessity.

Mr. Jenkison. — On the same iron plea, the modern system of dancing is more justifiable. The Indian dances to prepare himself for killing his enemy: but while the beau and belles of our assemblies dance, they are in the very act of killing theirs—TIME!—a more inveterate and formidable foe than any the Indian has to contend with; for, however completely and ingeniously killed, he is sure to rise again, "with twenty mortal murders on his crown," leading his army of blue devils, with ennui in the van, and vapours in the rear.

Mr. Escot.—Your observation militates on my side of the question; and it is a strong argument in favour of the Indian, that he has no such enemy to kill.

Mr. Jenkison.—There is certainly a great deal to be said against dancing: there is also a great deal to be said in its favour. The first side of the question I leave for the present to you: on the latter, I may venture to allege that no amusement seems more natural and more congenial to youth than this. It has the advantage of bringing young persons of both sexes together, in a manner which its publicity renders perfectly unexceptionable, enabling them to see and know each other better than, perhaps, any other mode of general association. *Tête-à-têtes* are dangerous things. Small family par-

ties are too much under mutual observation. A ball-room appears to me almost the only scene uniting that degree of rational and innocent liberty of intercourse, which it is desirable to promote as much as possible between young persons, with that scrupulous attention to the delicacy and propriety of female conduct, which I consider the fundamental basis of all our most valuable social relations.

Mr. Escot.—There would be some plausibility in your argument, if it were not the very essence of this species of intercourse to exhibit them to each other under false colours. Here all is show, and varnish, and hypocrisy, and coquetry; they dress up their moral character for the evening at the same toilet where they manufacture their shapes and faces. Ill-temper lies buried under a studied accumulation of smiles. Envy, hatred, and malice retreat from the countenance, to entrench themselves more deeply in the heart. Treachery lurks under the flowers of courtesy. Ignorance and folly take refuge in that unmeaning gabble which it would be profanation to call language, and which even those whom long experience in "the dreary intercourse of daily life" has screwed up to such a pitch of stoical endurance that they can listen to it by the hour, have branded with the ignominious appellation of "*small talk.*" Small indeed!—the absolute minimum of the infinitely little.

Mr. Jenkison.—Go on. I have said all I intended to say on the favourable side. I shall have great pleasure in hearing you balance the argument.

Mr. Escot.—I expect you to confess that I shall have more than balanced it. A ball-room is an epitome of all that is most worthless and unamiable in the great sphere of human life. Every petty and malignant passion is called into play. Coquetry is perpetually on the alert to captivate, caprice to mortify, and vanity to take offence. One amiable female is rendered miserable for the evening by seeing another, whom she intended to outshine, in a more attractive dress than her own; while the other omits no method of giving stings to her triumph, which she enjoys with all the secret arrogance of an oriental sultana. Another is compelled to dance with a *monster* she abhors. A third has set her heart on dancing with a particular partner, perhaps for the amiable motive of annoying one of her *dear friends:* not only he does not ask her, but she sees him dancing with that identical *dear friend*,

whom from that moment she hates more cordially than ever. Perhaps, what is worse than all, she has set her heart on refusing some impertinent fop, who does not give her the opportunity.—As to the men, the case is very nearly the same with them. To be sure, they have the privilege of making the first advances, and are, therefore, less liable to have an odious partner forced upon them; though this sometimes happens, as I know by woful experience: but it is seldom they can procure the very partner they prefer; and when they do, the absurd necessity of changing every two dances forces them away, and leaves them only the miserable alternative of taking up with something disagreeable perhaps in itself, and at all events rendered so by contrast, or of retreating into some solitary corner, to vent their spleen on the first idle coxcomb they can find.

Mr. Jenkison.—I hope that is not the motive which brings you to me.

Mr. Escot.—Clearly not. But the most afflicting consideration of all is, that these malignant and miserable feelings are masked under that uniform disguise of pretended benevolence, *that fine and delicate irony, called politeness, which gives so much ease and pliability to the mutual intercourse of civilised man, and enables him to assume the appearance of every virtue, without the reality of one.**

The second set of dances was now terminated, and Mr. Escot flew off to reclaim the hand of the beautiful Cephalis, with whom he figured away with surprising alacrity, and probably felt at least as happy among the chandeliers and silk stockings, at which he had just been railing, as he would have been in an American forest, making one in an Indian ring, by the light of a blazing fire, even though his hand had been locked in that of the most beautiful *squaw* that ever listened to the roar of Niagara.

Squire Headlong was now beset by his maiden aunt, Miss Brindle-mew Grimalkin Phœbe Tabitha Ap-Headlong, on one side, and Sir Patrick O'Prism on the other; the former insisting that he should immediately procure her a partner; the latter earnestly requesting the same interference in behalf of Miss Philomela Poppyseed. The Squire thought to emancipate himself from his two petitioners by making them dance

* Rousseau, Discours sur les Sciences.

with each other; but Sir Patrick vehemently pleading a prior engagement, the squire threw his eyes around till they alighted on Mr. Jenkison and the Reverend Doctor Gaster; both of whom, after waking the latter, he pressed into the service. The doctor, arising with a strange kind of guttural sound, which was half a yawn and half a groan, was handed by the officious Squire to Miss Philomela, who received him with sullen dignity: she had not yet forgotten his falling asleep during the first chapter of her novel, while she was condescending to detail to him the outlines of four superlative volumes. The doctor, on his part, had most completely forgotten it; and though he thought there was something in her physiognomy rather more forbidding than usual, he gave himself no concern about the cause, and had not the least suspicion that it was at all connected with himself. Miss Brindle-mew was very well contented with Mr. Jenkison, and gave him two or three ogles, accompanied by a most risible distortion of the countenance which she intended for a captivating smile. As to Mr. Jenkison, it was all one to him with whom he danced, or whether he danced or not: he was therefore just as well pleased as if he had been left alone in his corner; which is probably more than could have been said of any other human being under similar circumstances.

At the end of the third set, supper was announced; and the party, pairing off like turtles, adjourned to the supper-room. The Squire was now the happiest of mortal men, and the little butler the most laborious. The centre of the largest table was decorated with a model of Snowdon, surmounted with an enormous artificial leek, the leaves of angelica, and the bulb of blanc-mange. A little way from the summit was a tarn, or mountain-pool, supplied through concealed tubes with an inexhaustible flow of milk-punch, which, dashing in cascades down the miniature rocks, fell into the more capacious lake below, washing the mimic foundations of Headlong Hall. The reverend doctor handed Miss Philomela to the chair most conveniently situated for enjoying this interesting scene, protesting he had never before been sufficiently impressed with the magnificence of that mountain, which he now perceived to be well worthy of all the fame it had obtained.

"Now, when they had eaten and were satisfied," Squire

Headlong called on Mr. Chromatic for a song; who, with the assistance of his two accomplished daughters, regaled the ears of the company with the following

TERZETTO.*

Gray Twilight, from her shadowy hill,
  Discolours Nature's vernal bloom,
And sheds on grove, and field, and rill,
  One placid tint of deepening gloom.

The sailor sighs 'mid shoreless seas,
  Touched by the thought of friends afar,
As, fanned by ocean's flowing breeze,
  He gazes on the western star.

The wanderer hears, in pensive dream,
  The accents of the last farewell,
As, pausing by the mountain stream,
  He listens to the evening bell.

This terzetto was of course much applauded; Mr. Milestone observing, that he thought the figure in the last verse would have been more picturesque, if it had been represented with its arms folded and its back against a tree; or leaning on its staff, with a cockle-shell in its hat, like a pilgrim of ancient times.

Mr. Chromatic professed himself astonished that a gentleman of genuine modern taste, like Mr. Milestone, should consider the words of a song of any consequence whatever, seeing that they were at the best only a species of pegs, for the more convenient suspension of crotchets and quavers. This remark drew on him a very severe reprimand from Mr. Mac Laurel, who said to him, "Dinna ye ken, sir, that soond is a thing utterly worthless in itsel, and only effectual in agreeable excitements, as far as it is an aicho to sense? Is there ony soond mair meeserable an' peetifu' than the scrape o' a feddle, when it does na touch ony chord i' the human sensorium? Is there ony mair divine than the deep note o' a bagpipe, when it breathes the auncient meelodies o' leeberty an' love? It is true, there are peculiar trains o' feeling an' sentiment, which parteecular combinations o' meelody are calculated to excite; an' sae far music can produce its effect without words: but it does na follow, that, when ye put

* Imitated from a passage in the Purgatorio of Dante.

words to it, it becomes a matter of indefference what they are; for a gude strain of impassioned poetry will greatly increase the effect, and a tessue o' nonsensical doggrel will destroy it a'thegither. Noo, as gude poetry can produce its effect without music, sae will gude music without poetry; and as gude music will be mair pooerfu' by itsel' than wi' bad poetry, sae will gude poetry than wi' bad music: but, when ye put gude music an' gude poetry thegither, ye produce the divinest compound o' sentimental harmony that can possibly find its way through the lug to the saul."

Mr. Chromatic admitted that there was much justice in these observations, but still maintained the subserviency of poetry to music. Mr. Mac Laurel as strenuously maintained the contrary; and a furious war of words was proceeding to perilous lengths, when the Squire interposed his authority towards the reproduction of peace, which was forthwith concluded, and all animosities drowned in a libation of milk-punch, the Reverend Doctor Gaster officiating as high priest on the occasion.

Mr. Chromatic now requested Miss Caprioletta to favour the company with an air. The young lady immediately complied, and sung the following simple

BALLAD.

"O Mary, my sister, thy sorrow give o'er,
I soon shall return, girl, and leave thee no more:
But with children so fair, and a husband so kind,
I shall feel less regret when I leave thee behind.

"I have made thee a bench for the door of thy cot,
And more would I give thee, but more I have not:
Sit and think of me there, in the warm summer day,
And give me three kisses, my labour to pay."

She gave him three kisses, and forth did he fare,
And long did he wander, and no one knew where;
And long from her cottage, through sunshine and rain,
She watched his return, but he came not again.

Her children grew up, and her husband grew gray;
She sate on the bench through the long summer day:
One evening, when twilight was deep on the shore,
There came an old soldier, and stood by the door.

In English he spoke, and none knew what he said,
But her oatcake and milk on the table she spread;
Then he sate to his supper, and blithely he sung,
And she knew the dear sounds of her own native tongue:

"O rich are the feasts in the Englishman's hall,
And the wine sparkles bright in the goblets of Gaul:
But their mingled attractions I well could withstand,
For the milk and the oatcake of Meirion's dear land."

"And art thou a Welshman, old soldier?" she cried.
"Many years have I wandered," the stranger replied:
"'Twixt Danube and Thames many rivers there be,
But the bright waves of Cynfael are fairest to me.

"I felled the gray oak, ere I hastened to roam,
And I fashioned a bench for the door of my home;
And well my dear sister my labour repaid,
Who gave me three kisses when first it was made.

"In the old English soldier thy brother appears:
Here is gold in abundance, the saving of years:
Give me oatcake and milk in return for my store,
And a seat by thy side on the bench at the door."

Various other songs succeeded, which, as we are not composing a song book, we shall lay aside for the present.

An old squire, who had not missed one of these anniversaries, during more than half a century, now stood up, and filling a half-pint bumper, pronounced, with a stentorian voice—"To the immortal memory of Headlong Ap-Rhaiader, and to the health of his noble descendant and worthy representative!" This example was followed by all the gentlemen present. The harp struck up a triumphal strain; and, the old squire already mentioned vociferating the first stave, they sang, or rather roared, the following

CHORUS.

Hail to the Headlong! the Headlong Ap-Headlong!
All hail to the Headlong, the Headlong Ap-Headlong!
The Headlong Ap-Headlong
Ap-Breakneck Ap-Headlong
Ap-Cataract Ap-Pistyll Ap-Rhaiader Ap-Headlong!

The bright bowl we steep in the name of the Headlong:
Let the youths pledge it deep to the Headlong Ap-Headlong,
And the rosy-lipped lasses
Touch the brim as it passes,
And kiss the red tide for the Headlong Ap-Headlong!

The loud harp resounds in the hall of the Headlong:
The light step rebounds in the hall of the Headlong:
Where shall music invite us,
Or beauty delight us,
If not in the hall of the Headlong Ap-Headlong?

Huzza! to the health of the Headlong Ap-Headlong!
Fill the bowl, fill in floods, to the health of the Headlong
Till the stream ruby-glowing,
On all sides o'erflowing,
Shall fall in cascades to the health of the Headlong!
The Headlong Ap-Headlong
Ap-Breakneck Ap-Headlong
Ap-Cataract Ap-Pistyll Ap-Rhaiader Ap-Headlong!

Squire Headlong returned thanks with an appropriate libation, and the company re-adjourned to the ball-room, where they kept it up till sun-rise, when the little butler summoned them to breakfast.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PROPOSALS.

THE chorus, which celebrated the antiquity of her lineage, had been ringing all night in the ears of Miss Brindlemew Grimalkin Phœbe Tabitha Ap-Headlong, when taking the Squire aside, while the visitors were sipping their tea and coffee, "Nephew Harry," said she, "I have been noting your behaviour, during the several stages of the ball and supper; and, though I cannot tax you with any want of gallantry, for you are a very gallant young man, nephew Harry, very gallant—I wish I could say as much for every one" (added she, throwing a spiteful look towards a distant corner, where Mr. Jenkison was sitting with great *nonchalance*, and at the moment dipping a rusk in a cup of chocolate); "but I lament to perceive that you were at least as pleased with your lakes of milk-punch, and your bottles of Champagne and Burgundy, as with any of your delightful partners. Now, though I can readily excuse this degree of incombustibility in the descendant of a family so remarkable in all ages for personal beauty as ours, yet I lament it exceedingly, when I consider that, in conjunction with your present predilection for the easy life of a bachelor, it may possibly prove the means of causing our ancient genealogical tree, which has its roots, if I may *so speak*, in the foundations of the

world, to terminate suddenly in a point: unless you feel yourself moved by my exhortations to follow the example of all your ancestors, by choosing yourself a fitting and suitable helpmate to immortalize the pedigree of Headlong Ap-Rhaiader.

"Egad!" said Squire Headlong, "that is very true. I'll marry directly. A good opportunity to fix on some one, now they are all here; and I'll pop the question without further ceremony."

"What think you," said the old lady, "of Miss Nanny Glyn-Du, the lineal descendant of Llewelyn Ap-Yorwerth?"

"She won't do," said Squire Headlong.

"What say you, then," said the lady, "to Miss Williams, of Pontyglasrhydyrallt, the descendant of the ancient family of——?"

"I don't like her," said Squire Headlong; "and as to her ancient family, that is a matter of no consequence. I have antiquity enough for two. They are all moderns, people of yesterday, in comparison with us. What signify six or seven centuries, which are the most they can make up?"

"Why, to be sure," said the aunt, "on that view of the question, it is of no consequence. What think you, then, of Miss Owen, of Nidd-y-Gygfraen? She will have six thousand a year."

"I would not have her," said Squire Headlong, "if she had fifty. I'll think of somebody presently. I should like to be married on the same day with Caprioletta."

"Caprioletta!" said Miss Brindle-mew; "without my being consulted!"

"Consulted!" said the Squire: "I was commissioned to tell you, but somehow or other I let it slip. However, she is going to be married to my friend Mr. Foster, the philosopher."

"Oh!" said the maiden aunt, "that a daughter of our ancient family should marry a philosopher! It is enough to make the bones of all the Ap-Rhaiaders turn in their graves!"

"I happen to be more enlightened," said Squire Headlong, "than any of my ancestors were. Besides, it is Caprioletta's affair, not mine. I tell you, the matter is settled, fixed, determined; and so am I, to be married on the same day. I don't know, now I think of it, whom I can choose better than one of the daughters of my friend Chromatic."

"A Saxon!" said the aunt, turning up her nose, and was

commencing a vehement remonstrance; but the Squire, exclaiming "Music has charms!" flew over to Mr. Chromatic, and, with a hearty slap on the shoulder, asked him "how he should like him for a son-in-law?" Mr. Chromatic, rubbing his shoulder, and highly delighted with the proposal, answered, "Very much indeed:" but, proceeding to ascertain which of his daughters had captivated the Squire, the Squire demurred, and was unable to satisfy his curiosity. "I hope," said Mr. Chromatic, "it may be Tenorina; for I imagine Graziosa has conceived a *penchant* for Sir Patrick O'Prism."—"Tenorina, exactly," said Squire Headlong; and became so impatient to bring the matter to a conclusion, that Mr. Chromatic undertook to communicate with his daughter immediately. The young lady proved to be as ready as the Squire, and the preliminaries were arranged in little more than five minutes.

Mr. Chromatic's words, that he imagined his daughter Graziosa had conceived a *penchant* for Sir Patrick O'Prism, were not lost on the Squire, who at once determined to have as many companions in the scrape as possible, and who, as soon as he could tear himself from Mrs. Headlong elect, took three flying bounds across the room to the baronet, and said, "So, Sir Patrick, I find you and I are going to be married?"

"Are we?" said Sir Patrick: "then sure won't I wish you joy, and myself too? for this is the first I have heard of it."

"Well," said Squire Headlong, "I have made up my mind to it, and you must not disappoint me."

"To be sure I won't, if I can help it," said Sir Patrick; "and I am very much obliged to you for taking so much trouble off my hands. And pray, now, who is it that I am to be metamorphosing into Lady O'Prism?"

"Miss Graziosa Chromatic," said the squire.

"Och violet and vermilion!" said Sir Patrick; "though I never thought of it before, I dare say she will suit me as well as another: but then you must persuade the ould Orpheus to draw out a few *notes* of rather a more magical description than those he is so fond of scraping on his crazy violin."

"To be sure he shall," said the Squire; and, immediately returning to Mr. Chromatic, concluded the negotiation for Sir Patrick as expeditiously as he had done for himself.

The Squire next addressed himself to Mr. Escot: "Here are three couple of us going to throw off together, with the Reverend Doctor Gaster for whipper-in: now, I think you

cannot do better than make the fourth with Miss Cephalis; and then, as my father-in-law that is to be would say, we shall compose a very harmonious octave."

"Indeed," said Mr. Escot, "nothing would be more agreeable to both of us than such an arrangement: but the old gentleman, since I first knew him, has changed, like the rest of the world, very lamentably for the worse: now, we wish to bring him to reason, if possible, though we mean to dispense with his consent, if he should prove much longer refractory."

"I'll settle him," said Squire Headlong; and immediately posted up to Mr. Cranium, informing him that four marriages were about to take place by way of a merry winding up of the Christmas festivities.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Cranium; "and who are the parties?"

"In the first place," said the squire, "my sister and Mr. Foster: in the second, Miss Graziosa Chromatic and Sir Patrick O'Prism: in the third, Miss Tenorina Chromatic and your humble servant: and in the fourth—to which, by-the-by, your consent is wanted ——"

"Oho!" said Mr. Cranium.

"Your daughter," said Squire Headlong.

"And Mr. Panscope?" said Mr. Cranium.

"And Mr. Escot," said Squire Headlong. "What would you have better? He has ten thousand virtues."

"So has Mr. Panscope," said Mr. Cranium; "he has ten thousand a year."

"Virtues?" said Squire Headlong.

"Pounds," said Mr. Cranium.

"I have set my mind on Mr. Escot," said the Squire.

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Cranium, "for dethroning me from my paternal authority."

"Who fished you out of the water?" said Squire Headlong.

"What is that to the purpose?" said Mr. Cranium. "The whole process of the action was mechanical and necessary. The application of the poker necessitated the ignition of the powder: the ignition necessitated the explosion: the explosion necessitated my sudden fright, which necessitated my sudden jump, which, from a necessity equally powerful, was in a curvilinear ascent: the descent, being in a corresponding curve, and commencing at a point perpendicular to

the extreme line of the edge of the tower, I was, by the necessity of gravitation, attracted, first, through the ivy, and secondly through the hazel, and thirdly through the ash, into the water beneath. The motive or impulse thus adhibited in the person of a drowning man, was as powerful on his material compages as the force of gravitation on mine; and he could no more help jumping into the water than I could help falling into it."

"All perfectly true," said Squire Headlong; "and, on the same principle, you make no distinction between the man who knocks you down and him who picks you up."

"I make this distinction," said Mr. Cranium, "that I avoid the former as a machine containing a peculiar *catabullitive* quality, which I have found to be not consentaneous to my mode of pleasurable existence; but I attach no moral merit or demerit to either of them, as these terms are usually employed, seeing that they are equally creatures of necessity, and must act as they do from the nature of their organization. I no more blame or praise a man for what is called vice or virtue, than I tax a tuft of hemlock with malevolence or discover great philanthropy in a field of potatoes, seeing that the men and the plants are equally incapacitated, by their original internal organization, and the combinations and modifications of external circumstances, from being anything but what they are. *Quod victus faleare necesse est.*"

"Yet you destroy the hemlock," said Squire Headlong, "and cultivate the potato: that is my way, at least."

"I do," said Mr. Cranium; "because I know that the farinaceous qualities of the potato will tend to preserve the great requisites of unity and coalescence in the various constituent portions of my animal republic; and that the hemlock, if gathered by mistake for parsley, chopped up small with butter, and eaten with a boiled chicken, would necessitate a great derangement, and perhaps a total decomposition, of my corporeal mechanism."

"Very well," said the squire; "then you are necessitated to like Mr. Escot better than Mr. Panscope?"

"That is a *non sequitur*," said Mr. Cranium.

"Then this is a *sequitur*," said the Squire: "your daughter and Mr. Escot are necessitated to love one another: and, unless you feel necessitated to adhibit your consent, they will feel necessitated to dispense with it; since it does appear to

moral and political economists to be essentially inherent in the eternal fitness of things."

Mr. Cranium fell into a profound reverie: emerging from which, he said, looking Squire Headlong full in the face, "Do you think Mr. Escot would give me that skull?"

"Skull!" said Squire Headlong.

"Yes," said Mr. Cranium, "the skull of Cadwallader."

"To be sure he will," said the squire.

"Ascertain the point," said Mr. Cranium.

"How can you doubt it?" said the squire.

"I simply know," said Mr. Cranium, "that if it were once in my possession, I would not part with it for any acquisition on earth, much less for a wife. I have had one: and, as marriage has been compared to a pill, I can very safely assert that *one is a dose;* and my reason for thinking that he will not part with it is, that its extraordinary magnitude tends to support his system, as much as its very marked protuberances tend to support mine; and you know his own system is of all things the dearest to every man of liberal thinking and a philosophical tendency."

The squire flew over to Mr. Escot. "I told you," said he, "I would settle him: but there is a very hard condition attached to his compliance."

"I submit to it," said Mr. Escot, "be it what it may."

"Nothing less," said Squire Headlong, "than the absolute and unconditional surrender of the skull of Cadwallader."

"I resign it," said Mr. Escot.

"The skull is yours," said the Squire, skipping over to Mr. Cranium.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Cranium.

"The lady is yours," said the Squire, skipping back to Mr. Escot.

"I am the happiest man alive," said Mr. Escot.

"Come," said the Squire, "then there is an amelioration in the state of the sensitive man."

"A slight oscillation of good in the instance of a solitary individual," answered Mr. Escot, "by no means affects the solidity of my opinions concerning the general deterioration of the civilized world; which when I can be induced to contemplate with feelings of satisfaction, I doubt not but that I may be persuaded *to be in love with tortures, and to think charitably of the rack.*" *

* Jeremy Taylor.

Saying these words, he flew off as nimbly as Squire Headlong himself, to impart the happy intelligence to his beautiful Cephalis.

Mr. Cranium now walked up to Mr. Panscope, to condole with him on the disappointment of their mutual hopes. Mr. Panscope begged him not to distress himself on the subject, observing, that the monotonous system of female education brought every individual of the sex to so remarkable an approximation of similarity, that no wise man would suffer himself to be annoyed by a loss so easily repaired; and that there was much truth, though not much elegance, in a remark which he had heard made on a similar occasion by a post-captain of his acquaintance, "that there never was a fish taken out of the sea, but left another as good behind."

Mr. Cranium replied, that no two individuals having all the organs of the skull similarly developed, the universal resemblance of which Mr. Panscope had spoken could not possibly exist. Mr. Panscope rejoined; and a long discussion ensued, concerning the comparative influence of natural organization and artificial education, in which the beautiful Cephalis was totally lost sight of, and which ended, as most controversies do, by each party continuing firm in his own opinion, and professing his profound astonishment at the blindness and prejudices of the other.

In the meanwhile, a great confusion had arisen at the outer doors, the departure of the ball-visitors being impeded by a circumstance which the experience of ages had discovered no means to obviate. The grooms, coachmen, and postilions, were all drunk. It was proposed that the gentlemen should officiate in their places: but the gentlemen were almost all in the same condition. This was a fearful dilemma: but a very diligent investigation brought to light a few servants and a few gentlemen not above *half-seas over;* and by an equitable distribution of these rarities, the greater part of the guests were enabled to set forward, with very nearly an even chance of not having their necks broken before they reached home.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE Squire and his select party of philosophers and dilettanti were again left in peaceful possession of Headlong Hall: and, as the former made a point of never losing a moment in the accomplishment of a favourite object, he did not suffer many days to elapse, before the spiritual metamorphosis of eight into four was effected by the clerical dexterity of the Reverend Doctor Gaster.

Immediately after the ceremony, the whole party dispersed, the squire having first extracted from every one of his chosen guests a positive promise to re-assemble in August, when they would be better enabled, in its most appropriate season, to form a correct judgment of Cambrian hospitality.

Mr. Jenkison shook hands at parting with his two brother philosophers. "According to your respective systems," said he, "I ought to congratulate you on a change for the better, which I do most cordially: and to condole with *you* on a change for the worse, though, when I consider whom you have chosen, I should violate every principle of probability in doing so."

"You will do well," said Mr. Foster, "to follow our example. The extensive circle of general philanthropy, which, in the present advanced stage of human nature, comprehends in its circumference the destinies of the whole species, originated, and still proceeds, from that narrower circle of domestic affection, which first set limits to the empire of selfishness, and, by purifying the passions and enlarging the affections of mankind, has given to the views of benevolence an increasing and illimitable expansion, which will finally diffuse happiness and peace over the whole surface of the world."

"The affection," said Mr. Escot, "of two congenial spirits, united, not by legal bondage and superstitious imposture, but by mutual confidence and reciprocal virtues, is the only counterbalancing consolation in this scene of mischief and misery. But how rarely is this the case according to the present system of marriage! So far from being a central point of expansion to the great circle of universal benevolence, it serves only to concentrate the feelings of natural sympathy

in the reflected selfishness of family interest, and to substitute for the *humani nihil alienum puto* of youthful philanthropy, the *charity begins at home* of maturer years. And what accession of individual happiness is acquired by this oblivion of the general good? Luxury, despotism, and avarice have so seized and entangled nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the human race, that the matrimonial compact, which ought to be the most easy, the most free, and the most simple of all engagements, is become the most slavish and complicated,—a mere question of finance,—a system of bargain, and barter, and commerce, and trick, and chicanery, and dissimulation, and fraud. Is there one instance in ten thousand, in which the buds of first affection are not most cruelly and hopelessly blasted, by avarice, or ambition, or arbitrary power? Females, condemned during the whole flower of their youth to a worse than monastic celibacy, irrevocably debarred from the hope to which their first affections pointed, will, at a certain period of life, as the natural delicacy of taste and feeling is gradually worn away by the attrition of society, become willing to take up with any coxcomb or scoundrel, whom that merciless and mercenary gang of cold-blooded slaves and assassins, called, in the ordinary prostitution of language, *friends*, may agree in designating as a *prudent choice*.—Young men, on the other hand, are driven by the same vile superstitions from the company of the most amiable and modest of the opposite sex, to that of those miserable victims and outcasts of a world which dares to call itself virtuous, whom that very society whose pernicious institutions first caused their aberrations,—consigning them, without one tear of pity or one struggle of remorse, to penury, infamy, and disease,—condemns to bear the burden of its own atrocious absurdities! Thus, the youth of one sex is consumed in slavery, disappointment, and spleen; that of the other, in frantic folly and selfish intemperance: till at length, on the necks of a couple so enfeebled, so perverted, so distempered both in body and soul, society throws the yoke of marriage: that yoke which, once riveted on the necks of its victims, clings to them like the poisoned garments of Nessus or Medea. What can be expected from these ill-assorted yoke-fellows, but that, like two ill-tempered hounds, coupled by a tyrannical sportsman, they should drag on their indissoluble fetter, snarling and growling, and pulling in different directions?

What can be expected for their wretched offspring, but sickness and suffering, premature decrepitude, and untimely death? In this, as in every other institution of civilized society, avarice, luxury, and disease constitute the TRIANGULAR HARMONY of the life of man. Avarice conducts him to the abyss of toil and crime; luxury seizes on his ill-gotten spoil; and, while he revels in her enchantments, or groans beneath her tyranny, disease bursts upon him, and sweeps him from the earth."

"Your theory," said Mr. Jenkison, "forms an admirable counterpoise to your example. As far as I am attracted by the one, I am repelled by the other. Thus, the scales of my philosophical balance remain eternally equiponderant, and I see no reason to say of either of them, ΟΙΧΕΤΑΙ ΕΙΣ ΑΪΔΑΟ." *

* *It descends to the shades:* or, in other words, *it goes to the devil.*

MELINCOURT

OR

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON.

*VOCEM COMŒDIA TOLLIT.**

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION PUBLISHED IN 1856.†

"MELINCOURT" was first published thirty-nine years ago. Many changes have since occurred, social, mechanical, and political. The boroughs of Onevote and Threevotes have been extinguished: but there remain boroughs of Fewvotes, in which Sir Oran Haut-ton might still find a free and enlightened constituency. Beards disfigure the face, and tobacco poisons the air, in a degree not then imagined. A boy, with a cigar in his mouth, was a phenomenon yet unborn. Multitudinous bubbles have been blown and have burst: sometimes prostrating dupes and impostors together; sometimes leaving a colossal jobber upright in his triumphal chariot, which has crushed as many victims as the car of Juggernaut. Political mountebanks have founded profitable investments on public gullibility. British colonists have been compelled to emancipate their slaves; and foreign slave labour, under the pretext of free trade, has been brought to bear against them by the friends of liberty. The Court is more moral: therefore, the public is more moral; more decorous, at least, in external semblance, wherever the homage, which Hypocrisy pays to Virtue, can yield any profit to the professor; but always ready for the same reaction, with which the profligacy of the Restoration rolled, like a spring-tide, over the Puritanism of the Commonwealth. The progress of intellect, with all deference to those who believe in

* The following is the motto of the title-page of the first edition:—"Nous nous moquons des Paladins! quand ces maximes romanesque commencerent à devenir ridicules, ce changement fut moins l'ouvrage de la raison que celui des mauvaises mœurs."—ROUSSEAU.

† Written in 1817—Published in 1818.

it, is not quite so obvious as the progress of mechanics. The "reading public" has increased its capacity of swallow, in a proportion far exceeding that of its digestion. Thirty-nine years ago, steam-boats were just coming into action, and the railway locomotive was not even thought of. Now everybody goes everywhere: going for the sake of going, and rejoicing in the rapidity with which they accomplish nothing. *On va, mais on ne voyage pas.* Strenuous idleness drives us on the wings of steam in boats and trains, seeking the art of enjoying life, which, after all, is in the regulation of the mind, and not in the whisking about of the body.* Of the disputants whose opinions and public characters (for I never trespassed on private life) were shadowed in some of the persons of the story, almost all have passed from the diurnal scene. Many of the questions, discussed in the dialogues, have more of general than of temporary application, and have still their advocates on both sides: and new questions have arisen, which furnish abundant argument for similar conversations, and of which I may yet, perhaps, avail myself on some future occasion.

THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL."

MARCH, 1856.

CHAPTER I.

ANTHELIA.

ANTHELIA MELINCOURT, at the age of twenty-one, was mistress of herself and of ten thousand a year, and of a very ancient and venerable castle in one of the wildest valleys in Westmoreland. It follows of course, without reference to her personal qualifications, that she had a very numerous list of admirers, and equally of course that there were both Irishmen and clergymen among them. The young lady nevertheless possessed sufficient attractions to kindle the flames of disinterested passion; and accordingly we shall venture to suppose, that there was at least one in the number of her sighing swains with whom her rent-roll and her old castle were secondary considerations; and if the candid reader should esteem this supposition too violent for the probabilities of daily experience in this calculating age, he will at least

* Hor. Epist. I. ii. 27—30.

concede it to that degree of poetical licence which is invariably accorded to a tale founded on facts.

Melincourt Castle had been a place of considerable strength in those golden days of feudal and royal prerogative, when no man was safe in his own house unless he adopted every possible precaution for shutting out all his neighbours. It is, therefore, not surprising, that a rock, of which three sides were perpendicular, and which was only accessible on the fourth by a narrow ledge, forming a natural bridge over a tremendous chasm, was considered a very enviable situation for a gentleman to build on. An impetuous torrent boiled through the depth of the chasm, and after eddying round the base of the castle-rock, which it almost insulated, disappeared in the obscurity of a woody glen, whose mysterious recesses, by popular superstition formerly consecrated to the devil, are now fearlessly explored by the solitary angler, or laid open to view by the more profane hand of the picturesque tourist, who contrives, by the magic of his pencil, to transport their romantic terrors from the depths of mountain-solitude to the gay and crowded, though not very wholesome, atmosphere of a metropolitan exhibition.

The narrow ledge, which formed the only natural access to the castle-rock, had been guarded by every impediment which the genius of fortification could oppose to the progress of the hungry Scot, who might be disposed, in his neighbourly way, to drop in without invitation and carouse at the expense of the owner, rewarding him, as usual, for his extorted hospitality, by cutting his throat and setting fire to his house. A drawbridge over the chasm, backed by a double portcullis, presented the only mode of admission. In this secure retreat thus strongly guarded both by nature and art, and always plentifully victualled for a siege, lived the lords of Melincourt in all the luxury of rural seclusion, throwing open their gates on occasional halcyon days to regale all the peasants and mountaineers of the vicinity with roasted oxen and vats of October.

When these times of danger and turbulence had passed, Melincourt Castle was not, as most of its brother edifices were, utterly deserted. The drawbridge, indeed, became gradually divorced from its chains; the double portcullis disappeared; the turrets and battlements were abandoned to the owl and the ivy; and a very spacious wing was left free to the settlement of a colony of ghosts, which, according to

the report of the peasantry and the domestics, very soon took possession, and retained it most pertinaciously, notwithstanding the pious incantations of the neighbouring vicar, the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, who often passed the night in one of the dreaded apartments over a blazing fire with the same invariable exorcising apparatus of a large venison pasty, a little Prayer-book, and three bottles of Madeira: for the reverend gentleman sagaciously observed, that as he had always found the latter an infallible charm against blue devils, he had no doubt of its proving equally efficacious against black, white, and gray. In this opinion experience seemed to confirm him; for though he always maintained a becoming silence as to the mysteries of which he was a witness during his spectral vigils, yet a very correct inference might be drawn from the fact, that he was always found in the morning comfortably asleep in his large arm-chair, with the dish scraped clean, the three bottles empty, and the Prayer-book clasped and folded precisely in the same state and place in which it had lain the preceding night.

But the larger and more commodious part of the castle continued still to be inhabited; and while one half of the edifice was fast improving into a picturesque ruin, the other was as rapidly degenerating, in its interior at least, into a comfortable modern dwelling.

In this romantic seclusion Anthelia was born. Her mother died in giving her birth. Her father, Sir Henry Melincourt, a man of great acquirements, and of a retired disposition, devoted himself in solitude to the cultivation of his daughter's understanding; for he was one of those who maintained the heretical notion that women are, or at least may be, rational beings; though, from the great pains usually taken in what is called education to make them otherwise, there are unfortunately very few examples to warrant the truth of the theory.

The majestic forms and wild energies of Nature that surrounded her from her infancy, impressed their character on her mind, communicating to it all their own wildness, and more than their own beauty. Far removed from the pageantry of courts and cities, her infant attention was awakened to spectacles more interesting and more impressive: the misty mountain-top, the ash-fringed precipice, the gleaming cataract, the deep and shadowy glen, and the fantastic magnificence of the mountain clouds. The murmur of the woods, the rush

he winds, and the tumultuous dashing of the torrents, e the first music of her childhood. A fearless wanderer ng these romantic solitudes, the spirit of mountain liberty sed itself through the whole tenor of her feelings, modelled symmetry of her form, and illumined the expressive but nine brilliancy of her features: and when she had attained ge at which the mind expands itself to the fascinations oetry, the muses of Italy became the chosen companions er wanderings, and nourished a naturally susceptible ination by conjuring up the splendid visions of chivalry enchantment in scenes so congenial to their development. was seldom that the presence of a visitor dispelled the ade of Melincourt; and the few specimens of the living d with whom its inmates held occasional intercourse, of the usual character of country acquaintance, not lated to leave behind them any very lively regret, pt for the loss of time during the period of their stay. of these was the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, whom we have dy celebrated for his proficiency in the art of exorcising ns by dint of venison and Madeira. His business in ghost line had, indeed, declined with the progress of the an understanding, and no part of his vocation was in high favour with Sir Henry, who, though an unexcep- ble moral character, was unhappily not one of the ren of grace, in the theological sense of the word: but ricar, adopting St. Paul's precept of being all things to en, found it on this occasion his interest to be liberal; observing that no man could coerce his opinions, repeated great complacency the line of Virgil:

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur;

gh he took especial care that his heterodox concession ld not reach the ears of his bishop, who would infallibly unfrocked him for promulgating a doctrine so subversive e main pillar of all orthodox establishments.

hen Anthelia had attained her sixteenth year, her father ed it necessary to introduce her to that human world of h she had hitherto seen so little, and for this purpose a journey to London, where he was received by the ving portion of his old acquaintance as a ghost returned Acheron. The impression which the gay scenes of the polis made on the mind of Anthelia—to what illustrious

characters she was introduced—"and all she thought of all she saw,"—it would be foreign to our present purpose to detail: suffice it to say, that from this period Sir Henry regularly passed the winter in London and the summer in Westmoreland, till his daughter attained the age of twenty, about which period he died.

Anthelia passed twelve months from this time in total seclusion at Melincourt, notwithstanding many pressing invitations from various match-making dowagers in London, who were solicitous to dispose of her according to their views of her advantage; in which how far their own was lost sight of, it may not be difficult to determine.

Among the numerous lovers who had hitherto sighed at her shrine, not one had succeeded in making the slightest impression on her heart; and during the twelve months of seclusion which elapsed from the death of her father to the commencement of this authentic history, they had all completely vanished from the tablet of her memory. Her knowledge of love was altogether theoretical; and her theory, being formed by the study of Italian poetry in the bosom of mountain solitude, naturally and necessarily pointed to a visionary model of excellence which it was very little likely the modern world could realize.

The dowagers at length despairing of drawing her from her retirement, respectively came to various resolutions for the accomplishment of their ends; some resolving to go in person to Melincourt, and exert all their powers of oratory to mould her to their wishes, and others instigating their several *protégés* to set boldly forward in search of fortune, and lay siege to the castle and its mistress together.

CHAPTER II.

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

IT was late in the afternoon of an autumnal day, when the elegant post-chariot of the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, a lady of high renown in the annals of match-making, turned the corner of a stupendous precipice in the narrow pass which formed the only access to the valley of Melincourt.

This honourable lady was accompanied by her only daughter Miss Danaretta Contantina; which names, by-the-by, appear to be female diminutives of the Italian words *danaro contante*, signifying *ready money*, and genteelly hinting to all fashionable Strephons, the only terms on which the *commodity* so denominated would be disposed of, according to the universal practice of this liberal and enlightened generation, in that most commercial of all bargains, marriage.

The ivied battlements and frowning towers of Melincourt Castle, as they burst at once upon the sight, very much astonished the elder and delighted the younger lady; for the latter had cultivated a great deal of theoretical romance—in taste, not in feeling—an important distinction—which enabled her to be most liberally sentimental in words, without at all influencing her actions; to talk of heroic affection and self-sacrificing enthusiasm, without incurring the least danger of forming a disinterested attachment, or of erring in any way whatever on the score of practical generosity. Indeed, in all respects of practice the young lady was the true counterpart of her mother, though they sometimes differed a little in the forms of sentiment: thus, for instance, when any of their dear friends happened to go, as it is called, down hill in the world, the old lady was generally very severe on their *imprudence*, and the young lady very pathetic on their *misfortune*: but as to holding any further intercourse with, or rendering any species of assistance to, any dear friend so circumstanced, neither the one nor the other was ever suspected of conduct so very unfashionable. In the main point, therefore, of both their lives, that of making a *good match* for Miss Danaretta, their views perfectly coincided; and though Miss Danaretta, in her speculative conversations on this subject, among her female acquaintance, talked as young ladies always talk, and laid down very precisely *the only kind of man she would ever think of marrying*, endowing him, of course, with all the virtues in our good friend Hookham's Library; yet it was very well understood, as it usually is on similar occasions, that no other proof of the possession of the aforesaid virtues would be required from any individual, who might present himself in the character of *Corydon sospiroso*, than a satisfactory certificate from the old lady in Threadneedle Street, that the bearer was a *good man*, and could be proved so in the *Alley*.

Such were the amiable specimens of worldly wisdom and affected romance, that prepared to invade the retirement of the mountain-enthusiast, the really romantic unworldly Anthelia.

"What a strange-looking old place!" said Mrs. Pinmoney: "it seems like anything but the dwelling of a young heiress. I am afraid the rascally postboys have joined in a plot against us, and intend to deliver us to a gang of thieves!"

"Banditti, you should say, mamma," said Miss Danaretta: "thieves is an odious word."

"Pooh, child!" said Mrs. Pinmoney. "The reality is odious enough, let the word be what it will. Is not a rogue a rogue, call him by what name you may?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Miss Danaretta; "for in that case a poor rogue without a title, would not be more a rogue than a rich rogue with one; but that he is so in a most infinite proportion, the whole experience of the world demonstrates."

"True," said the old lady; "and as our reverend friend Dr. Bosky observes, to maintain the contrary would be to sanction a principle utterly subversive of all social order and aristocratical privilege."

The carriage now rolled over the narrow ledge which connected the site of the castle with the neighbouring rocks. A furious peal at the outer bell brought forth a venerable porter, who opened the gates with becoming gravity, and the carriage entered a spacious court, of much more recent architecture than the exterior of the castle, and built in a style of modern Gothic, that seemed to form a happy medium between the days of feudality, commonly called the dark ages, and the nineteenth century, commonly called the enlightened age: *why*, I could never discover.

The inner gates were opened by another grave and venerable domestic, who with all the imperturbable decorum and formality of the old school, assisted the ladies to alight, and ushered them along an elegant colonnade into the library, which we shall describe no further than by saying, that the apartment was Gothic, and the furniture Grecian: whether this be an unpardonable incongruity calculated to disarrange all legitimate associations, or a judicious combination of solemnity and elegance, most happily adapted to the purposes of study, we must leave to the decision, or rather discussion, of picturesque and antiquarian disputants.

The windows, which were of stained glass, were partly open to a shrubbery, which admitting the meditative mind into the recesses of nature, and excluding all view of distant scenes, heightened the deep seclusion and repose of the apartment. It consisted principally of evergreens; but the parting beauty of the last flowers of autumn, and the lighter and now fading tints of a few deciduous shrubs, mingled with the imperishable verdure of the cedar and the laurel.

The old domestic went in search of his young mistress, and the ladies threw themselves on a sofa in graceful attitudes. They were shortly joined by Anthelia, who welcomed them to Melincourt with all the politeness which the necessity of the case imposed.

The change of dress, the dinner, the dessert, seasoned with the *newest news* of the fashionable world, which the visitors thought must be of all things the most delightful to the mountain recluse, filled up a portion of the evening. When they returned from the dining-room to the library, the windows were closed, the curtains drawn, and the tea and coffee urns bubbling on the table, and sending up their steamy columns: an old fashion, to be sure, and sufficiently rustic, for which we apologize in due form to the reader, who prefers his tea and coffee brought in cool by the butler in little cups on a silver salver, and handed round to the simpering company till it is as cold as an Iceland spring. There is no disputing about taste, and the taste of Melincourt Castle on this subject had been always very poetically unfashionable; for the tea would have satisfied Johnson, and the coffee enchanted Voltaire.

"I must confess, my dear," said the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, "there is a great deal of comfort in your way of living, that is, there would be, in good company; but you are so solitary——"

"Here is the best of company," said Anthelia, smiling, and pointing to the shelves of the library.

The Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—Very true: books are very good things in their way; but an hour or two at most is quite enough of them for me: more can serve no purpose but to muddle one's head. If I were to live such a life for a week as you have done for the last twelve months, I should have more company than I like, in the shape of a whole legion of blue devils.

Miss Danaretta.—Nay, I think there is something delightfully romantic in Anthelia's mode of life; but I confess I

should like now and then, peeping through the ivy of the battlements, to observe a *preux chevalier* exerting all his eloquence to persuade the inflexible porter to open the castle gates, and allow him one opportunity of throwing himself at the feet of the divine lady of the castle, for whom he had been seven years dying a lingering death.

The Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—And growing fatter all the while.—Heaven defend me from such hypocritical fops! Seven years indeed! It did not take as many weeks to bring me and poor dear dead Mr. Pinmoney together.

Anthelia.—I should have been afraid that so short an acquaintance would scarcely have been sufficient to acquire that mutual knowledge of each other's tastes, feelings, and character, which I should think the only sure basis of matrimonial happiness.

The Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—Tastes, feelings, and character! Why, my love, you really do seem to believe yourself in the age of chivalry, when those words certainly signified very essential differences. But now the matter is, very happily, simplified. Tastes:—they depend on the fashion. There is always a fashionable taste: a taste for driving the mail—a taste for acting Hamlet—a taste for philosophical lectures—a taste for the marvellous—a taste for the simple—a taste for the brilliant—a taste for the sombre—a taste for the tender—a taste for the grim—a taste for banditti—a taste for ghosts—a taste for the devil—a taste for French dancers and Italian singers, and German whiskers and tragedies—a taste for enjoying the country in November, and wintering in London till the end of the dog-days—a taste for making shoes—a taste for picturesque tours—a taste for taste itself, or for essays on taste:—but no gentleman would be so rash as have a taste of his own, or his last winter's taste, or any taste, my love, but the fashionable taste. Poor dear Mr. Pinmoney was reckoned a man of exquisite taste among all his acquaintance; for the new taste, let it be what it would, always fitted him as well as his new coat, and he was the very pink and mirror of fashion, as much in the one as the other.—So much for tastes, my dear.

Anthelia.—I am afraid I shall always be a very unfashionable creature; for I do not think I should have sympathized with any one of the tastes you have just enumerated.

The Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—You are so contumacious, such

ıntic heretic from the orthodox supremacy of fashion. as for feelings, my dear, you know there are no such in the fashionable world; therefore that difficulty es even more easily than the first.

helia.—I am sorry for it.

Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—Sorry!—Feelings are very troue things, and always stand in the way of a person's ıterests. Then, as to character, a gentleman's character lly in the keeping of his banker, or his agent, or his l, or his solicitor; and if they can certify and demonhat he has the means of keeping a handsome equipage, town and country house, and of giving routs and dinnd of making a good settlement on the happy object choice—what more of any gentleman's character would sire to know?

helia.—A great deal more. I would require him to be all his thoughts, true in all his words, generous in all ions—ardent in friendship, enthusiastic in love, disinl in both—prompt in the conception, and constant in ecution, of benevolent enterprise—the friend of the ess, the champion of the feeble, the firm opponent of werful oppressor—not to be enervated by luxury, nor ted by avarice, nor intimidated by tyranny, nor enl by superstition—more desirous to distribute wealth possess it, to disseminate liberty than to appropriate to cheer the heart of sorrow than to dazzle the eyes of

Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—And do you really expect to ch a knight-errant? The age of chivalry is gone.

helia.—It is, but its spirit survives. Disinterested bence, the mainspring of all that is really admirable in ys of chivalry, will never perish for want of some calculated to feel its influence, still less for want of a field of exertion. To protect the feeble, to raise the —to liberate the captive—to be the persevering foe of (whether the great tyrant of an overwhelming empire, ty tyrant of the fields, or the "little tyrant of a little ıtion"),* it is not necessary to wind the bugle before ted castles, or to seek adventures in the depths of mounverns and forests of pine: there is no scene of human

* Junius.

life but presents sufficient scope to energetic generosity: the field of action, though less splendid in its accompaniments, is not less useful in its results, nor less attractive to a liberal spirit: and I believe it is possible to find as true a knight-errant in a brown coat in the nineteenth century, as in a suit of golden armour in the days of Charlemagne.

The Hon. Mrs. Pimmoney.—Well! well! my dear, when you have seen a little more of the world, you will get rid of some of your chivalrous whimsies; and I think you will then agree with me, that there is not, in the whole sphere of fashion, a more elegant, fine-spirited, dashing, generous fellow than my nephew Sir Telegraph Paxarett, who, by-the-by, will be driving his barouche this way shortly, and if you do not absolutely forbid it, will call on me in his route.

These words seemed to portend that the Honourable Mrs. Pimmoney's visit would be a visitation, and at the same time threw a clear light on its motive: but they gave birth in the mind of Anthelia to a train of ideas which concluded in a somewhat singular determination.

CHAPTER III.

HYPOCOX HOUSE.

ANTHELIA had received intimations from various quarters, of similar intentions on the part of various individuals, not less valuable than Sir Telegraph Paxarett in the scale of moral utility; and though there was not one among them for whom she felt the slightest interest, she thought it would be too uncourteous in a pupil of chivalry, and too inhospitable in the mistress of an old English castle, to bar her gates against them. At the same time she felt the want of a lord seneschal to receive and entertain visitors so little congenial to her habits and inclinations: and it immediately occurred to her that no one would be more fit for this honourable office, if he could be prevailed on to undertake it, than an old relation—a medium, as it were, between cousin and great uncle; who had occasionally passed a week or a month with her

father at Melincourt. The name of this old gentleman was Hippy—Humphrey Hippy, Esquire, of Hypocon House, in the county of Durham. He was a bachelor, and his character exhibited a singular compound of kind-heartedness, spleen, and melancholy, which governed him by turns, and sometimes in such rapid succession that they seemed almost coexistent. To him Anthelia determined on sending an express, with a letter entreating him to take on himself, for a short time, the superintendence of Melincourt Castle, and giving as briefly as possible her reasons for the request. In pursuance of this determination, old Peter Gray, a favourite domestic of Sir Henry, and, I believe, a distant relation of little Lucy,* was despatched the following morning to Hypocon House, where the gate was opened to him by old Harry Fell, a distant relation of little Alice,* who, as the reader well knows, "belonged to Durham." Old Harry had become, by long habit, a curious species of animated mirror, and reflected all the humours of his master with wonderful nicety. When Mr. Hippy was in a rage, old Harry looked fierce: when Mr. Hippy was in a good humour, old Harry was the picture of human kindness: when Mr. Hippy was blue-devilled, old Harry was vapourish: when Mr. Hippy was as melancholy as a gib-cat, old Harry was as dismal as a screech-owl. The latter happened to be the case when old Peter presented himself at the gate, and old Harry accordingly opened it with a most rueful elongation of visage. Peter Gray was ready with a warm salutation for his old acquaintance Harry Fell; but the lamentable cast of expression in the physiognomy of the latter froze it on his lips, and he contented himself with asking in a hesitating tone, "Is Mr. Hippy at home?"

"He is," slowly and sadly articulated Harry Fell, shaking his head.

"I have a letter for him," said Peter Gray.

"Ah!" said Harry Fell, taking the letter, and stalking off with it as solemnly as if he had been following a funeral.

"A pleasant reception," thought Peter Gray, "instead of the old ale and cold sirloin I dreamed of."

Old Harry tapped three times at the door of his master's chamber, observing the same interval between each tap as is

* For Lucy Gray and Alice Fell, see Mr. Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads.

usual between the sounds of a muffled drum: then, after a due pause, he entered the apartment. Mr. Hippy was in his night-gown and slippers, with one leg on a cushion, suffering under an imaginary attack of the gout, and in the last stage of despondency. Old Harry walked forward in the same slow pace till he found himself at the proper distance from his master's chair. Then putting forth his hand as deliberately as if it had been the hour-hand of the kitchen-clock, he presented the letter. Mr. Hippy took it in the same manner, sunk back in his chair as if exhausted with the effort, and cast his eyes languidly on the seal. Immediately his eyes brightened, he tore open the letter, read it in an instant, sprang up, flung his night-gown one way, his night-cap another, kicked off his slippers, kicked away his cushion, kicked over his chair, and bounced downstairs, roaring for his coat and boots, and his travelling chariot, with old Harry capering at his heels, and re-echoing all his requisitions. Harry Fall was now a new man: Peter Gray was seized by the hand and dragged into the battery, where a cold goose and a flagon of ale were placed before him, to which he immediately proceeded to do ample justice; while old Harry rushed off with a cold fowl and ham for the refection of Mr. Hippy, who had been too seriously indisposed in the morning to touch a morsel of breakfast. Having placed these and a bottle of Madeira in due form and order before his master, he flew back to the battery, to assist old Peter in the demolition of the goose and ale, his own appetite in the morning having sympathized with his master's, and being now equally disposed to make up for lost time.

Mr. Hippy's travelling chariot was rattled up to the door by four high-mettled posters from the nearest inn. Mr. Hippy sprang into the carriage, old Harry vaulted into the dicky, the postilions cracked their whips, and away they went,

> Over the hills and the plains,
> Over the rivers and rocks,

leaving old Peter gaping after them at the gate, in profound astonishment at their sudden metamorphosis, and in utter despair of being able, by any exertions of his own, to be their forerunner and announcer at Melincourt. Considering, therefore, that when the necessity of being too late is inevitable, hurry is manifestly superfluous, he mounted his galloway with

great gravity and deliberation, and trotted slowly off towards the mountains, philosophizing all the way in the usual poetical style of a Cumberland peasant. Our readers will of course feel much obliged to us for not presenting them with his meditations. But instead of jogging back with old Peter Gray, or travelling post with Humphrey Hippy, Esquire, we shall avail ourselves of the four-in-hand barouche which is just coming in view, to take a seat on the box by the side of Sir Telegraph Paxarett, and proceed in his company to Melincourt.

CHAPTER IV.

REDROSE ABBEY.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT had entered the precincts of the mountains of Westmoreland, and was bowling his barouche along a romantic valley, looking out very anxiously for an inn, as he had now driven his regular diurnal allowance of miles, and was becoming very impatient for his equally regular diurnal allowance of fish, fowl, and Madeira. A wreath of smoke ascending from a thick tuft of trees at a distance, and in a straight direction before him, cheered up his spirits, and induced him to cheer up those of his horses with two or three of those technical terms of the road, which we presume to have formed part of the genuine language of the ancient Houhynnhmns, since they seem not only much better adapted to equine than human organs of sound, but are certainly much more generally intelligible to four-footed than to two-footed animals. Sir Telegraph was doomed to a temporary disappointment; for when he had attained the desired point, the smoke proved to issue from the chimneys of an ancient abbey which appeared to have been recently converted from a pile of ruins into the habitation of some variety of the human species, with very singular veneration for the relics of antiquity, which, in their exterior aspect, had suffered little from the alteration. There was something so analogous between the state of this building and what he had heard of Melincourt, that if it had not been impossible to mistake an abbey for a castle, he might almost have fancied himself arrived at the dwelling of the divine Anthelia. Under a

detached piece of ruins near the road, which appeared to have been part of a chapel, several workmen were busily breaking the ground with spade and pickaxe: a gentleman was superintending their operations, and seemed very eager to arrive at the object of his search. Sir Telegraph stopped his barouche to inquire the distance to the nearest inn: the gentleman replied, "Six miles." "That is just five miles and a half too far," said Sir Telegraph, and was proceeding to drive on, when, on turning round to make his parting bow to the stranger, he suddenly recognized him for an old acquaintance and fellow-collegian.

"Sylvan Forester!" exclaimed Sir Telegraph; "who should have dreamed of meeting you in this uncivilized part of the world?"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Forester, "this part of the world does not deserve the compliment implied in the epithet you have bestowed on it. Within no very great distance from this spot are divers towns, villages, and hamlets, in any one of which, if you have money, you may make pretty sure of being cheated, and if you have none, quite sure of being starved—strong evidences of a state of civilization."

"Aha?" said Sir Telegraph, "your old way, now I recollect—always fond of railing at civilized life, and holding forth in praise of savages and what you called original men. But what, in truth, make you in Westmoreland?"

"I have purchased this old abbey," said Mr. Forester, "(anciently called the abbey of Rednose, which I have altered to Redrose, as being more analogous to my notions of beauty, whatever the reverend Fellows of our old college might have thought of it), and have fitted it up for my habitation, with the view of carrying on in peace and seclusion some peculiar experiments on the nature and progress of man. Will you dine with me, and pass the night here? and I will introduce you to an original character."

"With all my heart," said Sir Telegraph; "I can assure you, independently of the pleasure of meeting an old acquaintance, it is a great comfort to dine in a gentleman's house, after living from inn to inn, and being poisoned with bad wine for a month."

Sir Telegraph descended from his box, and directed one of his grooms to open the carriage-door and emancipate the coachman, who was fast asleep inside. Sir Telegraph gave

him the reins, and Mr. Forester sent one of his workmen to show him the way to the stables.

"And pray," said Sir Telegraph, as the barouche disappeared among the trees, "what may be the object of your researches in this spot?"

"You know," said Mr. Forester, "it is a part of my tenets that the human species is gradually decreasing in size and strength, and I am digging in the old cemetery for bones and skulls to establish the truth of my theory."

"Have you found any?" said Sir Telegraph.

"Many," said Mr. Forester. "About three weeks ago we dug up a very fine skeleton, no doubt of some venerable father, who must have been, in more senses than one, a pillar of the church. I have had the skull polished and set in silver. You shall drink your wine out of it, if you please, to-day."

"I thank you," said Sir Telegraph, "but I am not particular: a glass will suit me as well as the best skull in Europe. Besides, I am a moderate man: one bottle of Madeira and another of claret are enough for me at any time; so that the quantity of wine a reverend sconce can carry would be just treble my usual allowance."

They walked together towards the abbey. Sir Telegraph earnestly requested, that, before they entered, he might be favoured with a peep at the stable. Mr. Forester of course complied. Sir Telegraph found this important part of the buildings capacious and well adapted to its purpose, but did not altogether approve its being totally masked by an old ivied wall, which had served in former times to prevent the braw and bonny Scot from making too free with the beeves of the pious fraternity.

The new dwelling-house was so well planned, and fitted in so well between the ancient walls, that very few vestiges of the modern architect were discernible; and it was obvious that the growth of the ivy, and of numerous trailing and twining plants, would soon overrun all vestiges of the innovation, and blend the whole exterior into one venerable character of antiquity.

"I do not think," said Mr. Forester, as they proceeded through part of the grounds, "that the most determined zealot of the picturesque would quarrel with me here. I found the woods around the abbey matured by time and

neglect into a fine state of wildness and intricacy, and I think I have left enough of them to gratify their most ardent admirer."

"Quite enough, in all conscience," said Sir Telegraph, who was in white jean trousers, with very thin silk stockings and pumps. "I do not generally calculate on being, as an old song I have somewhere heard expresses it,

> Forced to scramble,
> When I ramble,
> Through a copse of furze and bramble;

which would be all very pleasant perhaps, if the fine effect of picturesque roughness were not unfortunately, as Macbeth says of his dagger, 'sensible to feeling as to sight.' But who is that gentleman, sitting under the great oak yonder in the green coat and nankins? He seems very thoughtful."

"He is of a contemplative disposition," said Mr. Forester: "you must not be surprised if he should not speak a word during the whole time you are here. The politeness of his manner makes amends for his habitual taciturnity. I will introduce you."

The gentleman under the oak had by this time discovered them, and came forward with great alacrity to meet Mr. Forester, who cordially shook hands with him, and introduced him to Sir Telegraph as Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet.

Sir Telegraph looked earnestly at the stranger, but was too polite to laugh, though he could not help thinking there was something very ludicrous in Sir Oran's physiognomy, notwithstanding the air of high fashion which characterized his whole deportment, and which was heightened by a pair of enormous whiskers, and the folds of a vast cravat. He therefore bowed to Sir Oran with becoming gravity, and Sir Oran returned the bow with very striking politeness.

"Possibly," thought Sir Telegraph, "possibly I may have seen an uglier fellow."

The trio entered the abbey, and shortly after sate down to dinner.

Mr. Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton took the head and foot of the table. Sir Telegraph sate between them. "Some soup, Sir Telegraph?" said Mr. Forester. "I rather think," said Sir Telegraph, "I shall trouble Sir Oran for a slice of fish." Sir Oran helped him with great dexterity, and then

performed the same office for himself. "I think you will like this Madeira?" said Mr. Forester. "Capital!" said Sir Telegraph: "Sir Oran, shall I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?" Sir Oran Haut-ton bowed gracefully to Sir Telegraph Paxarett, and the glasses were tossed off with the usual ceremonies. Sir Oran preserved an inflexible silence during the whole duration of dinner, but showed great proficiency in the dissection of game.

When the cloth was removed, the wine circulated freely, and Sir Telegraph, as usual, filled a numerous succession of glasses. Mr. Forester, not as usual, did the same; for he was generally very abstemious in this respect: but, on the present occasion, he relaxed from his severity, quoting the *Placari genius festis impune diebus*, and the *Dulce est desipere in loco*, of Horace. Sir Oran likewise approved, by his practice, that he thought the wine particularly excellent, and *Beviamo tutti tre* appeared to be the motto of the party. Mr. Forester inquired into the motives which had brought Sir Telegraph to Westmoreland; and Sir Telegraph entered into a rapturous encomium of the heiress of Melincourt, which was suddenly cut short by Sir Oran, who having taken a glass too much, rose suddenly from table, took a flying leap through the window, and went dancing along the woods like a harlequin.

"Upon my word," said Sir Telegraph, "a devilish lively, pleasant fellow! Curse me, if I know what to make of him."

"I will tell you his history," said Mr. Forester, "by-and-by. In the meantime I must look after him, that he may neither do nor receive mischief. Pray take care of yourself till I return." Saying this, he sprang through the window after Sir Oran, and disappeared by the same track among the trees.

"Curious enough!" soliloquized Sir Telegraph; "however, not much to complain of, as the best part of the company is left behind: videlicet, the bottle."

CHAPTER V.

SUGAR.

SIR TELEGRAPH was tossing off the last heeltap of his regular diurnal allowance of wine, when Mr. Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton re-appeared, walking past the window arm in arm; Sir Oran's mode of progression being very vacillating, indirect, and titubant; enough so, at least, to show that he had not completely danced off the effects of the Madeira. Mr. Forester shortly after entered; and Sir Telegraph inquiring concerning Sir Oran, "I have persuaded him to go to bed," said Mr. Forester, "and I doubt not he is already fast asleep." A servant now entered with tea. Sir Telegraph proceeded to help himself, when he perceived there was no sugar, and reminded his host of the omission.

Mr. Forester.—If I had anticipated the honour of your company, Sir Telegraph, I would have provided myself with a small quantity of that nefarious ingredient: but in this solitary situation, these things are not to be had at a moment's notice. As it is, seeing little company, and regulating my domestic arrangements on philosophical principles, I never suffer an atom of West Indian produce to pass my threshold. I have no wish to resemble those pseudo-philanthropists, those miserable declaimers against slavery, who are very liberal of words which cost them nothing, but are not capable of advancing the object they profess to have at heart, by submitting to the smallest personal privation. If I wish seriously to exterminate an evil, I begin by examining how far I am myself, in any way whatever, an accomplice in the extension of its baleful influence. My reform commences at home. How can I unblushingly declaim against thieves, while I am a receiver of stolen goods? How can I seriously call myself an enemy to slavery, while I indulge in the luxuries that slavery acquires? How can the consumer of sugar pretend to throw on the grower of it the exclusive burden of their participated criminality? How can he wash his hands, and say with Pilate: "*I am innocent of this blood, see ye to it!*"

Sir Telegraph poured some cream into his unsweetened tea, drank it, and said nothing. Mr. Forester proceeded:

If every individual in this kingdom, who is truly and con-

scientiously an enemy to the slave-trade, would subject himself to so very trivial a privation as abstinence from colonial produce, I consider that a mortal blow would be immediately struck at the roots of that iniquitous system.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—If every individual enemy to the slave-trade would follow your example, the object would no doubt be much advanced; but the practice of one individual more or less, has little or no influence on general society: most of us go on with the tide, and the dread of the single word *quiz* has more influence in keeping the greater part of us within the pale of custom, fashion, and precedent, than all the moral reasonings and declamations in the world will ever have in persuading us to break through it. As to the diffusion of liberty, and the general happiness of mankind, which used to be your favourite topics when we were at college together, I should have thought your subsequent experience would have shown you that there is not one person in ten thousand who knows what liberty means, or cares a single straw for any happiness but his own——

Mr. Forester.—Which his own miserable selfishness must estrange from him for ever. He whose heart has never glowed with a generous resolution, who has never felt the conscious triumph of a disinterested sacrifice, who has never sympathized with human joys or sorrows, but when they have had a direct and palpable reference to himself, can never be acquainted with even the semblance of happiness. His utmost enjoyment must be many degrees inferior to that of a pig, inasmuch as the sordid mire of selfish and brutal stupidity is more defiling to the soul, than any coacervation of mere material mud can possibly be to the body. The latter may be cleared away with two or three ablutions, but the former cleaves and accumulates into a mass of impenetrable corruption, that bids defiance to the united powers of Hercules and Alpheus.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Be that as it may, every man will continue to follow his own fancy. The world is bad enough, I dare say; but it is not for you or me to mend it.

Mr. Forester.—There is the key-stone of the evil—mistrust of the influence of individual example. "We are bad ourselves, because we despair of the goodness of others." * Yet

* *Coleridge's "Friend."*

the history of the world abounds with sudden and extraordinary revolutions in the opinions of mankind, which have been effected by single enthusiasts.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Speculative opinions have been sometimes changed by the efforts of roaring fanatics. Men have been found very easily permutable into *ites* and *onians*, *avians*, and *arians*, Wesleyites or Whitfieldites, Huntingdonians or Muggletonians, Moravians, Trinitarians, Unitarians, Anythingarians: but the metamorphosis only affects a few obscure notions concerning types, symbols, and mysteries, which have scarcely any effect on moral theory, and of course, *à fortiori*, none whatever on moral practice: the latter is for the most part governed by the general habits and manners of the society we live in. One man may twang responses in concert with the parish clerk; another may sit silent in a Quakers' meeting, waiting for the inspiration of the Spirit; a third may groan and howl in a tabernacle; a fourth may breakfast, dine, and sup in a Sandemonian chapel: but meet any of the four in the common intercourse of society, you will scarcely know one from another. The single adage, *Charity begins at home*, will furnish a complete key to the souls of all four: for I have found, as far as my observation has extended, that men carry their religion * in other men's heads, and their morality in their own pockets.

* "There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their religion. There be of Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant and implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled and of so many peddling accounts, that, of all mysteries, he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain would he have the name to be religious: fain would he bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he, therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole management of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody, and, indeed, makes the very person of that man his religion, esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say, his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and

Mr. Forester.—I think it will be found that individual example has in many instances produced great moral effects on the practice of society. Even if it were otherwise, is it not better to be Abdiel among the fiends, than to be lost and confounded in the legion of imps grovelling in the train of the evil power?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—There is something in that.

Mr. Forester.—To borrow an allegory from Homer: I would say society is composed of two urns, one of good, and one of evil. I will suppose, that every individual of the human species receives from his natal genius a little phial, containing one drop of a fluid, which shall be evil, if poured into the urn of evil, and good if into that of good. If you were proceeding to the station of the urns with ten thousand persons, every one of them predetermined to empty his phial into the urn of evil, which I fear is too true a picture of the practice of society, should you consider their example, if you were hemmed in in the centre of them, a sufficient excuse for not breaking from them, and approaching the neglected urn? Would you say, "The urn of good will derive little increase from my solitary drop, and one more less will make very little difference in the urn of ill: I will spare myself trouble, do as the world does, and let the urn of good take its chance, from those who can approach it with less difficulty?" No: you would rather say, "That neglected urn contains the hopes of the human species: little, indeed, is the addition I can make to it, but it will be good as far as it goes;" and if, on approaching the urn, you should find it not so empty as you had anticipated, if the genius appointed to guard it should say to you, "There is enough in this urn already to allow a reasonable expectation that it will one day be full, and yet it has only accumulated drop by drop through the efforts of individuals, who broke through the pale and pressure of the multitude, and did not despair of human virtue;" would you not feel ten thousand times repaid for the difficulties you had overcome, and the scoffs of the fools and slaves you had

after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brewage, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind *entertainer in the* shop, trading all day without his *religion."—MILTON'S Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

abandoned, by the single reflection that would then rush upon your mind, *I am one of these?*

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Gad, very likely: I never considered the subject in that light. You have made no allowance for the mixture of good and evil, which I think the fairest state of the case. It seems to me, that the world always goes on pretty much in one way. People eat, drink, and sleep, make merry with their friends, get as much money as they can, marry when they can afford it, take care of their children because they are their own, are thought well of while they live in proportion to the depth of their purse, and when they die, are sure of as good a character on their tombstones as the bellman and stonemason can afford for their money.

Mr. Forester.—Such is the multitude; but there are noble exceptions to this general littleness.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Now and then an original genius strikes out of the common track; but there are two ways of doing that—into a worse as well as a better.

Mr. Forester.—There are some assuredly, who strike into a better, and these are the ornaments of their age, and the lights of the world. You must admit too, that there are many, who, though without energy or capacity to lead, have yet virtue enough to follow an illustrious example.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—One or two.

Mr. Forester.—In every mode of human action there are two ways to be pursued—a good and a bad one. It is the duty of every man to ascertain the former, as clearly as his capacity will admit, by an accurate examination of general relations; and to act upon it rigidly, without regard to his own previous habits, or the common practice of the world.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—And you infer from all this, that it is my duty to drink my tea without sugar.

Mr. Forester.—I infer, that it is the duty of every one, thoroughly penetrated with the iniquity of the slave-trade, to abstain entirely from the use of colonial produce.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I may do that, without any great effort of virtue. I find the difference in this instance, more trivial than I could have supposed. In fact, I never thought of it before.

Mr. Forester.—I hope I shall before long have the pleasure of enrolling you a member of the Anti-saccharine Society, which I have had the happiness to organize, and which is

daily extending its numbers. Some of its principal members will shortly pay a visit to Redrose Abbey; and I purpose giving a festival, to which I shall invite all that is respectable and intelligent in this part of the country, and in which I intend to demonstrate practically, that a very elegant and luxurious entertainment may be prepared without employing a single particle of that abominable ingredient, and theoretically, that the use of sugar is economically superfluous, physically pernicious, morally atrocious, and politically abominable.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I shall be happy to join the party, and I may possibly bring with me one or two inside passengers, who will prove both ornamental and attractive to your festival. But you promised me an account of Sir Oran

CHAPTER VI.

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON.

Mr. Forester.—Sir Oran Haut-ton was caught very young in the woods of Angola.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Caught!

Mr. Forester.—Very young. He is a specimen of the natural and original man—the wild man of the woods; called in the language of the more civilized and sophisticated natives of Angola, *Pongo*, and in that of the Indians of South America, *Oran Outang*.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—The devil he is!

Mr. Forester.—Positively. Some presumptuous naturalists have refused his species the honours of humanity; but the most enlightened and illustrious philosophers agree in considering him in his true light as the natural and original man.*

* "I think I have established his humanity by proof that ought to satisfy every one who gives credit to human testimony."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 40.

"I have brought myself to a perfect conviction that the oran outang is a human creature as much as any of us."—*Ibid.*

"Nihil humani ei deesse diceres præter loquelam."—BONTIUS.

"The fact truly is, that the man is easily distinguishable in him; nor are there any differences betwixt him and us, but what may be

One French philosopher, indeed, has been guilty of an inaccuracy, in considering him as a degenerated man;* degenerated he cannot be; as his prodigious physical strength, his uninterrupted health, and his amiable simplicity of manners demonstrate. He is, as I have said, a specimen of the natural and original man—a genuine fac-simile of the philosophical Adam.

He was caught by an intelligent negro very young, in the woods of Angola; and his gentleness and sweet temper†

accounted for in so satisfactory a manner that it would be extraordinary and unnatural if they were not to be found. His body, which is of the same shape as ours, is bigger and stronger than ours, . . . according to that general law of nature above observed (*that all animals thrive best in their natural state*). His mind is such as that of a man must be, uncultivated by arts and sciences, and living wild in the woods. . . . . One thing, at least, is certain: that if ever men were in that state which I call natural, it must have been in such a country and climate as Africa, where they could live without art upon the natural fruits of the earth. 'Such countries,' Linnæus says, 'are the native country of man; there he lives naturally; in other countries, *non nisi coactè*, that is, by force of art.' If this be so, then the short history of man is, that the race, having begun in those fine climates, and having, as is natural, multiplied there so much that the spontaneous productions of the earth could not support them, they migrated into other countries, where they were obliged to invent arts for their subsistence; and with such arts, language, in process of time, would necessarily come. . . . . That my facts and arguments are so convincing as to leave no doubt of the humanity of the oran outang, I will not take upon me to say; but thus much I will venture to affirm, that I have said enough to make the philosopher consider it as problematical, and a subject deserving to be inquired into. *For, as to the vulgar, I can never expect that they should acknowledge any relation to those inhabitants of the woods of Angola;* but that they should continue, through a false pride, to think highly derogatory from human nature what the philosopher, on the contrary, will think the greatest praise of man, that from the savage state in which the oran outang is, he should, by his own sagacity and industry, have arrived at the state in which we now see him."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 5.

* "L'Oran Outang, ou l'homme des bois, est un être particulier à la zone torride de notre hémisphère: le Pline de la nation qui l'a rangé dans la classe de singes ne me paroît pas conséquent; car il résulte des principaux traits de sa description que c'est un homme dégénère."—*Philosophie de la Nature.*

† "The dispositions and affections of his mind are mild, gentle, and humane."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

"The oran outang whom Buffon himself saw was of a sweet temper."—*Ibid.*

winning the hearts of the negro and negress, they brought him up in their cottage as the playfellow of their little boys and girls, where, with the exception of speech, he acquired the practice of such of the simpler arts of life as the degree of civilization in that part of Africa admits. In this way he lived till he was about seventeen years of age——

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—By his own reckoning?

Mr. Forester.—By analogical computation. At this period, my old friend Captain Hawltaught of the Tornado frigate, being driven by stress of weather to the coast of Angola, was so much struck with the contemplative cast of Sir Oran's countenance,* that he offered the negro an irresistible bribe to surrender him to his possession. The negro brought him on board, and took an opportunity to leave him slily, but with infinite reluctance and sympathetic grief. When the ship weighed anchor, and Sir Oran found himself separated from the friends of his youth, and surrounded with strange faces, he wept bitterly,† and fell into such deep grief that his life was despaired of.‡ The surgeon of the ship did

* "But though I hold the oran outang to be of our species, it must not be supposed that I think the monkey or ape, with or without a tail, participates of our nature: on the contrary, I maintain that, however much his form may resemble man's, yet he is, as Linnæus says, of the Troglodyte, *nec nostri generis nec sanguinis*. For as the mind, or internal principle, is the chief part of every animal, it is by it principally that the ancients have distinguished the several species. Now, it is laid down by Mr. Buffon, and I believe it to be a fact that cannot be contested, that neither monkey, ape, nor baboon, have anything mild or gentle, tractable or docile, benevolent or humane in their dispositions; but, on the contrary, are malicious and untractable, to be governed only by force and fear, and without any *gravity or composure in their gait or behaviour, such as the oran outang has.*"—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

† "He is capable of the greatest affection, not only to his brother oran outangs, but to such among us as use him kindly. And it is a fact well attested to me by a gentleman who was an eye-witness of it, that an oran outang on board his ship conceived such an affection for the cook, that when upon some occasion he left the ship to go ashore, the gentleman saw the oran outang shed tears in great abundance."—*Ibid.* book ii. chap. 4.

‡ "One of them was taken, and brought with some negro slaves to the capital of the kingdom of Malemba. He was a young one, but six feet and a half tall. Before he came to this city he had been kept some months in company with the negro slaves, and during that time was tame and gentle, and took his victuals very quietly; but when he was brought into the town, such crowds of people came

what he could for him; and a much better doctor, Time, completed his cure. By degrees a very warm friendship for my friend Captain Hawltaught extinguished his recollection of his negro friends. Three years they cruised together in the Tornado, when a dangerous wound compelled the old captain to renounce his darling element, and lay himself up in ordinary for the rest of his days. He retired on his half-pay and the produce of his prize-money to a little village in the West of England, where he employed himself very assiduously in planting cabbages and watching the changes of the wind. Mr. Oran, as he was then called, was his inseparable companion, and became a very expert practical gardener. The old captain used to observe, he could always say he had an honest man in his house, which was more than could be said of many honourable houses where there was much vapouring about honour.

Mr. Oran had long before shown a taste for music, and, with some little instruction from a marine officer in the Tornado, had become a proficient on the flute and French horn.* He could never be brought to understand the notes; but, from hearing any simple tune played or sung two or three times, he never failed to perform it with great exactness and brilliancy of execution. I shall merely observe, *en passant*,

about him to gaze at him, that he could not bear it, but grew sullen, abstained from food, and died in four or five days."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

* "He has the capacity of being a musician, and has actually learned to play upon the pipe and harp: a fact attested, not by a commom traveller, but by a man of science, Mr. Peiresc, and who relates it, not as a hearsay, but as a fact consisting with his own knowledge. And this is the more to be attended to, as it shows that the oran outang has a perception of numbers, measure, and melody, which has always been accounted peculiar to our species. But the learning to speak, as well as the learning music, must depend upon particular circumstances; and men living as the oran outangs do, upon the natural fruits of the earth, with few or no arts, are not in a situation that is proper for the invention of language. The oran outangs who played upon the pipe had certainly not invented this art in the woods, but they had learned it from the negroes or the Europeans; and that they had not at the same time learned to speak, may be accounted for in one or other of two ways: either the same pains had not been taken to teach them articulation; or, secondly, music is more natural to man, and more easily acquired than speech."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 5.

nsic appears, from this and several similar circum-
to be more natural to man than speech. The old
was fond of his bottle of wine after dinner, and his
grog at night. Mr. Oran was easily brought to sym-
in this taste;* and they have many times sat up to-
ıalf the night over a flowing bowl, the old captain
Rule Britannia, True Courage, or Tom Tough, and Sir
companying him on the French horn.
ng a summer tour in Devonshire, I called on my old
Captain Hawltaught, and was introduced to Mr. Oran.
'ho have not forgotten my old speculations on the
nd progress of man, may judge of my delight at this
'encontre. I exerted all the eloquence I was master of
ıade Captain Hawltaught to resign him to me, that I
give him a philosophical education.† Finding this
nattainable, I took a house in the neighbourhood, and
rcourse which ensued was equally beneficial and agree-
all three.
'elegraph Paxarett.—And what part did you take in
ıcturnal concerts, with Tom Tough and the French

Forester.—I was seldom present at them, and often
rated, but ineffectually, with the captain, on his cor-
the amiable simplicity of the natural man by this
ıus celebration of vinous and spirituous orgies; but
y answer I could ever get from him was a hearty damn
all water-drinkers, accompanied with a reflection that
sure every enemy to wine and grog must have clapped
he hatches of his conscience on some secret villany,
ıe feared good liquor would pipe ahoy: and he usually

s animaux," dit M. de la Brosse, "ont l'instinct de s'asseoir
omme les hommes; ils mangent de tout sans distinction;
rvent du couteau, de la cuiller, et de la fourchette, pour
et couper ce qu'on sert sur l'assiette: *ils boivent du vin et
liqueurs:* nous les portâmes à bord; quand ils étoient à table
iisoient entendre des mousses lorsqu'ils avoient besoin de
chose."—BUFFON.

I can believe the newspapers, there was an oran outang of
t kind, that was some time ago shipped aboard a French
lia ship. I hope he has had a safe voyage to Europe, and
education will be taken care of."—*Ancien Metaphysics*, vol.
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concluded by striking up *Nothing like Grog, Saturday Night*, or *Swing the flowing Bowl*, his friend Oran's horn ringing in sympathetic symphony.

The old captain used to say that grog was the elixir of life; but it did not prove so to him; for one night he tossed off his last bumper, sung his last stave, and heard the last flourish of his Oran's horn. I thought poor Oran would have broken his heart; and, had he not been familiarized to me, and conceived a very lively friendship for me before the death of his old friend, I fear the consequences would have been fatal.

Considering that change of scene would divert his melancholy, I took him with me to London. The theatres delighted him, particularly the opera, which not only accorded admirably with his taste for music, but where, as he looked round on the ornaments of the fashionable world, he seemed to be particularly comfortable, and to feel himself completely at home.

There is, to a stranger, something ludicrous in a first view of his countenance, which led me to introduce him only into the best society, where politeness would act as a preventive to the propensity to laugh; for he has so nice a sense of honour (which I shall observe, by the way, is peculiar to man), that if he were to be treated with any kind of contumely, he would infallibly die of a broken heart, as has been seen in some of his species.* With a view of ensuring him the respect of society which always attends on rank and fortune, I have purchased him a baronetcy, and made over to him an estate. I have also purchased of the Duke of Rottenburgh one half of the elective franchise vested in the body of Mr. Christopher Corporate, the free, fat, and dependent burgess of the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote, who returns two members to Parliament, one of whom will shortly be Sir Oran. (*Sir Telegraph gave a long whistle*) But before taking this important step, I am desirous that he should *finish his education*. (*Sir Telegraph whistled again.*) I mean to say that I wish, if possible, to put a few words into his mouth, which I have hitherto found impracticable, though I do not entirely despair of ultimate success. But this circum-

* Origin and Progress of Language, book ii. chap. 4.

stance, for reasons which I will give you by-and-by, does not at all militate against the proofs of his being a man.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—If he be but half a man, he will be the fitter representative of half an elector; for as that "large body corporate of one," the free, fat, and dependent burgess of Onevote returns two members to the honourable house, Sir Oran can only be considered as the representative of half of him. But, seriously, is not your principal object an irresistible exposure of the universality and omnipotence of corruption by purchasing for an oran outang one of those seats, the sale of which is unblushingly acknowledged to be *as notorious as the sun at noon-day?* or do you really think him *one of us?*

Mr. Forester.—I really think him a variety of the human species; and this is a point which I have it much at heart to establish in the acknowledgment of the civilized world.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Buffon, whom I dip into now and then in the winter, ranks him, with Linnæus, in the class of *Simiæ.*

Mr. Forester.—Linnæus has given him the curious denominations of *Troglodytes, Homo nocturnus,* and *Homo silvestris:* but he evidently thought him a man; he describes him as having a hissing speech, thinking, reasoning, believing that the earth was made for him, and that he will one day be its sovereign.*

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—God save King Oran! By-the-by, you put me very much in mind of Valentine and Orson. This wild man of yours will turn out some day to be the son of a king, lost in the woods, and suckled by a lioness:—"No waiter, but a knight templar:"—no Oran, but a true prince.

Mr. Forester.—As to Buffon, it is astonishing how that great naturalist could have placed him among the *singes,* when the very words of his description give him all the characteristics of human nature.† It is still more curious to

* "Homo nocturnus, Troglodytes, Silvestris, orang outang Bontii. Corpus album, incessu erectum. . . . . Loquitur sibilo, cogitat, ratiocinatur, credit sui causâ factam tellurem, se aliquando iterum fore imperantem."—LINNÆUS.

† "Il n'a point de queue: ses bras, ses mains, ses doigts, ses ongles, sont pareils aux nôtres: il marche toujours debout: il a des traits approchans de ceux de l'homme, des oreilles de la même forme,

think that modern travellers should have made beasts, under the names of Pongos, Mandrills, and Oran Outangs, of the very same beings whom the ancients worshipped as divinities under the names of Fauns and Satyrs, Silenus and Pan.*

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des cheveux sur la tête, de la barbe au menton, et du poil ni plus ni moins que l'homme en a dans l'etat de nature. Aussi les habitans de son pays, les Indiens policés, n'ont pas hésité de l'associer à l'espèce humaine, par le nom d'oran outang, *homme sauvage*. Si l'on ne faisoit attention qu'à la figure, on pourroit regarder l'oran outang comme le premier des singes ou le dernier des hommes, parce qu'à l'exception de l'ame, il ne lui manque rien de tout ce que nous avons, et parce qu'il diffère moins de l'homme pour le corps qu'il ne diffère des autres animaux auxquels on a donné le même nom de singe.—S'il y avoit un degré par lequel on pût descendre à la nature humaine à celle des animaux, si l'essence de cette nature consistoit en entier dans la forme du corps et dependoit de son organisation, l'oran outang se trouveroit plus près de l'homme que d'aucun animal : assis au second rang des êtres, s'il ne pouvoit commander en premier, il feroit au moins sentir aux autres sa supériorité, et s'efforceroit à ne pas obéir : si l'imitation qui semble copier de si près la pensée en étoit le vrai signe ou l'un des résultats, il se trouveroit encore à une plus grande distance des animaux et plus voisin de l'homme."—BUFFON.

"On est tout étonné, d'après tous ces aveux, que M. de Buffon ne fasse de l'oran outang qu'une espèce de magot, essentiellement circonscrit dans les bornes de l'animalité : il falloit, ou infirmer les rélations des voyageurs, ou s'en tenir à leurs résultats.—Quand on lit dans ce naturaliste, l'histoire du Nègre blanc, on voit que ce bipède diffère de nous bien plus que l'oran outang, soit par l'organisation, soit par l'intelligence, et cependant on ne balance pas à le mettre dans la classe des hommes."—*Philosophie de la Nature*.

* "Les jugemens precipités, et qui ne sont point le fruit d'une raison éclairée, sont sujets à donner dans l'excès. Nos voyageurs font sans façon des bêtes, sous les noms de pongos, de mandrills, d'oran outangs, de ces mêmes êtres, dont, sous le nom de satyres, de faunes, de sylvains, les anciens faisoient des divinités. Peut-être, après des recherches plus exactes, trouvera-t-on que ce sont des hommes."—ROUSSEAU, *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, note 8.

"Il est presque demontré que les faunes, les satyres, les sylvains, les ægipans, et toute cette foule de demi-dieux, difformes et libertins, à qui les filles des Phocion et des Paul Emile s'avisèrent de rendre hommage, ne furent dans l'origine que des oran outangs. Dans la suite, les poetes chargèrent le portrait de l'homme des bois, en lui donnant des pieds de chèvre, une queue et des cornes ; mais le type primordial resta, et le philosophe l'apperçoit dans les monumens les plus défigurés par l'imagination d'Ovide et le ciseau de Phidias. Les anciens, très embarrassés de trouver la filiation de leurs sylvains, et de leurs satyres, se tirèrent d'affaire en leur donnant des dieux pour pères : les dieux étoient d'un grand secours aux philosophes des tems reculés, pour résoudre les problèmes d'histoire naturelle ; ils leur

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Your Oran rises rapidly in the scale of being:—from a baronet and M.P. to a king of the world, and now to a god of the woods.

Mr. Forester.—When I was in London last winter, I became acquainted with a learned mythologist, who has long laboured to rebuild the fallen temple of Jupiter. I introduced him to Sir Oran, for whom he immediately conceived a high veneration, and would never call him by any name but Pan. His usual salutation to him was in the following words:

> Ελθε, μακαρ, σκιρτητα, φιλενθεος, αντροδιαιτε,
> Ἁρμονιην κοσμοιο κρεκων φιλοπαιγμονι μολπῃ,
> Κοσμοκρατωρ, βακχευτα!*

Which he thus translated:

> King of the world! enthusiast free,
> Who dwell'st in caves of liberty!
> And on thy wild pipe's notes of glee
> Respondest Nature's harmony!
> Leading beneath the spreading tree
> The Bacchanalian revelry!

"This," said he, "is part of the Orphic invocation of Pan. It alludes to the happy existence of the dancing Pans, Fauns, Orans, *et id genus omne*, whose dwellings are the caves of rocks and the hollows of trees, such as undoubtedly was, or would have been, the natural mode of life of our friend Pan among the woods of Angola. It alludes, too, to their musical powers, which in our friend Pan it gives me indescribable pleasure to find so happily exemplified. The epithet *Bacchic*, our friend Pan's attachment to the bottle demonstrates to be very appropriate; and the epithet κοσμοκρατωρ, king of the world, points out a striking similarity between the Orphic Pan and the Troglodyte of Linnæus, *who believes that the earth was made for him, and that he will again be its sovereign.*" He laid great stress on the word AGAIN, and observed, if he were to develop all the ideas to which this word gave rise in his mind, he should find ample matter for a volume. Then

servoient comme les cycles et les épicycles dans le système planétaire de Ptolomée: avec des cycles et des dieux on répond à tout, quoiqu'on ne satisfasse personne."—*Philosophie de la Nature.*

* Orphica, Hymn. XI. (X. *Gesn*).

[illegible] and *iterum fore* [illegible] be [illegible] by saying he had known many profound philosophical and mythological systems founded on much slighter analogies.

Sir Humphrey Davenport.—Your learned mythologist appears to be a [illegible].

Mr. Forester.—By no means. He has a system of his own, which only appears in the present day more absurd than other systems, because it has fewer followers. The manner in which the spirit of system twists everything to its own purpose is truly wonderful. I believe that in every nation of the earth the system which has most followers will be found the most absurd in the eye of an enlightened philosophy.

Sir Humphrey Davenport.—But if your Oran be a man, how is it that his long intercourse with other varieties of the human species has not taught him to speak?

Mr. Forester.—Speech is a highly artificial faculty. Civilized man is a highly artificial animal. The change from the wild to the civilized state, affects not only his moral, but his physical nature, and this not rapidly and instantly, but in a long process of generations. The same change is obvious in domestic animals, and in cultivated plants. You know not where to look for the origin of the common dog, or the common [illegible]. The wild and tame hog, and the wild and tame cat are marked by more essential differences than the oran and the civilized man. The origin of corn is as much a mystery to us as the source of the Nile was to the ancients. Innumerable flowers have been so changed from their original simplicity, that the art of horticulture may almost lay claim to the origin of a new creation. Is it then wonderful that the civilized man should have acquired some physical faculties which the natural man has not? It is demonstrable that speech is one. I do not, however, despair of seeing him make some progress in this art. Comparative anatomy shows that he has all the organs of articulation. Indeed he has, in every essential particular, the human form, and the human anatomy. *Nay, I do truly believe that Jacko, an animal who walks upright—is of the human form, both outside and inside—uses a weapon for defence and attack—associates with his kind—makes huts to defend himself from the weather, better I believe than those of the New Hollanders—is tame and gentle—and instead of killing men and women, as he could easily do, takes them prisoners and makes*

servants of them—who has, what I think essential to the human kind, a sense of honour; which is shown by breaking his heart, if laughed at, or made a show, or treated with any kind of contumely—*who, when he is brought into the company of civilized men, behaves* (as you have seen) *with dignity and composure, altogether unlike a monkey; from whom he differs likewise in this material respect, that he is capable of great attachment to particular persons, of which the monkey is altogether incapable; and also in this respect, that a monkey never can be so tamed that we may depend on his not doing mischief when left alone, by breaking glasses or china within his reach; whereas the oran outang is altogether harmless;—who has so much of the docility of a man that he learns not only to do the common offices of life, but also to play on the flute* and French horn; *which shows that he must have an idea of melody and concord of sounds, which no brute animal has;—and lastly, if joined to all these qualities he has the organ of pronunciation, and consequently the capacity of speech, though not the actual use of it; if, I say, such an animal be not a man, I should desire to know in what the essence of a man consists, and what it is that distinguishes a natural man from the man of art.** That he understands many words, though he does not yet speak any, I think

* The words in italics are from the ancient metaphysics, vol. iii. pp. 41, 42. Lord Monboddo adds: "I hold it to be impossible to convince any philosopher, or any man of common sense, who has bestowed any time to consider the mechanism of speech, that such various actions and configurations of the organs of speech as are necessary for articulation can be natural to man. Whoever thinks this possible, should go and see, as I have done, Mr. Braidwood of Edinburgh, or the Abbé de l'Epé in Paris, teach the dumb to speak; and when he has observed all the different actions of the organs, which those professors are obliged to mark distinctly to their pupils with a great deal of pains and labour, so far from thinking articulation natural to man, he will rather wonder how, by any teaching or imitation, he should attain to the ready performance of such various and complicated operations."

"Quoique l'organe de la parole soit naturel à l'homme, la parole ellemême ne lui est pourtant pas naturelle."—ROUSSEAU, *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, note 8.

"The oran outang, so accurately dissected by Tisson, had exactly the same organs of voice that a man has."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 44.

"I have been told that the oran outang who is to be seen in Sir Ashton Lever's collection, had learned before he died to articulate some words."—*Ibid.* p. 40.

you may have observed, when you asked him to take wine, and invited him to fish and partridge.*

Sir Georgiana Fairfax.—The gestures, however slight, that accompany the expression of the ordinary forms of intercourse, may possibly escape him.

Mr. Fairfax.—You will find that he understands many things addressed to him in sentences of very infrequent occurrence. *With respect to his moral character, he is so decidedly a man, and a man of better mien than many that are to be found in civilized society.*† As, when you are better acquainted with him, I feel very confident you will readily acknowledge.

Sir Georgiana Fairfax.—I shall be very happy, when his

* "I desire my philosopher to tell me the specific difference between an orang outang strong in mind, and behaving as M. de la Brosse or Buffon himself has described him, and one of your dumb persons: and in general I believe it will be very difficult, or rather impossible, for a man who is accustomed to divide things according to specific marks, to perceive nice differences. To draw the line betwixt the orang outang and the dumb persons among us: they have both their organs of pronunciation, and both show signs of intelligence by their actions." — *Locke's Conduct of Understanding*, book iii. chap. 4.

† [illegible] p. 50.

‡ "Que n'a-t-on pas écrit sur les sauvages, dont nous ne connoissons que les noms, et nous nous mettons de juger le genre humain! Supposons un homme-nature, un Buffon, un Helvétius, un Duclos, un Rousseau, un homme de les hommes de cette trempe, voyageant pour instruire nous contemporains, observant et décrivant comme ils savent le faire, la Turquie, l'Egypte, la Barbarie, l'Empire de Maroc, la Guinée, le pays des Cafres, l'intérieur de l'Afrique et ses côtes orientales, les Malaisies, le Mogol, les rives du Gange, les royaumes de Siam, de Pégu, de Tonkin, de Chine, la Tartarie, et sur-tout le Japon, pays dans lequel le Mexique, le Pérou, le Chili, les Terres Magellaniques, sans oublier les Patagons vrais ou faux, le Tucuman, le Paraguay, [illegible] possible, le Brésil, enfin les Caraïbes, la Floride et toutes les nations sauvages, voyage le plus important de tous, et celui qu'on voudroit faire avec le plus de soin; supposons que ces nouveaux Hérodotes, de retour de ces courses mémorables, fissent voir l'histoire naturelle, morale, et politique de ce qu'ils auroient vus, nous verrions nécessairement sortir un monde nouveau de dessous leur plume, et nous apprendrions ainsi à connoître le nôtre: je dis que quand de pareils observateurs affirmeront d'un tel animal que c'est un homme, et d'un autre que c'est une bête, il faudra les en croire: mais je serois une grande simplicité de s'en rapporter là-dessus à des voyageurs grossiers, sur lesquels on seroit quelquefois tenté de faire la même question qu'ils se mêlent de résoudre sur d'autres animaux." — ROUSSEAU, *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, note 8.

election comes on for Onevote, to drive him down in my barouche to the honourable and ancient borough.

Mr. Forester promised to avail himself of this proposal; when the iron tongue of midnight tolling twelve induced them to separate for the night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION.

THE next morning, while Sir Telegraph, Sir Oran, and Mr. Forester were sitting down to their breakfast, a post-chaise rattled up to the door; the glass was let down, and a tall, thin, pale, grave-looking personage peeped from the aperture. "This is Mr. Fax," said Mr. Forester, "the champion of calm reason, the indefatigable explorer of the cold clear springs of knowledge, the bearer of the torch of dispassionate truth, that gives more light than warmth. He looks on the human world, the world of mind, the conflict of interests, the collision of feelings, the infinitely diversified developments of energy and intelligence, as a mathematician looks on his diagrams, or a mechanist on his wheels and pulleys, as if they were foreign to his own nature, and were nothing more than subjects of curious speculation."

Mr. Forester had not time to say more; for Mr. Fax entered, and shook hands with him, was introduced in due form to Sir Telegraph, and sat down to assist in the demolition of the *matériel* of breakfast.

Mr. Fax.—Your Redrose Abbey is a beautiful metamorphosis.—I can scarcely believe that these are the mouldering walls of the pious fraternity of Rednose, which I contemplated two years ago.

Mr. Forester.—The picturesque tourists will owe me no good-will for the metamorphosis, though I have endeavoured to leave them as much mould, mildew, and weather-stain as possible.

Mr. Fax.—The exterior has suffered little; it still retains a truly venerable monastic character.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Something monastic in the interior too.—Very orthodox old wine in the cellar, I can tell you. And the Reverend Father Abbot there, as determined a bachelor as the Pope.

Mr. Forester.—If I am so, it is because, like the Squire of Dames, I seek and cannot find. I see in my mind's eye the woman I would choose, but I very much fear that is the only mode of optics in which she will ever be visible.

Mr. Fax.—No matter. Bachelors and spinsters I decidedly venerate. The world is overstocked with featherless bipeds. More men than corn is a fearful pre-eminence, the sole and fruitful cause of penury, disease, and war, plague, pestilence, and famine.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I hope you will not long have cause to venerate me. What is life without love? A rose-bush in winter, all thorns, and no flowers.

Mr. Fax.—And what is it with love? A double-blossomed cherry, flowers without fruit; if the blossoms last a month, it is as much as can be expected: they fall, and what comes in their place? Vanity, and vexation of spirit.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Better vexation, than stagnation: marriage may often be a stormy lake, but celibacy is almost always a muddy horsepond.

Mr. Fax.—Rather a calm clear river——

Mr. Forester.—Flowing through a desert, where it moves in loneliness, and reflects no forms of beauty.

Mr. Fax.—That is not the way to consider the case. Feelings and poetical images are equally out of place in a calm philosophical view of human society. Some must marry, that the world may be peopled: many must abstain, that it may not be overstocked. *Little and good*, is very applicable in this case. It is better that the world should have a smaller number of peaceable and rational inhabitants, living in universal harmony and social intercourse, than the disproportionate mass of fools, slaves, coxcombs, thieves, rascals, liars, and cut-throats, with which its surface is at present encumbered. It is in vain to declaim about the preponderance of physical and moral evil, and attribute it, with the Manicheans, to a mythological principle, or, with some modern philosophers, to the physical constitution of the globe. The cause of all the evils of human society is single, obvious, reducible to the most exact mathematical

calculation; and of course susceptible not only of remedy but even of utter annihilation. The cause is the tendency of population to increase beyond the means of subsistence. The remedy is an universal social compact, binding both sexes to equally rigid celibacy, till the prospect of maintaining the average number of six children be as clear as the arithmetic of futurity can make it.

Mr. Forester.—The arithmetic of futurity has been found in a more than equal number of instances to baffle human skill. The rapid and sudden mutations of fortune are the inexhaustible theme of history, poetry, and romance; and they are found in forms as various and surprising, in the scenes of daily life, as on the stage of Drury Lane.

Mr. Fax.—That the best prospects are often overshadowed, is most certainly true; but there are degrees and modes of well-grounded reliance on futurity, sufficient to justify the enterprises of prudence, and equally well-grounded prospiciencies of hopelessness and helplessness, that should check the steps of rashness and passion, in their headlong progress to perdition.

Mr. Forester.—You have little cause to complain of the present age. It is calculating enough to gratify the most determined votary of moral and political arithmetic. This certainly is not the time,

When unrevenged stalks Cocker's injured ghost.

What is friendship—except in some most rare and miraculous instances—but the fictitious bond of interest, or the heartless intercourse of idleness and vanity? What is love, but the most venal of all venal commodities? What is marriage, but the most sordid of bargains, the most cold and slavish of all the forms of commerce? We want no philosophical ice-rock, towed into the Dead Sea of modern society, to freeze that which is too cold already. We want rather the torch of Prometheus to revivify our frozen spirits. We are a degenerate race, half-reasoning developments of the principle of infinite littleness, "with hearts in our bodies no bigger than pins' heads." We are in no danger of forgetting that two and two make four. There is no fear that the warm impulses of feeling will ever overpower, with us, the tangible eloquence of the pocket.

Mr. Fax.—With relation to the middle and higher classes, you are right in a great measure as to fact, but wrong, as I think, in the severity of your censure. But among the lower orders the case is quite different. The baleful influence of the poor laws has utterly destroyed the principle of calculation in them. They marry by wholesale, without scruple or compunction, and commit the future care of their family to Providence and the overseer. They marry even in the workhouse, and convert the intended asylum of age and infirmity into a flourishing manufactory of young beggars and vagabonds.

Sir Telegraph's barouche rolled up gracefully to the door. Mr. Forester pressed him to stay another day, but Sir Telegraph's plea of urgency was not to be overcome. He promised very shortly to revisit Redrose Abbey, shook hands with Mr. Forester and Sir Oran, bowed politely to Mr. Fax, mounted his box, and disappeared among the trees.

"Those four horses," said Mr. Fax, as the carriage rolled away, "consume the subsistence of eight human beings, for the foolish amusement of one. As Solomon observes: 'This is vanity and a great evil.'"

"Sir Telegraph is thoughtless," said Mr. Forester, "but he has a good heart and a good natural capacity. I have great hopes of him. He had some learning, when he went to college; but he was cured of it before he came away. Great, indeed, must be the zeal for improvement which an academical education cannot extinguish."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

SIR TELEGRAPH was welcomed to Melincourt in due form by Mr. Hippy, and in a private interview with the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, was exhorted to persevere in his suit to Anthelia, though she could not flatter him with very strong hopes of immediate success, the young lady's notions being, as she observed, extremely outré and fantastical, but such as she had no doubt time and expe-

rience would cure. She informed him at the same time, that he would shortly meet a formidable rival, no less a personage than Lord Anophel Achthar,* son and heir of the Marquis of Agaric,† who was somewhat in favour with Mr. Hippy, and seemed determined at all hazards to carry his point; "and with any other girl than Anthelia," said Mrs. Pinmoney, "considering his title and fortune, I should pronounce his success infallible, unless a duke were to make his appearance." She added, "The young lord would be accompanied by his tutor, the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, and by a celebrated poet, Mr. Feathernest, to whom the Marquis had recently given a place in exchange for his conscience. It was thought by Mr. Feathernest's friends that he had made a very good bargain. The poet had, in consequence, burned his old 'Odes to Truth and Liberty,' and had published a volume of Panegyrical Addresses 'to all the crowned heads in Europe,' with the motto, 'Whatever is at court, is right.'"

The dinner-party that day at Melincourt Castle consisted of Mr. Hippy, in the character of lord of the mansion; Anthelia, in that of his inmate; Mrs. and Miss Pinmoney, as her visitors; and Sir Telegraph, as the visitor of Mrs. Pinmoney, seconded by Mr. Hippy's invitation to stay. Nothing very luminous passed on this occasion.

The fame of Mr. Hippy, and his hospitable office, was rapidly diffused by Dr. Killquick, the physician of the district; who thought a draught or pill could not possibly be efficacious, unless administered with an anecdote, and who was called in, in a very few hours after Mr. Hippy's arrival, to cure the hypochondriacal old gentleman of an imaginary swelling in his elbow. The learned doctor, who had studied with peculiar care the symptoms, diagnostics, prognostics, sedatives, lenitives, and sanatives of hypochondriasis, had arrived at the sagacious conclusion, that the most effectual method of curing an imaginary disease was to give the patient a real one; and he accordingly sent Mr. Hippy a pint bottle of mixture, to be taken by a tablespoonful every two hours, which would have infallibly accomplished the purpose, but that the bottle was cracked over the head of Harry Fell, for

* ΑΝΩΦΕΛον ΑΧΘος ΑΡουρας. *Terræ pondus inutile.*

† AGARICUS, in Botany, a genus of plants of the class Cryptogamia, comprehending the mushroom, and a copious variety of toadstools.

treading on his master's toe, as he presented the composing potion, which would perhaps have composed him in the Roman sense.

The fashionable attractions of Low Wood and Keswick afforded facilities to some of Anthelia's lovers to effect a *logement* in her neighbourhood; from whence occasionally riding over to Melincourt Castle, they were hospitably received by the lord seneschal, Humphrey Hippy, Esquire, who often made them fixed stars in the circumference of that jovial system, of which the bottle and glasses are the sun and planets, till it was too late to dislodge for the night; by which means they sometimes contrived to pass several days together at the Castle.

The gentlemen in question were Lord Anophel Achthar, with his two parasites, Mr. Feathernest and the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub; Harum O'Scarum, Esquire, the sole proprietor of a vast tract of undrained bog in the county of Kerry; and Mr. Derrydown, the only son of an old lady in London, who having in vain solicited a visit from Anthelia, had sent off her hopeful progeny to try his fortune in Westmoreland. Mr. Derrydown had received a laborious education, and had consumed a great quantity of midnight oil, over ponderous tomes of ancient and modern learning, particularly of moral, political, and metaphysical philosophy, ancient and modern. His lucubrations in the latter branch of science having conducted him, as he conceived, into the central opacity of utter darkness, he formed a hasty conclusion "that all human learning is vanity;" and one day, in a listless mood, taking down a volume of the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," he found, or fancied he found, in the plain language of the old English ballad, glimpses of the truth of things, which he had vainly sought in the vast volumes of philosophical disquisition. In consequence of this luminous discovery, he locked up his library, purchased a travelling chariot, with a shelf in the back, which he filled with collections of ballads and popular songs; and passed the greater part of every year in posting about the country, for the purpose, as he expressed it, of studying together poetry and the peasantry, unsophisticated nature and the truth of things.

Mr. Hippy introduced Lord Anophel, and his two learned friends, to Sir Telegraph, and Mrs. and Miss Pinmoney. Mr.

Feathernest whispered to the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, "This Sir Telegraph Paxarett has some good livings in his gift;" which bent the plump figure of the reverend gentleman into a very orthodox right angle.

Anthelia, who felt no inclination to show particular favour to any one of her Strephons, was not sorry to escape the evil of a solitary persecutor, more especially as they so far resembled the suitors of Penelope, as to eat and drink together with great cordiality. She could have wished, when she left them to the congenial society of Bacchus, to have retired to company more congenial to her, than that of Mrs. Pinmoney and Miss Danaretta; but she submitted to the course of necessity with the best possible grace.

She explicitly made known to all her suitors her ideas on the subject of marriage. She had never perverted the simplicity of her mind by indulging in the usual cant of young ladies, that she should prefer a single life: but she assured them that the spirit of the age of chivalry, manifested in the forms of modern life, would constitute the only character on which she could fix her affections.

Lord Anophel was puzzled, and applied for information to his tutor. "Grovelgrub," said he, "what is the spirit of the age of chivalry?"

"Really, my lord," said the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, "my studies never lay that way."

"True," said Lord Anophel; "it was not necessary to your degree."

His lordship's next recourse was to Mr. Feathernest. "Feathernest, what is the spirit of the age of chivalry?"

Mr. Feathernest was taken by surprise. Since his profitable metamorphosis into an *ami du prince*, he had never dreamed of such a question. It burst upon him like the spectre of his youthful integrity, and he mumbled a half-intelligible reply about truth and liberty—disinterested benevolence—self-oblivion—heroic devotion to love and honour—protection of the feeble, and subversion of tyranny.

"All the ingredients of a rank Jacobin, Feathernest, 'pon honour!" exclaimed his lordship.

There was something in the word Jacobin very grating to the ears of Mr. Feathernest, and he feared he had thrown himself between the horns of a dilemma; but from all such predicaments he was happily provided with an infallible

means of extrication. His friend Mr. Mystic, of Cimmerian Lodge, had initiated him in some of the mysteries of the transcendental philosophy, which on this, as on all similar occasions, he called in to his assistance; and overwhelmed his lordship with a volley of ponderous jargon, which left him in profound astonishment at the depth of Mr. Featherneat's knowledge.

"The spirit of the age of chivalry!" soliloquized Mr. O'Searum: "I think I know what that is: I'll shoot all my rivals, one after another, as fast as I can find a decent pretext for picking a quarrel. I'll write to my friend Major O'Dogskin to come to Low Wood Inn, and hold himself in readiness. He is the neatest hand in Ireland at delivering a challenge."

"The spirit of the age of chivalry!" soliloquized Mr. Derrydown: "I think I am at home there. I will be a knight of the round table. I will be Sir Lancelot, or Sir Gawaine, or Sir Tristram. No: I will be a troubadour—a love-lorn minstrel. I will write the most irresistible ballads in praise of the beautiful Anthelia. She shall be my lady of the lake. We will sail about Ullswater in our pinnace, and sing duets about Merlin, and King Arthur, and Fairyland. I will develop the idea to her in a ballad: it cannot fail to fascinate her romantic spirit." And down he sat to put his scheme in execution.

Sir Telegraph's head ran on tilts and tournaments, and trials of skill and courage. How could they be resolved into the forms of modern life! A four-in-hand race he thought would be a pretty substitute: Anthelia to be arbitress of the contest, and place the Olympic wreath on the head of the victor, which he had no doubt would be himself, though Harum O'Searum, Esquire, would dash through neck or nothing, and Lord Ancphel Achthar was reckoned one of the best coachmen in England.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BALLADS.

ery indifferent success of Lord Anophel did not
ape the eye of his abject slave, the Reverend Mr.
ovelgrub, whose vanity led him to misinterpret
general sweetness of manner into the manifestation
ng like a predilection for himself. Having made
e discovery, he sate down to calculate the proba-
is chance of Miss Melincourt's fortune on the one
the certainty of church-preferment, through the
of the Marquis of Agaric, on the other. The saga-
tion, that a bird in the hand was worth two in the
mined him not to risk the loss of the Marquis's
the open pursuit of a doubtful success; but he re-
arry on a secret attack on the affections of Anthelia,
throw off the mask to Lord Anophel till he could
of his prize.

d have totally disconcerted the schemes of the
e Mrs. Pinmoney, if Lord Anophel had made any
the favour of Anthelia—not only because she had
er mind that her young friend should be her niece
Paxarett, but because, from the moment of Lord
appearance, she determined on drawing lines of
ation round him, to compel him to surrender at
to her dear Danaretta, who was very willing to
views. That Lord Anophel was both a fool and
, did not strike her at all as an objection; on the
she considered them as very favourable circum-
the facilitation of her design.

nelia usually passed the morning in the seclusion
ary, Lord Anophel and the Reverend Mr. Grovel-
l the time in shooting; Sir Telegraph, in driving
Miss Pinmoney in his barouche, to astonish the
the mountain-villages; Harum O'Scarum, Esquire,
ull gallop along the best roads, looking every now
at his watch, to see how time went; Mr. Derry-
omposing his troubadour ballad; Mr. Feathernest,
odes to all the crowned heads in Europe; and Mr.

Hippy, in getting very ill after breakfast every day of a new disease, which came to its climax at the intermediate point of time between breakfast and dinner, showed symptoms of great amendment at the ringing of the first dinner-bell, was very much alleviated at the butler's summons, vanished entirely at the sight of Anthelia, and was consigned to utter oblivion after the ladies retired from table, when the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub lent his clerical assistance to lay its ghost in the Red Sea of a copious libation of claret.

Music and conversation consumed the evenings. Mr. Feathernest and Mr. Derrydown were both zealous admirers of old English literature; but the former was chiefly enraptured with the ecclesiastical writers and the translation of the Bible; the latter admired nothing but ballads, which he maintained to be, whether ancient or modern, the only manifestations of feeling and thought containing any vestige of truth and nature.

"Surely," said Mr. Feathernest one evening, "you will not maintain that Chevy Chase is a finer poem than Paradise Lost?"

Mr. Derrydown.—I do not know what you mean by a fine poem; but I will maintain that it gives a much deeper insight into the truth of things.

Mr. Feathernest.—I do not know what you mean by the truth of things.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Define, gentlemen, define: let the one explain what he means by a fine poem, and the other what he means by the truth of things.

Mr. Feathernest.—A fine poem is a luminous development of the complicated machinery of action and passion, exalted by sublimity, softened by pathos, irradiated with scenes of magnificence, figures of loveliness and characters of energy, and harmonized with infinite variety of melodious combination.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Admirable!

Miss Donaretta Constantina Pinmoney.—Admirable, indeed, my lord! (*With a sweet smile at his lordship, which unluckily missed fire.*)

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Now, Sir, for the truth of things.

Mr. O'Scarum.—Troth, Sir, that is the last point about which I should expect a gentleman of your cloth to be very solicitous.

ev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—I must say, Sir, that is a very -for and very illiberal observation.

'Scarum.—Your coat is your protection, Sir.

ev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—I will appeal to his lordship

'Scarum.—I shall be glad to know his lordship's

Anophel Achthar.—Really, Sir, I have no opinion on ect.

'Scarum.—I am sorry for it, my lord.

errydown.—The truth of things is nothing more than view of the necessary relations between object and in all the modes of reflection and sentiment which e the reciprocities of human association.

ev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—I must confess I do not exactly end——

Derrydown.—I will illustrate. You all know the f Old Robin Gray.

ng Jamie loved me well, and asked me for his bride ;
saving a crown, he had nothing else beside.
ake the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea,
the crown and the pound they were both for me.

ad not been gone a twelvemonth and a day,
n my father broke his arm, and our cow was stolen away ;
mother she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
old Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

equence whereof, as you all very well know, old being rich, the damsel married the aforesaid old

ev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—In the heterodox kirk of the

Derrydown.—Precisely. Now, in this short space, e a more profound view than the deepest metaphysitise or the most elaborate history can give you of nteracting power of opposite affections, the conflict of nd inclinations, the omnipotence of interest, tried by ; of extremity, and the supreme and irresistible n of universal moral necessity.

ng Jamie loved me well, and ask'd me for his bride ;

uld have had her, it is clear, though she does not ex-

plicitly say so, if there had not been a necessary moral motive counteracting what would have been otherwise the plain free will of both. "Young Jamie loved me well." She does not say that she loved young Jamie; and here is a striking illustration of that female decorum which forbids young ladies to speak as they think on any subject whatever: an admirable political institution, which has been found by experience to be most happily conducive to that ingenuousnes of mind and simplicity of manner which constitute so striking a charm in the generality of the fair sex.

But saving a crown, he had nothing else beside.

Here is the quintessence of all that has been said and written on the subject of love and prudence, a decisive refutation of the stoical doctrine that poverty is no evil, a very clear and deep insight into the nature of the preventive or prudential check to population, and a particularly luminous view of the respective conduct of the two sexes on similar occasions. The poor love-stricken swain, it seems, is ready to sacrifice all for love. He comes with a crown in his pocket, and asks for his bride. The damsel is a better arithmetician. She is fully impressed with the truth of the old proverb about poverty coming in at the door, and immediately stops him short, with "What can you settle on me, Master Jamie?" or, as Captain Bobadil would express it, "How much money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?" Poor Jamie looks very foolish—fumbles in his pocket—produces his crown-piece—and answers like Master Matthew, with a remarkable elongation of visage, "'Faith, I ha'n't past a five shillings or so." "Then," says the young lady, in the words of another very admirable ballad—where you will observe it is also the damsel who asks the question:

Will the love that you're so rich in,
Make a fire in the kitchen?

On which the poor lover shakes his head, and the lady gives him leave of absence. Hereupon Jamie falls into a train of reflections.

Mr. O'Scarum.—Never mind his reflections.

Mr. Derrydown.—The result of which is, that he goes to seek his fortune at sea; intending, with the most perfect and

disinterested affection, to give all he can get to his mistress, who seems much pleased with the idea of having it. But when he comes back, as you will see in the sequel, he finds his mistress married to a rich old man. The detail of the circumstances abounds with vast and luminous views of human nature and society, and striking illustrations of the truth of things.

Mr. Feathernest.—I do not yet see that the illustration throws any light on the definition, or that we are at all advanced in the answer to the question concerning Chevy Chase and Paradise Lost.

Mr. Derrydown.—We will examine Chevy Chase, then, with a view to the truth of things, instead of Old Robin Gray:

> God prosper long our noble king,
> Our lives and safeties all.

Mr. O'Scarum.—God prosper us all, indeed! if you are going through Chevy Chase at the same rate as you were through Old Robin Gray, there is an end of us all for a month. The truth of things, now!—is it that you're looking for? Ask Miss Melincourt to touch the harp. The harp is the great key to the truth of things: and in the hand of Miss Melincourt it will teach you the music of the spheres, the concord of creation, and the harmony of the universe.

Anthelia.—You are a libeller of our sex, Mr. Derrydown, if you think the truth of things consists in showing it to be more governed by the meanest species of self-interest than yours. Few, indeed, are the individuals of either in whom the spirit of the age of chivalry survives.

Mr. Derrydown.—And yet, a man distinguished by that spirit would not be in society what Miss Melincourt is—a phœnix. Many knights can wield the sword of Orlando, but only one nymph can wear the girdle of Florimel.

The Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—That would be a very pretty compliment, Mr. Derrydown, if there were no other ladies in the room.

Poor Mr. Derrydown looked a little disconcerted: he felt conscious that he had on this occasion lost sight of his usual politeness by too close an adherence to the truth of things.

Anthelia.—Both sexes, I am afraid, are too much influenced by the spirit of mercenary calculation. The desire of competence is prudence; but the desire of more than competence

is avarice: it is against the latter only that moral censure should be directed: but I fear that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in which the course of true love is thwarted by considerations of fortune, it will be found that avarice rather than prudence is to be considered as the cause. Love in the age of chivalry, and love in the age of commerce, are certainly two very different deities; so much so, that the former may almost be regarded as a departed power; and, perhaps, the little ballad I am about to sing does not contain too severe an allegory in placing the tomb of chivalric love among the ruins of the castles of romance.

THE TOMB OF LOVE.

By the mossy weed-flowr'd column,
  Where the setting moonbeam's glance
Streams a radiance cold and solemn
  On the haunts of old romance:
Know'st thou what those shafts betoken,
  Scatter'd on that tablet lone,
Where the ivory bow lies broken
  By the monumental stone!

When true knighthood's shield, neglected,
  Moulder'd in the empty hall;
When the charms that shield protected
  Slept in death's eternal thrall;
When chivalric glory perish'd
  Like the pageant of a dream,
Love in vain its memory cherish'd,
  Fired in vain the minstrel's theme.

Falsehood to an elfish minion
  Did the form of Love impart;
Cunning plumed its vampire pinion;
  Avarice tipp'd its golden dart.
Love, the hideous phantom flying,
  Hither came, no more to rove:
There his broken bow is lying
  On that stone—the tomb of Love!

CHAPTER X.

THE TORRENT.

NTHELIA did not wish to condemn herself to celibacy, but in none of her present suitors could she discover any trace of the character she had drawn in her mind e companion of her life: yet she was aware of the rashness cipitate judgments, and willing to avail herself of this tunity of studying the kind of beings that constitute n society. She was happy in the long interval between fast and dinner, to retire to the seclusion of her favourite nent; whence she sometimes wandered into the shades r shrubbery: sometimes passing onward through a little n door, she descended a flight of rugged steps, which een cut in the solid stone, into the gloomy glen of the t that dashed round the base of the castle rock; and ing a lonely path through the woods that fringed its wandered into the deepest recesses of mountain solitude. unshine of a fine autumnal day, the solemn beauty of ding woods, the thin gray mist, that spread waveless he mountains, the silence of the air, the deep stillness of e, broken only by the sound of the eternal streams, ed her on one occasion beyond her usual limits.

sing over the steep and wood-fringed hills of rock that d the boundary of the valley of Melincourt, she de- ed through a grove of pines, into a romantic chasm, a foaming stream was crossed by a rude and ancient e, consisting of two distinct parts, each of which rested st a columnar rock, that formed an island in the roaring s. An ash had fixed its roots in the fissures of the and the knotted base of its aged trunk offered to the nger a natural seat, over-canopied with its beautiful hes, and leaves, now tinged with their autumnal yellow. elia rested awhile in this delightful solitude. There was eath of wind, no song of birds, no humming of insects, the dashing of the waters beneath. She felt the presence e genius of the scene. She sat absorbed in a train ntemplations, dimly defined, but infinitely delightful: ions rather than thoughts, which attention would have ly dissipated, if it had paused to seize their images.

She was roused from her reverie by sounds of music, issuing from the grove of pines, through which she had just passed, and which skirted the hollow. The notes were wild and irregular, but their effect was singular and pleasing. They ceased. Anthelia looked to the spot from whence they had proceeded, and saw, or thought she saw, a face peeping at her through the trees; but the glimpse was momentary. There was in the expression of the countenance something so extraordinary, that she almost felt convinced her imagination had created it; yet her imagination was not in the habit of creating such physiognomies. She could not, however, apprehend that this remarkable vision portended any evil to her; for, if so, alone and defenceless as she was, why should it be deferred? She rose, therefore, to pursue her walk, and ascended, by a narrow winding path, the brow of a lofty hill, which sunk precipitously on the other side, to the margin of a lake, that seemed to slumber in the same eternal stillness as the rocks that bordered it. The murmur of the torrent was inaudible at that elevation. There was an almost oppressive silence in the air. The motion and life of nature seemed suspended. The gray mist that hung on the mountains spreading its thin transparent uniform veil over the whole surrounding scene, gave a deeper impression to the mystery of loneliness, the predominant feeling that pressed on the mind of Anthelia, to seem the only thing that lived and moved in all that wide and awful scene of beauty.

Suddenly the gray mist fled before the rising wind, and a deep black line of clouds appeared in the west, that rising rapidly, volume on volume, obscured in a few minutes the whole face of the heavens. There was no interval of preparation, no notice for retreat. The rain burst down in a sheeted cataract, comparable only to the bursting of a water-spout. The sides of the mountains gleamed at once with a thousand torrents. Every little hollow and rain-worn channel, which but a few minutes before was dry, became instantaneously the bed of a foaming stream. Every half-visible rivulet swelled to a powerful and turbid river. Anthelia glided down the hill like an Oread, but the wet and slippery footing of the steep descent necessarily retarded her progress. When she regained the bridge, the swollen torrent had filled the chasm beneath, and was still rising like a rapid and impetuous tide, rushing and roaring along with boiling tumult and

inconceivable swiftness. She had passed one half of the bridge —she had gained the insular rock—a few steps would have placed her on the other side of the chasm—when a large trunk of an oak, which months, perhaps years, before had baffled the woodman's skill, and fallen into the dingle above, now disengaged by the flood, and hurled onward with irresistible strength, with large and projecting boughs towering high above the surface, struck the arch she had yet to pass, which, shattered into instant ruin, seemed to melt like snow into the torrent, leaving scarcely a vestige of its place.

Anthelia followed the trunk with her eyes till it disappeared among the rocks, and stood gazing on the torrent with feelings of awful delight. The contemplation of the mighty energies of nature, energies of liberty and power which nothing could resist or impede, absorbed, for a time, all considerations of the difficulty of regaining her home. The water continued to rise, but still she stood rivetted to the spot, watching with breathless interest its tumultuous revolutions. She dreamed not, that its increasing pressure was mining the foundation of the arch she had passed. She was roused from her reverie only by the sound of its dissolution. She looked back, and found herself on the solitary rock insulated by the swelling flood.

Would the flood rise above the level of the rock? The ash must in that case be her refuge. Could the force of the torrent rend its massy roots from the rocky fissures which grasped them with giant strength? Nothing could seem less likely: yet it was not impossible. But she had always looked with calmness on the course of necessity: she felt that she was always in the order of nature. Though her life had been a series of uniform prosperity, she had considered deeply the changes of things, and *the nearness of the paths of night and day** in every pursuit and circumstance of human life. She sate on the stem of the ash. The torrent rolled almost at her feet. Could this be the calm sweet scene of the morning, the ivied bridges, the romantic chasm, the stream far below, bright in its bed of rocks, chequered by the pale sunbeams through the leaves of the ash?

She looked towards the pine-grove, through which she had descended in the morning; she thought of the wild music she had heard, and of the strange face that had appeared

* Εγγυς γαρ νυκτος τε και ηματος εισι κελευθοι.

among the trees. Suddenly it appeared again: and shortly after a stranger issuing from the wood, ran with surprising speed to the edge of the chasm.

Anthelia had never seen so singular a physiognomy; but there was nothing in it to cause alarm. The stranger seemed interested for her situation, and made gestures expressive of a design to assist her. He paused a moment, as if measuring with his eyes the breadth of the chasm, and then, returning to the grove, proceeded very deliberately to pull up a pine.* Anthelia thought him mad; but infinite was her astonishment to see the tree sway and bend beneath the efforts of his incredible strength, till at length he tore it from the soil, and bore it on his shoulders to the chasm: where placing one end on a high point of the bank, and lowering the other on the insulated rock, he ran like a flash of lightning along the stem, caught Anthelia in his arms, and carried her safely over in an instant: not that we should wish the reader to suppose our heroine, a mountaineer from her infancy, could not have crossed a pine-bridge without such assistance; but the stranger gave her no time to try the experiment.

The remarkable physiognomy and unparalleled strength of the stranger caused much of surprise, and something of apprehension to mingle with Anthelia's gratitude: but the air of high fashion which characterized his whole deportment, diminished her apprehension, while it increased her surprise at the exploit he had performed.

Shouts were now heard in the wood, from which shortly emerged Mr. Hippy, Lord Anophel Achthar, and the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub. Anthelia had been missed at Melincourt at the commencement of the storm, and Mr. Hippy had been half distracted on the occasion. The whole party had in consequence dispersed in various directions in search of her, and accident had directed these three gentlemen to the spot where Anthelia was just set down by her polite deliverer, Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet.

Mr. Hippy ran up with great alacrity to Anthelia, assuring

* "Ils sont si robustes, dit le traducteur de l'Histoire des Voyages, que dix hommes ne suffiroient pas pour les arrêter."—ROUSSEAU.

"The oran outang is prodigiously strong."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iv. p. 51; vol. v. p. 4.

"I have heard the natives say, he can throw down a palm-tree, by his amazing strength, to come at the wine."—*Letter of a Bristol Merchant in a note to the Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap 4.

her that at the time when Miss Danaretta Constantina Pinmoney informed him his dear niece was missing, he was suffering under a complete paralysis of his right leg, and was on the point of swallowing a potion sent to him by Dr. Killquick, which, on receiving the alarming intelligence, he had thrown out of the window, and he believed it had alighted on the doctor's head as he was crossing the court. Anthelia communicated to him the particulars of the signal service she had received from the stranger, whom Mr. Hippy stared at heartily, and shook hands with cordially.

Lord Anophel now came up, and surveyed Sir Oran through his quizzing-glass, who making him a polite bow, took his quizzing-glass from him, and examined him through it in the same manner. Lord Anophel flew into a furious passion; but receiving a gentle hint from Mr. Hippy, that the gentleman to whom he was talking had just pulled up a pine, he deemed it prudent to restrain his anger within due bounds.

The Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub now rolled up to the party, muffled in a ponderous greatcoat, and surmounted with an enormous umbrella, humbly soliciting Miss Melincourt to take shelter. Anthelia assured him that she was so completely wet through, as to render all shelter superfluous, till she could change her clothes. On this, Mr. Hippy, who was wet through himself, but had not till that moment been aware that he was so, voted for returning to Melincourt with all possible expedition; adding, that he feared it would be necessary, immediately on their arrival, to send off an express for Dr. Killquick, for his dear Anthelia's sake, as well as his own. Anthelia disclaimed any intention or necessity on her part of calling in the services of the learned doctor, and, turning to Sir Oran, requested the favour of his company to dinner at Melincourt. This invitation was warmly seconded by Mr. Hippy, with gestures as well as words. Sir Oran bowed acknowledgment, but pointing in a direction different from that of Melincourt, shook his head, and took a respectful farewell.

"I wonder who he is," said Mr. Hippy, as they walked rapidly homewards: "manifestly dumb, poor fellow! a man of consequence, no doubt: no great beauty, by-the-by; but as strong as Hercules—quite an Orlando Furioso. He pulled up a pine, my lord, as you would a mushroom."

"Sir," said Lord Anophel, "I have nothing to do with

mushrooms; and as to this gentleman, whoever he is, say, notwithstanding his fashionable air, his taking n zing-glass was a piece of impertinence, for which I sl necessitated to require gentlemanly satisfaction."

A long, toilsome, and slippery walk brought the p the castle-gate.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON, as we conjecture, had t very long ramble beyond the limits of Redrose and had sat down in the pine-grove to solace with his flute, when Anthelia, bursting upon him like tiful vision, rivetted him in silent admiration to t whence she departed, about which he lingered in hope re-appearance, till the accident which occurred on her enabled him to exert his extraordinary physical streng manner so remarkably advantageous to her. On parti her and her companions, he ran back all the way Abbey, a formidable distance, and relieved the anxi prehensions which his friend Mr. Forester entertained ing him.

A few mornings after this occurrence, as Mr. Forest Fax, and Sir Oran were sitting at breakfast, a lett brought in, addressed to *Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet,* . *Abbey;* a circumstance which very much surprise Forester, as he could not imagine how Sir Oran had ol a correspondent, seeing that he could neither write no He accordingly took the liberty of opening the letter hi

It proved to be from a limb of the law, signing l Richard Ratstail, and purporting to be a notice to Sir C defend himself in an action brought against him by th Richard Ratstail, solicitor, in behalf of his client, La Litigate, Esquire, lord of the manor of Muckwormsl that he, the said Oran Haut-ton, did, with force and videlicet, sword, pistols, daggers, bludgeons, and staves, into the manor of the said Lawrence Litigate, Esquir did then and there, with malice aforethought, and a

eace of our sovereign lord the King, his crown and dig-
cut down, root up, hew, hack, and cut in pieces, sundry
everal pine-trees, of various sizes and dimensions, to the
ruin, havoc, waste, and devastation of a large tract of
land; and that he had wilfully, maliciously, and with
t to injure the said Lawrence Litigate, Esquire, carried
ith force and arms, namely, swords, pistols, bludgeons,
rs, and staves, fifty cartloads of trunks, fifty cartloads of
fifty cartloads of loppings, and fifty cartloads of toppings.
is was a complete enigma to Mr. Forester; and his sur-
was increased when, on reading further, he found that
Melincourt, of Melincourt Castle, was implicated in the
, as having aided and abetted Sir Oran in devastating
ine-grove, and carrying it off by cart-loads with force
rms.

immediately occurred to him that the best mode he could
of elucidating the mystery would be to call on Miss
court, whom, besides, Sir Telegraph's enthusiastic de-
ion had given him some curiosity to see; and the present
ed a favourable opportunity to indulge it.

therefore asked Mr. Fax if he were disposed for a very
alk. Mr. Fax expressed a cordial assent to the proposal,
o time was lost in preparation.

. Forester, though he had built stables for the accom-
tion of his occasional visitors, kept no horses himself, for
s which will appear hereafter.

ey set forth accordingly, accompanied by Sir Oran, who
l them without waiting for an invitation.

Ve shall see Sir Telegraph Paxarett," said Mr. Forester,
, perhaps, his phœnix, Miss Melincourt."

. *Fax.*—If a woman be the object, and a lover's eyes the
m, I should say there is nothing in nature so easily
as a phœnix.

. *Forester.*—My eyes have no such magical property. I
a lover, it is true, but it is because I have never found
nix.

. *Fax.*—But you have one in your mind, a *beau idéal*, I
not.

. *Forester.*—Not too ideal to exclude the possible ex-
e of its material archetype, though I have never found

. *Fax.*—You will, however, find a female who has some

one at least of the qualities of your imaginary damsel, and that one quality will serve as a peg on which your imagination will suspend all the others. This is the usual process of mental hallucination. A little truth forms the basis, and the whole superstructure is falsehood.

Mr. Forester.—I shall guard carefully against such self-deception; though, perhaps, a beautiful chimera is better than either a hideous reality or a vast and formless void.

Mr. Fax.—As an instrument of transitory pleasure, probably; but very far from it as a means of permanent happiness, which is only consistent with perfect mental tranquillity, which again is only consistent with the calm and dispassionate contemplation of truth.

Mr. Forester.—What say you, then, to the sentiment of Voltaire?—

> Le raisonneur tristement s'accrédite :
> On court, dit-on, après la vérité,
> Ah ! croyez-moi, l'erreur à son mérite.

Mr. Fax.—You will scarcely coincide with such a sentiment, when you consider how much this doctrine of happy errors, and pleasing illusions, and salutary prejudices, has tended to rivet the chains of superstition on the necks of the grovelling multitude.

Mr. Forester.—And yet, if you take the colouring of imagination from the objects of our mental perception, and pour the full blaze of daylight into all the dark recesses of selfishness and cunning, I am afraid a refined and enthusiastic benevolence will find little to interest or delight in the contemplation of the human world.

Mr. Fax.—That should rather be considered the consequence of morbid feelings, and exaggerated expectations of society and human nature. It is the false colouring in which youthful enthusiasm depicts the scenes of futurity that throws the gloom of disappointment so deeply on their actual presence. You have formed to yourself, as you acknowledge, a visionary model of female perfection, which has rendered you utterly insensible to the real attractions of every woman you have seen. This exaggerated imagination loses more than it gains. It has not made a fair calculation of the mixture of good and evil in every constituent portion of the world of reality. It has utterly excluded the latter from the objects of its hope,

and has magnified the former into such gigantic proportions, that the real goodness and beauty, which would be visible and delightful to simpler optics, vanish into imperceptibility in the infinity of their diminution.

Mr. Forester.—I desire no phantasm of abstract perfection—no visionary creation of a romantic philosophy: I seek no more than I know to have existed—than, I doubt not, does exist, though in such lamentable rarity, that the calculations of probability make the search little better than desperate. I would have a woman that can love and feel poetry, not only in its harmony and decorations, which limit the admiration of ordinary mortals, but in the deep sources of love, and liberty, and truth, which are its only legitimate springs, and without which, well-turned periods and glittering images are nothing more nor less than the vilest and most mischievous tinsel. She should be musical, but she should have music in her soul as well as her fingers: her voice and her touch should have no one point in common with that mechanical squalling and jingling which are commonly dignified with the insulted name of music: they should be modes of the harmony of her mind.

Mr. Fax.—I do not very well understand that; but I think I have a glimpse of your meaning. Pray proceed.

Mr. Forester.—She should have charity—not penny charity—

Mr. Fax.—I hope not.

Mr. Forester.—But a liberal discriminating practical philanthropy, that can select with justice the objects of its kindness, and give that kindness a form of permanence equally delightful and useful to its object and to society, by increasing the aggregate mass of intelligence and happiness.

Mr. Fax.—Go on.

Mr. Forester.—She should have no taste for what are called public pleasures. Her pleasures should be bounded in the circle of her family, and a few, a very few congenial friends, her books, her music, her flowers—she should delight in flowers—the uninterrupted cheerfulness of domestic concord, the delightful effusions of unlimited confidence. The rocks, and woods, and mountains, boundaries of the valley of her dwelling, she should be content to look on as the boundaries of the world.

Mr. Fax.—Anything more?

Mr. Forester.—She should have a clear perception of the beauty of truth. Every species of falsehood, even in sportiveness, should be abhorrent to her. The simplicity of her thoughts should shine through the ingenuousness of her words. Her testimony should convey as irresistible conviction as the voice of the personified nature of things. And this ingenuousness should comprise, in its fullest extent, that perfect conformity of feelings and opinions which ought to be the most common, but is unfortunately the most rare, of the qualities of the female mind.

Mr. Fax.—You say nothing of beauty.

Mr. Forester.—As to what is usually called beauty, mere symmetry of form and features, it would be an object with me in purchasing a statue, but none whatever in choosing a wife. Let her countenance be the mirror of such qualities as I have described, and she cannot be otherwise than beautiful. I think with the Athenians, that beauty and goodness are inseparable. I need not remind you of the perpetual καλος κἀγαθος.

Mr. Fax.—You have said nothing of the principal, and, indeed, almost the only usual consideration in marriage—fortune.

Mr. Forester.—I am rich enough myself to dispense with such considerations. Even were I not so, I doubt if worldly wisdom would ever influence me to bend my knee with the multitude at the shrine of the omnipotence of money. Nothing is more uncertain, more transient, more perishable, than riches. How many prudent marriages of interest and convenience were broken to atoms by the French revolution! Do you think there was one couple, among all those calculating characters, that acted in those trying times like Louvet and his Lodoiska? * But without looking to periods of public convulsion, in no state of society is any individual secure against the changes of fortune. What becomes of those ill-assorted unions, which have no basis but money, when, as is very often the case, the money departs, and the persons remain? The qualities of the heart and of the mind are alone out of the power of accident; and by these, and these only, shall I be guided in the choice of the companion of my life.

* See Louvet's "Récit de mes Périls."

Mr. Fax.—Are there no other indispensable qualities that you have omitted in your enumeration?

Mr. Forester.—None, I think, but such as are implied in those I have mentioned, and must necessarily be co-existent with them: an endearing sensibility, an agreeable cheerfulness, and that serenity of temper which is truly the balm of being, and the absence of which, in the intercourse of domestic life, obliterates all the radiance of beauty, all the splendour of talent, and all the dignity of virtue.

Mr. Fax.—I presume, then, you seriously purpose to marry, when you can find such a woman as this you have described?

Mr. Forester.—Seriously I do.

Mr. Fax.—And not till then?

Mr. Forester.—Certainly not.

Mr. Fax.—Then your present heir presumptive has nothing to fear for his reversion.

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE AND POVERTY.

"WE shall presently," said Mr. Fax, as they pursued their walk, "come in sight of a cottage, which I remarked two years ago: a deplorable habitation! A picture of its exterior and interior suspended in some public place, in every town in the kingdom, with a brief commentary subjoined, would operate *in terrorem* in favour of the best interests of political economy, by placing before the eyes of the rising generation the lamentable consequences of imprudent marriage, and the necessary result of attachment, of which romance is the foundation, and marriage the superstructure, without the only cement which will make it wind and water tight—money."

Mr. Forester.—Nothing but money! The resemblance Guellen found between Macedon and Monmouth, because both began with an M, holds equally true of money and marriage: but there seems to be a much stronger connection in the latter case; for marriage is but a body, of which money is the soul.

Mr. Fox.—It is so. It must be so. The constitution of society imperiously commands it to be so. The world of reality is not the world of romance. When a lover talks of lips of coral, teeth of pearl, tresses of gold, and eyes of diamonds, he knows all the while that he is lying by wholesale; and that no baker in England would give him credit for a penny roll on all this display of his Utopian treasury. All the aerial castles that are founded in the contempt of worldly prudence, have not half the solidity of the cloud-built towers that surround the setting of the autumnal sun.

Mr. Forester.—I maintain, on the contrary, that, *let all possible economies be accumulated on two affectionate and compatible spirits, then will find more true happiness in weeping together than they would have found in all the riches of the world, joined in the disunion of hearts.**

Mr. Fox.—The disunion of hearts is an evil of another kind. It is not a comparison of evils I wish to institute. That two rich people fettered by the indissoluble bond of marriage, and hating each other cordially, are two as miserable animals as any on the face of the earth, is certain; but that two poor ones, let them love each other ever so fondly, starving together in a garret, are therefore in a less positively wretched condition, is an inference which no logic, I think, can bolster. For the picture you must draw in your mind's eye is not that of a neatly-dressed, young, healthy-looking couple, weeping in each other's arms in a clean, however homely cottage, in a fit of tender sympathy; but you must surround them with all the squalid accompaniments of poverty, rags, and famine, the contempt of the world, the dereliction of friends, half a dozen hungry squalling children, all clothed perhaps in the cutting up of an old blanket, duns in presence, bailiffs in prospect, and the long perspective of hopelessness closed by the workhouse or the gaol.

Mr. Forester.—You imagine an extreme case, which something more than the original want of fortune seems requisite to produce.

Mr. Fox.—I have heard you declaim very bitterly against those who maintain the necessary connection between misfortune and imprudence.

Mr. Forester.—Certainly. To assert that the unfortunate must necessarily have been imprudent, is to furnish an excuse

* Rousseau, Emile, liv. 5.

to the cold-hearted and illiberal selfishness of a state of society, which needs no motive superadded to its own miserable narrow-mindedness, to produce the almost total extinction of benevolence and sympathy. Good and evil fortune depend so much on the combinations of external circumstances, that the utmost skill and industry cannot command success; neither is the result of the most imprudent actions always fatal:

> Our indiscretions sometimes serve us well,
> When our deep plots do pall.*

Mr. Fax.—Sometimes, no doubt; but not so often as to equalise the probable results of indiscretion and prudence. "Where there is prudence," says Juvenal, "fortune is powerless;" and this doctrine, though liable to exceptions, is replete with general truth. We have a nice balance to adjust. To check the benevolence of the rich, by persuading them that all misfortune is the result of imprudence, is a great evil; but it would be a much greater evil to persuade the poor, that indiscretion may have a happier result than prudence; for where this appears to be true in one instance, it is manifestly false in a thousand. It is certainly not enough to possess industry and talent; there must be means for exerting them; and in a redundant population these means are often wanting, even to the most skilful and the most industrious: but though calamity sometimes seizes those who use their best efforts to avoid her, yet she seldom disappoints the intentions of those who leap headlong into her arms.

Mr. Forester.—It seems, nevertheless, peculiarly hard, that all the blessings of life should be confined to the rich. If you banish the smiles of love from the cottage of poverty

* "L'issue aucthorise souvent une tres-inepte conduitte. Nostre entremise n'est quasy qu'une routine, et plus communement considerstion d'usage et d'exemple que de raison. . . . . L'heur et le malheur sont à mon gré deux souveraines puissances. C'est imprudence d'estimer que l'humaine prudence puisse remplir le roolle de la fortune. Et vaine est l'entreprinse de celuy qui presume, d'embrasser et causes et consequences, et meiner par la main le progrez de son faict. . . . . Qu'on reguarde qui sont les plus puissans aux villes, et qui font mieulx leurs besongnes, on trouvera ordinairement que ce sont les moins habiles. . . . . Nous attribuons les effects de leur bonne fortune à leur prudence. . . . . Parquoy je dy bien, en toutes façons, que les evenements sont maigres tesmoings de nostre prix et capacite."—MONTAIGNE, liv. iii. chap. 8.

what remains to cheer its dreariness? The poor man has no friends, no amusements, no means of exercising benevolence, nothing to fill up the gloomy and desolate vacancy of his heart, if you banish love from his dwelling. "There is one alone, and there is not a second," says one of the greatest poets and philosophers of antiquity: "there is one alone, and there is not a second: yea he hath neither child nor brother; yet is there no end of all his labour: . . . . . neither saith he, For whom do I labour and bereave my soul of good? . . . . . Two are better than one . . . . . for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up."* Society in poverty is better than solitude in wealth; but solitude and poverty together, it is scarcely in human nature to tolerate.

Mr. Fax.—This, if I remember rightly, is the cottage of which I was speaking.

The cottage was ruined and uninhabited. The roof had fallen in. The garden was choked with weeds. "What," said Mr. Fax, "can have become of its unfortunate inhabitants?"

Mr. Forester.—What were they?

Mr. Fax.—A couple for whom nature had done much, and fortune nothing. I took shelter in their cottage from a passing storm. The picture which you called the imagination of an extreme case, falls short of the reality of what I witnessed here. It was the utmost degree of misery and destitution compatible with the preservation of life. A casual observer might have passed them by, as the most abject of the human race. But their physiognomy showed better things. It was with the utmost difficulty I could extract a word from either of them: but when I at last succeeded I was astonished, in garments so mean and a dwelling so deplorable, to discover feelings so generous and minds so enlightened. The semblance of human sympathy seemed strange to them; little of it as you may suppose could be discovered through my saturnine complexion, and the habitual language of what you call my frosty philosophy. By degrees I engaged their confidence, and he related to me his history, which I will tell you as nearly as I can remember, in his own words.

* Ecclesiastes, chap. iv.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESMOND.

MY name is Desmond. My father was a naval officer, who in the prime of life was compelled by wounds to retire from the service on his half-pay, and a small additional pension. I was his only son, and he submitted to the greatest personal privations, to procure me a liberal education, in the hope that by these means he should live to see me making my way in the world: but he always accompanied his wishes for this consummation, with a hope that I should consider money as a means, and not as an end, and that I should remember the only real treasures of human existence were truth, health, and liberty. You will not wonder, that, with such principles, the father had been twenty years a lieutenant, and that the son was looked on at College as a fellow that would come to nothing.

I profited little at the University, as you will easily suppose. The system of education pursued there, appeared to me the result of a deep-laid conspiracy against the human understanding, a mighty effort of political and ecclesiastical machiavelism, to turn the energies of inquiring minds into channels, where they will either stagnate in disgust, or waste themselves in nugatory labour. To discover or even to illustrate a single moral truth, to shake the empire of a single prejudice, to apply a single blow of the axe of philosophy to the wide-spreading roots of superstition and political imposture, is to render a real service to the best hopes of mankind; but all this is diametrically opposed to the selfish interests of the hired misleaders of society, the chosen few, as they are called, before whom the wretched multitude grovel in the dust as before

> The children of a race,
> Mightier than they, and wiser, and by heaven
> Beloved and favoured more.

Moral science, therefore, moral improvement, the doctrines of benevolence, the amelioration of the general condition of mankind, will not only never form a part of any public institution, for the performance of that ridiculous and mischievous

farce called the *Finishing of Education;* but every art of clerical chicanery and fraudulent misrepresentation will be practised, to render odious the very names of philosophy and philanthropy, and to extinguish, by ridicule and persecution, that enthusiastic love of truth, which never fails to conduct its votaries to conclusions very little compatible with the views of those who have built, or intend to build, their own worldly prosperity, on the foundation of hypocrisy and servility in themselves, and ignorance and credulity in others.

The study of morals and of mind occupied my exclusive attention. I had little taste for the science of lines and numbers, and still less for verbal criticism, the pinnacle of academical glory.

I delighted in the poets of Greece and Rome, but I thought that the *igneus vigor et cœlestis origo* of their conceptions and expressions was often utterly lost sight of, in the microscopic inspection of philological minutiæ. I studied Greek, as the means of understanding Homer and Æschylus: I did not look on them as mere secondary instruments to the attainment of a knowledge of their language. I had no conception of the taste that could prefer Lycophron to Sophocles, because he had the singular advantage of being obscure; and should have been utterly at a loss to account for such a phenomenon, if I had not seen that the whole system of public education was purposely calculated to make inferior minds recoil in disgust and terror from the vestibule of knowledge, and superior minds consume their dangerous energies in the *difficiles nugæ* and *labor inepiarum* of its adytum.

I did not *finish*, as it is called, my college *education*. My father's death compelled me to leave it before the expiration of the usual period, at the end of which the same distinction is conferred on all capacities, by the academical noometry, not of merit but of time. I found myself almost destitute: but I felt the consciousness of talents, that I doubted not would amply provide for me in that great centre of intellect and energy, London. To London I accordingly went, and became a boarder in the humble dwelling of a widow, who maintained herself and an only daughter by the perilous and precarious income derived from lodgers.

My first application was to a bookseller in Bond Street, to whom I offered the copyright of a treatise on the Elements

of Morals. "My dear sir," said he, with an air of supercilious politeness, "only take the trouble of sitting a few hours in my shop, and if you detect any one of my customers in the act of pronouncing the word *morals*, I will give any price you please to name for your copyright." But, glancing over the manuscript, "I perceive," said he, "there are some smart things here; and though they are good for nothing where they are, they would cut a pretty figure in a Review. My friend Mr. Vamp, the editor, is in want of a hand for the moral department of his Review: I will give you a note to him." I thanked him for his kindness, and, furnished with the note, proceeded to the lodgings of Mr. Vamp, whom I found in an elegant first floor, lounging over a large quarto, which he was marking with a pencil. A number of books and pamphlets, and fragments of both curiously cut up, were scattered on the table before him, together with a large pot of paste, and an enormous pair of scissors.

He received me with great hauteur, read the note, and said, "Mr. Foolscap has told you we are in want of a hand, and he thinks you have a turn in the moral line: I shall not be sorry if it prove so, for we have been very ill provided in that way a long while; and though morals are not much in demand among our patrons and customers, and will not do, by any means, for a standing dish, they make, nevertheless, a very pretty seasoning for our politics, in cases where they might otherwise be rather unpalatable and hard of digestion. You see this pile of pamphlets, these volumes of poetry, and this rascally quarto: all these, though under very different titles, and the productions of very different orders of mind, have, either openly or covertly, only one object; and a most impertinent one it is. This object is two-fold: first, to prove the existence, to an immense extent, of what these writers think proper to denominate political corruption; secondly, to convince the public that this corruption ought to be extinguished. Now, we are anxious to do away the effect of all these incendiary clamours. As to the existence of corruption (it is a villanous word, by-the-by—we call it *persuasion in a tangible shape*): as to the existence, then, of *persuasion in a tangible shape*, we do not wish to deny it; on the contrary, we have no hesitation in affirming that it is *as notorious as the sun at noonday:* but as to the inference that it ought to be extinguished—that is the point against which we direct

the full fire of our critical artillery; we maintain that it ought to exist; and here is the leading article of our next number, in which we confound in one mass all these obnoxious publications, putting the weakest at the head of the list, that if any of our readers should feel inclined to judge for themselves (I must do them the credit to say I do not suspect many of them of such a democratical propensity), they may be stopped *in limine*, by finding very little temptation to proceed. The political composition of this article is beautiful: it is the production of a gentleman high in office, who is indebted to *persuasion in a tangible shape*, for his present income of several thousands per annum; but it wants, as I have hinted, a little moral seasoning; and there, as ill-luck will have it, we are all thrown out. We have several reverend gentlemen in our corps, but morals are unluckily quite out of their way. We have, on some occasions, with their assistance, substituted theology for morals: they manage this very cleverly, but I am sorry to say, it only takes among the old women; and though the latter are our best and most numerous customers, yet we have some very obstinate and hard-headed readers who will not, as I have observed, swallow our politics without a little moral seasoning; and, as I told Mr. Foolscap, if we did not contrive to pick up a spice of morals somewhere or other, all the eloquence of *persuasion in a tangible shape* would soon become of little avail. Now, if you will undertake the seasoning of this article in such a manner as to satisfy my employers, I will satisfy you: you understand me."

I observed, that I hoped he would allowed me the free exercise of my own opinion; and that I should wish to season his article in such a manner as to satisfy myself, which I candidly told him would not be in such a manner as seemed likely to satisfy him.

On this he flew into a rage, and vowed vengeance against Mr. Foolscap for having sent him a Jacobin. I strenuously disclaimed this appellation; and being then quite a novice in the world, I actually endeavoured to reason with him, as if the conviction of general right and wrong could have any influence upon him; but he stopped me short, by saying, that till I could reason him out of his pension, I might spare myself the trouble of interfering with his opinions; as the logic from which they were deduced had presented itself to him in a much more *tangible shape* than any abstract notions

of truth and liberty. He had thought, from Mr. Foolscap's letter, that I had a talent for moral theory, and that I was inclined to turn it to account; as for moral practice, he had nothing to do with it, desired to know nothing about it, and wished me a good-morning.

I was not yet discouraged, and made similar applications to the editors and proprietors of several daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications, but I found everywhere the same indifference or aversion to general principles, the same partial and perverted views: everyone was the organ of some division or subdivision of a faction; and had entrenched himself in a narrow circle, within the pale of which all was honour, consistency, integrity, generosity, and justice; while all without it was villany, hypocrisy, selfishness, corruption, and lies. Not being inclined to imprison myself in any one of these magical rings, I found all my interviews terminate like that with Mr. Vamp.

By the advice and introduction of a college acquaintance, I accepted the situation of tutor in the family of Mr. Dross, a wealthy citizen, who had acquired a large fortune by contracts with Government, in the execution of which he had not forgotten to charge for his vote and interest. His conscience, indeed, of all the commodities he dealt in, was that which he had brought to the best market; though, among his more fair dealing, and consequently poorer neighbours, it was thought he had made the ministry pay too dearly for so very rotten an article. They seemed not to be aware that a corrupt administration estimates conscience and Stilton cheese by the same criterion, and that its rottenness was its recommendation.

Mr. Dross was a tun of man, with the soul of a hazel-nut: his wife was a tun of woman, without any soul whatever. The principle that animated her bulk was composed of three ingredients—arrogance, ignorance, and the pride of money. They were, in every sense of the word, what the world calls respectable people.

Mrs. Dross aspired to be *somebody*, aped the nobility, and gave magnificent routs, which were attended by many noble personages, and by all that portion of the fashionable world that will go anywhere for a crowd and a supper.

Their idea of virtue consisted in having no debts, going regularly to church, and feeding the parson; their idea of

charity, in paying the poor-rates, and putting down their names to public subscriptions: and they had a profound contempt for every species of learning, which they associated indissolubly with rags and famine, and with that neglect of the main chance, which they regarded as the most deadly of all deadly sins. But as they had several hopeful children, and as Mrs. Dross found it was fashionable to have a governess and a *tutorer*, they had looked out for two pieces of human furniture under these denominations, and my capricious destiny led me to their splendid dwelling in the latter capacity.

I found the governess, Miss Pliant, very admirably adapted to her situation. She did not presume to have a will of her own. Suspended like Mahomet's coffin between the mistress and the housekeeper, despising the one, and despised by the other, her mind seemed unconscious of its vacancy, and her heart of its loneliness. She had neither feelings nor principles, either of good or ill: perfectly selfish, perfectly cold-hearted, and perfectly obsequious, she was contented with her situation, because it seemed likely to lead to an advantageous establishment; for if ever she thought of marriage, it was only in the light of a system of bargain, in which youth and beauty were very well disposed of when bartered for age and money. She was highly accomplished: a very scientific musician, without any soul in her performance; a most skilful copier of landscapes, without the least taste for the beauties of nature; and a proficient in French grammar, though she had read no book in that language but *Telemaque*, and hated the names of Rousseau and Voltaire, because she had heard them called rascals by her father, who had taken his opinion on trust from the Reverend Mr. Simony, who had never read a page of either of them.

I very soon found that I was regarded as an upper servant —as a person of more pretension, but less utility, than the footman. I was expected to be really more servile, in mind especially. If I presumed to differ in opinion from Mr. or Mrs. Dross, they looked at each other and at me with the most profound astonishment, wondering at so much audacity in one of their moveables. I really envied the footman, living as he did among his equals, where he might have his own opinion, as far as he was capable of forming one, and express it without reserve or fear; while all my thoughts

were to be those of a mirror, and my motions those of an automaton. I soon saw that I had but the choice of alternatives: either to mould myself into a slave, liar, and hypocrite, or to take my leave of Mr. Dross. I therefore embraced the latter, and determined from that moment never again to live under the roof of a superior, if my own dwelling were to be the most humble and abject of human habitations.

I returned to my old lodgings, and, after a short time, procured some employment in the way of copying for a lawyer. My labour was assiduous, and my remuneration scanty; but my habits were simple, my evenings were free, and in the daughter of the widow with whom I lodged I found a congenial mind: a desire for knowledge, an ardent love of truth, and a capacity that made my voluntary office of instruction at once easy and delightful.

The widow died embarrassed; her creditors seized her effects, and her daughter was left destitute. I was her only friend: to every other human being, not only her welfare, but even her existence, were matters of total indifference. The course of necessity seemed to have thrown her on my protection, and if I before loved her, I now regarded her as a precious trust, confided to me by her evil fate. Call it what you may—imprudence, madness, frenzy—we were married.

The lawyer who employed me had chosen his profession very injudiciously, for he was an honest and benevolent man. He interested himself for me, acquainted himself with my circumstances, and without informing me of his motives, increased my remuneration; though, as I afterwards found, he could very ill afford to do so. By this means we lived twelve months in comfort, I may say, considering the simplicity of our habits, in prosperity. The birth of our first child was an accession to our domestic happiness. We had no pleasures beyond the limits of our humble dwelling. Our circumstances and situation were much below the ordinary level of those of well-educated people: we had, therefore, no society, but we were happy in each other: our evenings were consecrated to our favourite authors; and the din of the streets, the tumult of crowds and carriages thronging to parties of pleasure and scenes of public amusement, came to us like the roar of a stormy ocean on which we had neither wish nor power to embark.

One evening we were surprised by an unexpected visitor; it was the lawyer, my employer. "Desmond!" said he, "I am a ruined man. For having been too scrupulous to make beggars of others, I have a fair prospect of becoming one myself. You are shocked and astonished. Do not grieve on my account. I have neither wife nor children. Very trivial and very remediable is the evil that can happen to me. 'The valiant by himself, what can he suffer?' You will think a lawyer has as little business with poetry as he has with justice. Perhaps so. I have been too partial to both."

I was glad to see him so cheerful, and expressed a hope that his affairs would take a better turn than he seemed to expect. "You shall know more," said he, "in a few days; in the meantime, here are the arrears I owe you."

When he came again, he said: "My creditors are neither numerous nor cruel. I have made over to them all my property, but they allow me to retain possession of a small house in Westmoreland, with an annuity for my life, sufficient to maintain me in competence. I could propose a wild scheme to you if I thought you would not be offended."

"That," said I, "I certainly will not, propose what you may."

"Tell me," said he, "which do you think the most useful and uncontaminating implement, the quill or the spade?"

"The spade," said I, "generally speaking, unquestionably: the quill, in some most rare and solitary instances."

"In the hand of Homer and Plutarch, of Seneca and Tacitus, of Shakspeare and Rousseau? I am not speaking of them, or of those who, however humbly, reflect their excellencies. But in the hands of the slaves of commerce, the minions of law, the venal advocates of superstition, the sycophants of corruption, the turnspits of literature, the paragraph-mongers of prostituted journals, the hireling compounders of party-praise and censure, under the name of periodical criticisn, what say you to it?"

"What can I say," said I, "but that it is the curse of society, and the bane of the human mind?"

"And yet," said he, "in some of these ways must you employ it, if you wish to live by it. Literature is not the soil in which truth and liberty can flourish, unless their cultivators be independent of the world. Those who are not so, whatever be the promise of their beginning, will end either

in sycophants or beggars. As mere mechanical instruments, in pursuits unconnected with literature, what say you to the comparison?"

"What Cincinnatus would have said," I answered.

"I am glad," said he, "to hear it. You are not one of the multitude, neither, I believe, am I. I embraced my profession, I assure you, from very disinterested motives. I considered that, the greater the powers of mischief with which that profession is armed, and, I am sorry to add, the practice of mischief in the generality of its professors, the greater might be the scope of philanthropy, in protecting weakness and counteracting oppression. Thus I have passed my life in an attempt to reconcile philanthropy and law. I had property sufficient to enable me to try the experiment. The natural consequence is, my property has vanished. I do not regret it, for I have done some good. But I can do no more. My power is annulled. I must retire from the stage of life. If I retire alone, I must have servants; I had much rather have friends. If you will accompany me to Westmoreland, we will organize a little republic of our own. Your wife shall be our housekeeper. We will cultivate our garden. We shall want little more, and that my annuity will amply supply. We will select a few books, and we will pronounce eternal banishment on pen and ink."

I could not help smiling at the earnestness with which he pronounced the last clause. The change of a lawyer into a Roman republican appeared to me as miraculous as any metamorphosis in Ovid. Not to weary you with details, we carried this scheme into effect, and passed three years of natural and healthy occupation, with perfect simplicity and perfect content. They were the happiest of our lives. But at the end of this period our old friend died. His annuity died with him. He left me his heir, but his habitation and its furniture were all he had to leave. I procured a tenant for the house, and we removed to this even yet more humble dwelling. The difference of the rent, a very trifling sum indeed, constituted our only income. The increase of our family, and the consequent pressure of necessity, compelled us to sell the house. From the same necessity we have become strict Pythagoreans. I do not complain that we live hardly: it is almost wonderful that we live at all. The produce of our little garden preserves us from famine: but this

is all it does. I consider myself a mere rustic, and very willingly engage in agricultural labour, when the neighbouring farmers think proper to employ me: but they feel no deficiency of abler hands. There are more labourers than means of labour. In the cities it is the same. If all the modes of human occupation in this kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, were to require at once a double number of persons, there would not remain one of them twelve hours unfilled.

With what views could I return to London? Of the throng continually pressing onward, to spring into the vacancies of employment, the foremost ranks are unfortunately composed of the selfish, the servile, the intriguing; of those to whose ideas general justice is a chimæra, liberty an empty name, and truth at best a verbal veil for the sycophantic falsehood of a mercenary spirit. To what end could a pupil of the ancient Romans mingle with such a multitude? To cringe, to lie, to flatter! To bow to the insolence of wealth, the superciliousness of rank, the contumely of patronage, that, while it exacts the most abject mental prostration, in return for promises never meant to be performed, despises the servility it fosters, and laughs at the credulity it betrays?

The wheel of fortune is like a water-wheel, and human beings are like the waters it disturbs. Many are thrown into the channels of action, many are thrown back to be lost for ever in the stream. I am one of the latter: but I shall not consider it disgraceful to me that I am so, till I see that candour, simplicity, integrity, and intellectual power, directed by benevolence and liberty, have a better claim to worldly estimation, than either venal talent prostituted to the wages of corruption, or ignorance, meanness, and imbecility, exalted by influence and interest.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COTTAGE.

MR. FAX (*in continuation*).—"I cannot help thinking," said I, when Desmond had done speaking, "that you have formed too hasty an estimate of the world. Mr. 'amp and Mr. Dross are bad specimens of human nature: ut there are many good specimens of it in both those classes f men. The world is, indeed, full of prejudices and superitions, which produce ample profit to their venal advocates, ho consequently want neither the will nor the power to lumniate and persecute the enlightened and the virtuous. he rich, too, are usually arrogant and exacting, and those elings will never perish for want of sycophants to nourish hem. An ardent love of truth and liberty will, therefore, lways prove an almost insuperable barrier to any great degree f worldly advancement. A celebrated divine, who turned is theological morality to very excellent account, and died *bonne odeur*, used to say, *he could not afford to have a conience, for it was the most expensive luxury a man could indulge* n. So it certainly is: but, though a conscientious man who as his own way to make in the world, will very seldom lourish in the sunshine of prosperity, it is not, therefore, necessary that he should sit quietly down and starve." He said he would think of it, and if he could find any loop-hole in the great feudal fortress of society, at which poverty and honesty could creep in together, he would try to effect an entrance. I made more particular inquiry into their circumstances, and they at length communicated to me, but with manifest reluctance, that they were in imminent danger of being deprived of their miserable furniture, and turned out of their wretched habitation, by Lawrence Litigate, Esquire, their landlord, for arrears of rent amounting to five pounds.

Mr. Forester.—Which, of course, you paid?

Mr. Fax.—I did so: but I do not see that it is of course.

Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran were still leaning over the gate of the cottage, when a peasant came whistling along the road. "Pray, my honest friend," said Mr. Fax, "can you inform me what has become of the family which

inhabited this cottage two years ago?"—"Ye'll voind them," said the peasant, "about a mile vurther an, just by the lake's edge like, wi' two large elms by the door, and a vir tree." He resumed his tune and his way.

The philosophical trio proceeded on their walk.

Mr. Forester.—You have said little of his wife.

Mr. Fax.—She was an interesting creature. With her the feelings of misfortune had subsided into melancholy silence, while with him they broke forth in misanthropical satire.

Mr. Forester.—And their children?

Mr. Fax.—They would have been fine children, if they had been better clothed and fed.

Mr. Forester.—Did they seem to repent their marriage?

Mr. Fax.—Not for themselves. They appeared to have no wish but to live and die together. For their children, indeed, I could easily perceive they felt more grief than they expressed.

Mr. Forester.—You have scarcely made out your case. Poverty had certainly come in at the door, but Love does not seem to have flown out at the window. You would not have prevailed on them to separate at the price of living in palaces. The energy of intellect was not deadened; the independence of spirit was not broken. The participation of love communicates a luxury to sorrow, that all the splendour of selfishness can never bestow. If, as has been said, a friend is more valuable than the elements of fire and water, how much more valuable must be the one only associate, the more than friend, to him whom in affliction and in poverty all other friends have abandoned! If the sun shines equally on the palace and the cottage, why should not love, the sun of the intellectual world, shine equally on both? More needful, indeed, is its genial light to the latter, where there is no worldly splendour to diminish or divide its radiance.

With a sudden turn of the road, a scene of magnificent beauty burst upon their view: the still expanse of a lake bordered with dark precipices and fading woods, and mountains rising above them, height on height, till the clouds rested on their summits. A picturesque tourist had planted his travelling-chair under the corner of a rock, and was intently occupied in sketching the scene. The process attracted Sir Oran's curiosity: he walked up to the tourist, who was too deeply engaged to notice his approach, and peeped over

his shoulder. Sir Oran, after looking at the picture, then at the landscape, then at the picture, then at the landscape again, at length suddenly expressed his delight in a very loud and very singular shout, close in the painter's ear, that re-echoed from rock to rock. The tourist sprang up in violent alarm, and seeing the extraordinary physiognomy of the personage at his elbow, drew a sudden conclusion of evil intentions, and ran off with great rapidity, leaving all his apparatus behind him. Sir Oran sat down in the artist's seat, took up the drawing utensils, placed the unfinished drawing on his knee, and sat in an attitude of deep contemplation, as if meditating on the means to be pursued for doing the same thing himself.

The flying tourist encountered Messieurs Fax and Forester, who had observed the transaction, and were laughing at it as heartily as Democritus himself could have done. They tranquillized his apprehensions, and led him back to the spot. Sir Oran, on a hint from his friend Mr. Forester, rose, made the tourist a polite bow, and restored to him his beloved portfolio. They then wished him a good-morning, and left him in a state of nervous trepidation, which made it very obvious that he would draw no more that day.

Mr. Fax.—Can Sir Oran draw?

Mr. Forester.—No: but I think he would easily acquire the art. It is very probable that in the nation of the Orans, which I take to be *a barbarous nation, that has not yet learned the use of speech,** drawing, as a means of communicating ideas, may be in no contemptible state of forwardness.†

* Origin and Progress of Language, book ii. chap. 4.

† "I have endeavoured to support the ancient definition of man, and to show that it belongs to the oran outang, though he have not the use of speech. And indeed it appears surprising to me that any man, pretending to be a philosopher, should not be satisfied with the expression of intelligence in the most useful way for the purposes of life; I mean by actions; but should require likewise the expression of them, by those signs of arbitrary institution we call *words*, before they will allow an animal to deserve the name of *man*. Suppose that, upon inquiry, it should be found that the oran outangs have not only invented the art of building huts, and of attacking and defending with sticks, *but also have contrived a way of communicating to the absent, and recording their ideas by the method of painting or drawing*, as is practised by many barbarous nations (and the supposition is not at all impossible, or even improbable); and suppose they should have

Mr. Fax.—He has, of course, seen many drawings since he has been among civilized men: what so peculiarly delighted and surprised him in this?

Mr. Forester.—I suspect this is the first opportunity he has had of comparing the natural original with the artificial copy; and his delight was excited by seeing the vast scene before him transferred so accurately into so small a compass, and growing, as it were, into a distinct identity under the hand of the artist.

They now arrived at the elms and the fir-tree, which the peasant had pointed out as the land-marks of the dwelling of Desmond. They were surprised to see a very pretty cottage, standing in the midst of a luxuriant garden, one part of which sloped down to the edge of the lake. Everything bore the air of comfort and competence. They almost doubted if the peasant had been correct in his information. Three rosy children, plainly but neatly dressed, were sitting on the edge of the shallow water, watching with intense delight and interest the manœuvres of a paper flotilla, which they had committed to the mercy of the waves.

Mr. Fax.—What is the difference between these children and Xerxes on the shores of Salamis?

Mr. Forester.—None, but that where they have pure and unmingled pleasure, his feelings began in selfish pride, and ended in slavish fear: their amusement is natural and innocent; his was unnatural, cruel, and destructive, and therefore more unworthy of a rational being. *Better is a poor and wise child than a foolish king that will not be admonished.*

A female came from the cottage. Mr. Fax recognized Mrs. Desmond. He was surprised at the change in her appearance. Health and content animated her countenance. The simple neatness of her dress derived an appearance of elegance from its interesting wearer; contrary to the fashionable process, in which dress neither neat nor simple, but a heterogeneous mixture of all the fripperies of Europe, gives what

contrived some form of government, and should elect kings or rulers, which is possible, and, according to the information of the Bristol merchant above mentioned, is reported to be actually the case, what would Mr. Buffon then say? Must they still be accounted brutes, because they have not yet fallen upon the method of communication by articulate sounds?"—*Origin and Progress of Language, book* ii. chap. 4.

world calls elegance, where less partial nature has denied There are, in this respect, two classes of human beings: ure makes the first herself, for the beauty of her own ion: her journeymen cut out the second for tailors and tua-makers to finish. The first, when apparelled, may be d dressed people—the second, peopled dresses: the first the same relation to their clothes as an oak bears to its ge—the second, the same as a wig-block bears to a wig: irst may be compared to cocoa-nuts, in which the kernel re valuable than the shell—the second, to some varieties e *Testaceous Mollusca*, where a shell of infinite value s a stupid fish that is good for nothing.

a Desmond recognized Mr. Fax. "O Sir!" said she, ejoice to see you."—"And I rejoice," said Mr. Fax, "to ou as you now are: Fortune has befriended you."— u rendered us great service, sir, in our wretched condi- ; but the benefit, of course, was transient. With the quarter-day Mr. Litigate, our landlord, resumed his per- ions; and we should have been turned out of our ched dwelling to perish in the roads, had not some happy ent made Miss Melincourt acquainted with our situation. now what it was, and to make it what it is, were the thing to her. So suddenly, when the extremity of evil impending over us, to be placed in this little Paradise in petence—nay, to our simple habits, in affluence, and in a manner, as if we were bestowing, not receiving favours O sir, there cannot be two Miss Melincourts! But will not walk in and take some refreshment?—we can offer refreshment now. My husband is absent at present, but ill very soon return."

hile she was speaking he arrived. Mr. Fax congratulated . At his earnest solicitation they entered the cottage, were delighted with the beautiful neatness that predomi- d in every part of it. The three children ran in to see strangers. Mr. Forester took up the little girl, Mr. Fax y, and Sir Oran Haut-ton another. The latter took a at the physiognomy of his new friend, and cried and d, and struggled for release; but Sir Oran, producing a from his pocket, struck up a lively air, which reconciled child, who then sat very quietly on his knee.

me refreshment was placed before them, and Sir Oran

testified, by a copious draught, that he found much virtue in home-brewed ale.

"There is a farm attached to this cottage," said Mr. Desmond; "and Miss Melincourt, by having placed me in it, enabled me to maintain my family in comfort and independence, and to educate them in a free, healthy, and natural occupation. I have ever thought agriculture the noblest of human pursuits: to the theory and practice of it I now devote my whole attention, and I am not without hopes that the improvement of this part of my benefactress's estate will justify her generous confidence in a friendless stranger: but what can repay her benevolence?"

"I will answer for her," said Mr. Forester, "though she is as yet personally unknown to me, that she loves benevolence for its own sake, and is satisfied with its consummation."

After a short conversation, and a promise soon to revisit the now happy family, Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton resumed their walk. Mr. Forester, at parting, put, unobserved, into the hand of the little boy, a folded paper, telling him to give it to his father. It was a leaf which he had torn from his pocket-book: he had enclosed in it a bank-note, and had written on it with a pencil, "Do not refuse to a stranger the happiness of reflecting that he has, however tardily and slightly, co-operated with Miss Melincourt in a work of justice."

CHAPTER XV.

THE LIBRARY.

MR. FORESTER, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton arrived at Melincourt Castle. They were shown into a parlour, where they were left alone a few minutes; when Mr. Hippy made his appearance, and recognizing Sir Oran, shook hands with him very cordially. Mr. Forester produced the letter he had received from Mr. Ratstail, which Mr. Hippy having read, vented a string of invectives against the impudent rascal, and explained the mystery of the ad-

though he seemed to think it strange that Sir Oran
t have explained it himself. Mr. Forester shook his
nificantly; and Mr. Hippy, affecting to understand
ure, exclaimed, "Ah! poor gentleman!" He then
hem to stay to dinner. "I won't be refused," said
am lord and master of this castle at present, and here
l stay till to-morrow. Anthy will be delighted to
riend here" (bowing to Sir Oran, who returned it
at politeness), "and we will hold a council of war,
deal with this pair of puppies, Lawrence Litigate,
and Richard Ratstail, solicitor. I have several visi-
already: lords, baronets, and squires, all Corydons,
'or Anthy; but it seems *Love's Labour Lost* with all
. However, love and wine, you know! Anthy
re them the first, so I drench them with the second:
l be more bottles than hearts cracked in the business,
nthy's beauty. *Men die and worms eat them*, as usual,
r love.
orester inquired for Sir Telegraph Paxarett. "An
fellow after dinner!" exclaimed Mr. Hippy. "I
him in the morning; nor any one else, but my ras-
y Fell, and now and then Harry Killquick. The
breakfast is over, one goes one way, and another
Anthy locks herself up in the library."
s herself up in the library!" said Mr. Fax: "a
dy, a beauty, and an heiress, in the nineteenth cen-
nk of cultivating her understanding!"
nge, but true," said Mr. Hippy; "and here am I, a
alid, left alone all the morning to prowl about the
e a ghost; that is, when I am well enough to move,
not always the case. But the library is opened at
l the party assembles there before dinner; and as it
bout the time, come with me, and I will introduce

followed Mr. Hippy to the library, where they found
alone.
ıy," said Mr. Hippy, after the forms of introduction,
know you are accused of laying waste a pine-grove,
ring it off by cart-loads, with force and arms?"
lia read Mr. Ratstail's letter. "This is a very strange
'olly," she said: "I hope it will not be a mischievous
he then renewed the expressions of her gratitude to

Sir Oran, and bade him welcome to Melincourt. Sir Oran bowed in silence.

"Folly and mischief," said Mr. Fax, "are very nearly allied; and nowhere more conspicuously than in the forms of the law."

Mr. Forester.—You have an admirable library, Miss Melincourt: and I judge from the great number of Italian books, you are justly partial to the poets of that exquisite language. The apartment itself seems singularly adapted to the genius of their poetry, which combines the magnificent simplicity of ancient Greece with the mysterious grandeur of the feudal ages. Those windows of stained glass would recall to an enthusiastic mind the attendant spirit of Tasso; and the waving of the cedars beyond, when the wind makes music in their boughs, with the birds singing in their shades and the softened dash of the torrent from the dingle below, might, with little aid from fancy, be modulated into that exquisite combination of melody which flowed from the enchanted wood at the entrance of Rinaldo, and which Tasso has painted with a degree of harmony not less magical than the music he describes. Italian poetry is all fairyland: I know not any description of literature so congenial to the tenderness and delicacy of the female mind, which, however opposite may be the tendency of modern education, Nature has most pre-eminently adapted to be "a mansion for all lovely forms: a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies."* Of these, Italian poetry is a most inexhaustible fountain; and for that reason I could wish it to be generally acknowledged a point of the very first importance in female education.

Anthelia.—You have a better opinion of the understandings of women, sir, than the generality of your lordly sex seems disposed to entertain.

Mr. Forester.—The conduct of men, in this respect, is much like that of a gardener who should plant a plot of ground with merely ornamental flowers, and then pass sentence on the soil for not bearing substantial fruit. If women are treated only as pretty dolls, and dressed in all the fripperies of irrational education; if the vanity of personal adornment and superficial accomplishments be made from their

* Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey.

liest years to suppress all mental aspirations, and to
le all thoughts of intellectual beauty, is it to be in-
nat they are incapable of better things? But such is
l logic of tyranny, which first places its extinguisher
lame, and then argues that it cannot burn.

Fax.—Your remark is not totally just: for though
how justly I will not say, banishes women from the
classical literature, yet the study of Italian poetry,
n you think so highly, is very much encouraged among

Forester.—You should rather say it is not discouraged.
e permitted to know it: but in very few instances is
nission accompanied by any practical aid. The only
practically enforced in female education are sound,
and form,—music, dress, drawing, and dancing. The
left to take care of itself.

Fax.—And has as much chance of doing so as a horse
and, circumscribed in the narrowest limits, and stu-
deprived of nourishment.

dia.—The simile is, I fear, too just. To think is one
most unpardonable errors a woman can commit in the
society. In our sex a taste for intellectual pleasures
t equivalent to taking the veil; and though not ab-
a vow of perpetual celibacy, it has almost always the
actical tendency. In that universal system of super-
ncation which so studiously depresses the mind of
a female who aspires to mental improvement will
find in her own sex a congenial associate; and the
ill regard her as an intruder on its prescriptive autho-
legitimate and divine right over the dominion of
and reason: and the general consequence is, that
ains insulated between both, in more than cloistered
ss. Even in its effect on herself, the ideal beauty
she studies will make her fastidious, too fastidious,
to the world of realities, and deprive her of the hap-
that might be her portion, by fixing her imagination
aeras of unattainable excellence.

Forester.—I can answer for men, Miss Melincourt,
are are some, many I hope, who can appreciate justly
est heavenly of earthly things, an enlightened female
whatever may be thought by the pedantry that envies,
pery that fears, the folly that ridicules, or the wilful

blindness that will not see its loveliness. I am afraid y last observation approaches most nearly to the truth, and t it is owing more to their own fastidiousness than to the w of friends and admirers, that intelligent women are so o alone in the world. But were it otherwise, the objec will not apply to Italian poetry, a field of luxuriant bea from which women are not interdicted even by the n intolerant prejudice of masculine usurpation.

Amelia.—They are not interdicted, certainly; but t are seldom encouraged to enter it. Perhaps it is feared, t having gone thus far, they might be tempted to go fart that the friend of Tasso might aspire to the acquaintanc Virgil, or even to an introduction to Homer and Sophocle

Mr. Forester.—And why should she not? Far from siring to suppress such a noble ambition, how deligh should I think the task of conducting the lovely aspi through the treasures of Grecian genius!—to wander h in hand with such a companion among the valleys and f tains of Ida, and by the banks of the eddying Scamand through the island of Calypso, and the gardens of Alcino to the rocks of the Scythian desert ‡ to the caverned sh of the solitary Lemnos § and to the fatal sands of Trezen to kindle in such scenes the enthusiasm of such a mind, to see the eyes of love and beauty beaming with thei fected inspiration! Miserably perverted, indeed, must the selfishness of him who, having such happiness in power, would,

> Like the base Indian, throw a pearl away,
> Richer than all his tribe.

Mr. Fax.—My friend's enthusiasm, Miss Melinc usually runs away with him when any allusion is mad ancient Greece.

Mr. Forester had spoken with ardour and animation; the scenes of which he spoke rose upon his mind as depi in the incomparable poetry to which he had alluded; figurative idea of wandering among them with a young beautiful female aspirant, assumed for a moment a visio reality; and when he subsequently reflected on it, it peared to him very singular that the female figure in

* The Iliad. † The Odyssey. ‡ The Prometheus of Æsch
§ The Philoctetes of Sophocles. ‖ The Hippolytus of Euripi

picture had assumed the form and features of An-
elincourt.
dia, too, saw in the animated countenance of Sylvan
traces of more than common feeling, generosity, and
nce: his imaginary wanderings through the classic
f antiquity assumed in her congenial mind the
colours of intellectual beauty; and she could not
king that if he were what he appeared, such wan-
with such a guide, would not be the most unenviable
y destinies.
ther guests dropped in by ones and twos. Sir Tele-
as agreeably surprised to see Mr. Forester: "By-
said he, "have you heard that a general election is
place immediately?"
ve," said Mr. Forester, "and was thinking of putting
your barouche in requisition very shortly."
oon as you please," said Sir Telegraph.
Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney took Sir Telegraph aside,
inquiry concerning the new-comers.
Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—Who is that very bright-eyed
ting young man?
legraph Paxarett.—That is my old acquaintance and
llegian, Sylvan Forester, now of Redrose Abbey, in
nty.
Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—Is he respectable?
legraph Paxarett.—He has a good estate, if you mean

Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—To be sure I mean that. And
hat tall thin saturnine personage?
legraph Paxarett.—I know nothing of him but that
is Fax, and that he is now on a visit to Mr. Forester
see Abbey.
Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—And who is that *very* tall and
bly ugly gentleman?
legraph Paxarett.—That is Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet;
designation you may shortly add M.P. for the ancient
urable borough of Onevote.
Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney.—A Baronet! and M.P.! Well,
ok at him again, I certainly do not think him so very
e has a very fashionable air. Haut-ton! French ex-
no doubt. And now I think of it, there is some-
ry French in his physiognomy.

Dinner was announced, and the party adjourned to the dining-room. Mr. Forester offered his hand to Antheli and Sir Oran Haut-ton, following the example, presented his to the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

THE dinner passed off with great harmony. The ladies withdrew. The bottle revolved with celerity, under the presidency of Mr. Hippy, and the vice-presidency of Sir Telegraph Paxarett. The Reverend Mr. Portpipe, who was that day of the party, pronounced an eulogium on the wine, which was echoed by the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, Mr. O'Scarum, Lord Anophel Achthar, Mr. Feathernest, and Mr. Derrydown. Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax showed no disposition to destroy the unanimity of opinion on this interesting subject. Sir Oran Haut-ton maintained a grave and dignified silence, but demonstrated by his practice that his taste was orthodox. Mr. O'Scarum sat between Sir Oran and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, and kept a sharp look-out on both sides of him; but did not, during the whole course of the sitting, detect either of his supporters in the heinous fact of a bumper.

Mr. Hippy.—Doctor Killquick may say what he pleases

> Of antidotes, cordials, and elixirs;
> But from my youth this was my only physic.—
> Here's a colour! what lady's cheek comes near it?
> It sparkles, hangs out diamonds! O my sweet heart!
> Mistress of merry hearts! they are not worth thy favours
> Who number thy moist kisses in these crystals!†

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe.—An excellent text!—sound doctrine, plain and practical. When I open the bottle, I shut the book of Numbers. There are two reasons for drinking:

* "Je l'ai en présenter sa main pour reconduire les gens qui venoient le visiter; se promener gravement avec eux et comme de compagnie, &c."—BUFFON. *H. N. de l'Oran-Outang.*

† Fletcher's "Sea Voyage."

one is, when you are thirsty, to cure it; the other, when you are not thirsty, to prevent it. The first is obvious, mechanical, and plebeian; the second is most refined, abstract, prospicient, and canonical. I drink by anticipation of thirst that may be. Prevention is better than cure. Wine is the elixir of life. "The soul," says St. Augustine, "cannot live in drought."* What is death? Dust and ashes. There is nothing so dry. What is life? Spirit. What is spirit? Wine.

Mr. O'Scarum.—And whisky.

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe.—Whisky is hepatic, phlogistic, and exanthematous. Wine is the hierarchical and archiepiscopal fluid. Bacchus is said to have conquered the East, and to have returned loaded with its spoils. "Marry how? tropically." The conquests of Bacchus are the victories of imagination, which, sublimated by wine, puts to rout care, fear, and poverty, and revels in the treasures of Utopia.

Mr. Feathernest.—The juice of the grape is the liquid quintessence of concentrated sunbeams. Man is an exotic, in this northern climate, and must be nourished like a hothouse plant, by the perpetual adhibition of artificial heat.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—You were not always so fond of wine, Feathernest?

Mr. Feathernest.—Oh, my lord! no allusion, I beseech you, to my youthful errors. Demosthenes being asked what wine he liked best, answered, that which he drank at the expense of others.

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe.—Demosthenes was right. His circumstance, or qualification, is an accompaniment of better relish than a devilled biscuit or an anchovy toast.

Mr. Feathernest.—In former days, my lord, I had no experience that way; therefore I drank water against my will.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—And wrote Odes upon it, to Truth and Liberty.

Mr. Feathernest.—"Ah, no more of that, an' thou lovest me." Now that I can get it for a song, I take my pipe of wine a year: and what is the effect? Not cold phlegmatic lamentations over the sufferings of the poor, but high-flown, jovial, reeling dithyrambics "to all the crowned heads in Europe." I had then a vague notion that all was wrong.

* Anima certè, quia spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest.

Persuasion has since appeared to me in a tangible shap convinced me that all is right, especially at court. I saw darkly through a glass—of water. Now I see through a glass of wine.

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe (looking through his glass at the —An infallible telescope!

Mr. Forester.—I am unfortunately one of those, si very much admired your Odes to Truth and Liberty read your royal lyrics with very different sensations.

Mr. Feathernest.—I presume, sir, every man has a ri change his opinions.

Mr. Forester.—From disinterested conviction undoul but when it is obviously from mercenary motives, th tacy of a public man is a public calamity. It is r single loss to the cause he supported, that is alone lamented: the deep shade of mistrust which his c throws on that of all others who embark in the same tends to destroy all sympathy with the enthusiasm of all admiration for the intrepidity of truth, all belief sincerity of zeal for public liberty: if their advocate one by one into the vortex of courtly patronage, eve one that arises will be more and more regarded as a l hearted hypocrite, a false and venal angler for pensi place; for there is in these cases no criterion by wh world can distinguish the baying of a noble dog th defend his trust till death, from the yelping of a p cur, that only infests the heels of power to be silence the offals of corruption.

Lord Aneqbel Achthar.—Cursed severe, Feathernes honour.

Mr. Fax.—*The gradual falling off of prudent men fr profitable virtues, is perhaps too common an occurrence to much notice, or justify much reprobation.**

Mr. Forester.—If it were not common, it would n reprobation. Vices of unfrequent occurrence stan ciently self-exposed in the insulation of their own def The vices that call for the scourge of satire, are thos pervade the whole frame of society, and which, und specious pretence of private duty, or the sanction of and precedent, are almost permitted to assume the sem

* Edinburgh Review, No. liii. p. 10.

of virtue, or at least to pass unstigmatized in the crowd of congenial transgressions.

Mr. Feathernest.—You may say what you please, sir. I am accustomed to this language, and am quite callous to it, I assure you. I am in good odour at court, sir; and you know, *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.* While I was out, sir, I made a great noise till I was let in. There was a pack of us, sir, to keep up your canine metaphor: two or three others got in at the same time: we knew very well that those who were shut out, would raise a hue and cry after us: it was perfectly natural: we should have done the same in their place: mere envy and malice, nothing more. Let them bark on: when they are either wanted or troublesome, they will be let in, in their turn. If there be any man, who prefers a crust and water, to venison and sack, I am not of his mind. It is pretty and politic to make a virtue of necessity: but when there is an end of the necessity I am very willing that there should be an end of the virtue. *If you could live on roots,* said Diogenes to Aristippus, *you would have nothing to do with kings.—If you could live on kings,* replied Aristippus, *you would have nothing to do with roots.*—Every man for himself, sir, and God for us all.

Mr. Derrydown.—The truth of things on this subject is contained in the following stave:

> This world is a well-furnish'd table,
> Where guests are promiscuously set:
> We all fare as well as we're able,
> And scramble for what we can get.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Buz the bottle.

Mr. O'Scarum.—Over, by Jupiter!

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—No.

Mr. O'Scarum.—Yes.

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe.—No. The baronet has a most mathematical eye. Buzzed to a drop!

Mr. Forester.—Fortunately, sir, for the hopes of mankind, every man does not bring his honour and conscience to market, though I admit the majority do: there are some who dare be honest in the worst of times.

Mr. Feathernest.—Perhaps, sir, you are one of those who can afford to have a conscience, and are therefore under no necessity of bringing it to market. If so, you should "give

God thanks, and make no boast of it." It is a great certainly, and well worth keeping, *ceteris paribus*. B neither meat, clothes, nor fire. It becomes a good coa but it will never make one. Poets are verbal musicia like other musicians, they have a right to sing an where they can be best paid for their music.

Mr. Forester.—There could be no objection to that, would be content to announce themselves as deal chapmen: but the poetical character is too frequently bination of the most arrogant and exclusive assum freedom and independence in theory, with the most and unqualified venality, servility, and sycophancy in p

Mr. Featherwest.—It is *as notorious*, sir, *as the sun day*, that theory and practice are never expected to c If a West Indian planter declaims against the Algeri you expect him to lose any favourable opportunity creasing the number of his own slaves? If an i country cries out against spoliation, do you suppose, tables were turned, it would show its weaker neig the forbearance it required! If an Opposition orat mours for a reform in Parliament, does any one drea if he gets into office, he will ever say another word ab If one of your reverend friends should display his t eloquence on the subject of temperance, would you th have the barbarity to curtail him of one drop of hi bottles? Truth and liberty, sir, are pretty words, very words—a few years ago they were the gods of the day superseded in poetry the agency of mythology and they were the only passports into the poetical ma acted accordingly the part of a prudent man: I to station, became my own crier, and vociferated Tru Liberty, till the noise I made brought people about bid for me: and to the highest bidder I knocked down, at less than I am worth certainly; but when an is not likely to keep, it is by no means prudent to p the sale.

> What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
> About two hundred pounds a year.—
> And that which was proved true before,
> Prove false again?—Two hundred more.

Mr. Hippy.—A dry discussion! Pass the bottl moisten it.

r. *O'Scarum.*—Here's half of us fast asleep. Let us
a little noise to wake us. A glee now: I'll be one;
ll join?
r *Telegraph Paragraph.*—I.
e *Rev. Mr. Portpipe.*—And I.
r. *Hippy.*—Strike up then. Silence!

GLEE—THE GHOSTS.

In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friarly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats:
With wine that none but ghosts can taste,
We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry
ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.
The traveller hears our midnight mirth:
"O list!" he cries, "the haunted choir!
The merriest ghost that walks the earth,
Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar."
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry
ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

Mr. Hippy.—Bravo! I should like to have my house so
nted. The deuce is in it, if three such ghosts would not
the blue devils at bay. Come, we'll lay them in a
per of claret.
*Sir Oran Haut-ton took his flute from his pocket, and played
the air of the glee. The company was at first extremely
rised, and then joined in applauding his performance. Sir
bowed acknowledgment, and returned his flute to his
et.)*
Mr. Forester.—It is, perhaps, happy for yourself, Mr.
hernest, that you can treat with so much levity a subject
fills me with the deepest grief. Man under the influ-
of civilization has fearfully diminished in size and dete-
ted in strength. The intellectual are confessedly nourished
e expense of the physical faculties. Air, the great source
fountain of health and life, can scarcely find access to

civilized man, muffled as he is in clothes, pent in houses, smoke-dried in cities, half-roasted by artificial fire, and parboiled in the hydrogen of crowded apartments. Diseases multiply upon him in compound proportion. Even if the prosperous among us enjoy some comforts unknown to the natural man, yet what is the poverty of the savage, compared with that of the lowest classes in civilized nations? The specious aspect of luxury and abundance in one is counterbalanced by the abject penury and circumscription of hundreds. Commercial prosperity is a golden surface, but all beneath it is rags and wretchedness. It is not in the splendid bustle of our principal streets—in the villas and mansions that sprinkle our valleys—for those who enjoy these things (even if they did enjoy them—even if they had health and happiness—and the rich have seldom either), bear but a small proportion to the whole population:—but it is in the mud hovel of the labourer—in the cellar of the artisan—in our crowded prisons—our swarming hospitals—our overcharged workhouses—in those narrow districts of our overgrown cities, which the affluent never see—where thousands and thousands of families are compressed within limits not sufficient for the pleasure-ground of a simple squire,—that we must study the true mechanism of political society. When the philosopher turns away in despair from this dreadful accumulation of moral and physical evil, where is he to look for consolation, if not in the progress of science, in the enlargement of mind, in the diffusion of philosophical truth? But if truth is a chimæra—if virtue is a name—if science is not the handmaid of moral improvement, but the obsequious minister of recondite luxury, the specious appendage of vanity and power—then indeed, *that man has fallen never to rise again*,* is as much the cry of nature as the dream of superstition.

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe.—Man has fallen, certainly, by the fruit of the tree of knowledge: which shows that human learning is vanity and a great evil, and therefore very properly discountenanced by all bishops, priests, and deacons.

Mr. Fax.—The picture which you have drawn of poverty is not very tempting; and you must acknowledge that it is most galling to the most refined feelings. You must not,

* See the preface to the third volume of the "Ancient Metaphysics." See also Rousseau's "Discourse on Inequality," and that on the "Arts and Sciences."

nder that it is peculiarly obnoxious to the prac-
of poets. If the radiance of gold and silver
rough the foliage of the Pierian laurel, there is
be said in their excuse if they carry their chaplet
will gild its leaves; and in that case they will
st customers and patrons among those who are
acquiring panegyric by a more compendious
the troublesome practice of the virtues that

er.—You have quoted Juvenal, but you should
ted the sentence: "If you see no glimpse of
Pierian shade, you will prefer the name and
f a barber or an auctioneer."* This is most
pursuits of literature conscientiously conducted,
ir votary to famine, let him live by more humble,
y honest, and therefore honourable occupations:
devote his leisure to his favourite pursuits. If
ut a single volume consecrated to moral truth,
t be good as far as it goes; but if he purchase
uxury by the prostitution of talent to the cause
n and tyranny, every new exertion of his powers
rage to reason and virtue, and in precise propor-
powers is he a curse to his country, and a traitor

ernest.—A barber, sir!—a man of genius turn

rum.—Troth, sir, and I think it is better he
the suds himself, than help to bring his country
ation.

er.—I can perceive, sir, in your exclamation the
t has caused so enormous a superabundance in
of bad books over that of good ones. The
e majority of men of talent seem to be exclusively
t, to convince the world of their transcendent
second, to convert that conviction into a source
st possible pecuniary benefit to themselves. But
class of men more resolutely indifferent to the
cy of the means by which their ends are accom-

si Pieriâ quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ
dlatur, ames nomen victumque Machæræ,
ndas potius commissa quod auctio vendit, &c.—Juv.

[illegible] disinterested. For this is the most [illegible] perversion of all modes of dishonesty. For that of a private man can only injure the interests of a few individuals, a great evil certainly, but light in comparison. While that of a public writer, who has [illegible] taught the multitude to respect his talents, perverts with a much more [illegible] the mental progress of thousands: misleading, on the one hand, the [illegible] believers in his sincerity, and on the other, stigmatizing the whole literary character in the opinions of all who see through the veil of his [illegible].

The Politician.—All this is no reason, sir, why a man of genius should [illegible] be a politician.

The Poet.—He [illegible] much more in being a [illegible]. The poorest hacker in the politics [illegible] in England, who will not sell his vote, is a much more honorable character in the estimate of moral [illegible] than the [illegible] poet, whose well-paid [illegible] of [illegible] were ever [illegible] on the most [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible].

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

CHAPTER XVII

[illegible]

The [illegible] was [illegible] in the library. Mr. [illegible] stigmatizing the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] the same as his own. He [illegible] anti-slavery festival [illegible] party at Melincourt to [illegible] Miss Evergreen, who [illegible] an invitation in due [illegible] on the score of pro- [illegible] for the attendance [illegible] feeling as he was sure there would be [illegible] satisfied that a great step

ıld be made towards accomplishing the object of the Anti-
:harine Society.

'he Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub felt extremely indignant at
. Forester's notion "of every real enemy to slavery being
nd by the strictest moral duty to practical abstinence from
luxury which slavery acquires;" but when he found that
notion was to be developed in the shape of a festival, he
ermined to suspend his judgment till he had digested the
d arguments that were to be brought forward on the
ssion.

Ir. O'Scarum was, as usual, very clamorous for music, and
seconded by the unanimous wish of the company, with
ich Anthelia readily complied, and sung as follows:

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

'Tis said the rose is Love's own flower,
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many;
And winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any.
For though young Love's ethereal rose
Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
Yet still its faded leaves disclose
The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah! the fragrance lingering there
Is like the sweets that mournful duty
Bestows with sadly-soothing care,
To deck the grave of bloom and beauty.
For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
Its blush extinct, to kindle never,
That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,
That breathes of pleasures past for ever.

Why did not Love the amaranth choose,
That bears no thorns, and cannot perish?
Alas! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
And only sweets Love's life can cherish.
But be the rose and amaranth twined,
And Love, their mingled powers assuming,
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

I am afraid," said Mr. Derrydown, "the flower of
lern love is neither the rose nor the amaranth, but the
anthemum, or *gold-flower*. If Miss Danaretta and Mr.
carum will accompany me, we will sing a little harmonized
ad, something in point, and rather more conformable to

the truth of things." Mr. O'Scarum and Miss Danaretta consented, and they accordingly sung the following:—

BALLAD TERZETTO—THE LADY, THE KNIGHT, AND THE FRIAR.

THE LADY.

O cavalier! what dost thou here,
Thy tuneful vigils keeping;
While the northern star looks cold from far,
And half the world is sleeping?

THE KNIGHT.

O lady! here, for seven long year,
Have I been nightly sighing,
Without the hope of a single tear
To pity me were I dying.

THE LADY.

Should I take thee to have and to hold,
Who hast nor lands nor money?
Alas! 'tis only in flowers of gold
That married bees find honey.

THE KNIGHT.

O lady fair! to my constant prayer
Fate proves at last propitious:
And bags of gold in my hand I bear,
And parchment scrolls delicious.

THE LADY.

My maid the door shall open throw,
For we too long have tarried:
The friar keeps watch in the cellar below,
And we will at once be married.

THE FRIAR.

My children! great is Fortune's power;
And plain this truth appears,
That gold thrives more in a single hour,
Than love in seven long years.

During this terzetto, the Reverend Mr. Portpipe fell asleep, and accompanied the performance with rather a deeper bass than was generally deemed harmonious.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett took Mr. Forester aside, to consult him on the subject of the journey to Onevote.

"I have asked," said he, "my aunt and cousin, Mrs. and Miss Pinnacney, to join the party, and have requested them

o exert their influence with Miss Melincourt to induce her o accompany them."

"That would make it a delightful expedition, indeed," aid Mr. Forester, "if Miss Melincourt could be prevailed on o comply."

"*Nil desperandum*," said Sir Telegraph.

The Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney drew Anthelia into a orner, and developed all her eloquence in enforcing the proosition. Miss Danaretta joined in it with great earnestess; and they kept up the fire of their importunity till hey extorted from Anthelia a promise that she would conider of it.

Mr. Forester took down a splendid edition of Tasso, printed y Bodoni at Parma, and found it ornamented with Anthelia's rawings. In the magic of her pencil, the wild and wonderal scenes of Tasso seemed to live under his eyes: he could ot forbear expressing to her the delight he experienced from hese new proofs of her sensibility and genius, and entered nto a conversation with her concerning her favourite poet, in which the congeniality of their tastes and feelings became more and more manifest to each other.

Mr. Feathernest and Mr. Derrydown got into a hot dispute ver Chapman's Homer and Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living: Mr. Derrydown maintaining that the ballad metre which Chapman had so judiciously chosen, rendered his volume the most divine poem in the world; Mr. Feathernest asserting that Chapman's verses were mere doggerel: which vile aspersion Mr. Derrydown revenged by depreciating Mr. Feathernest's favourite Jeremy. Mr. Feathernest said he could expect no better judgment from a man who was mad enough to prefer Chevy Chase to Paradise Lost; and Mr. Derrydown retorted, that it was idle to expect either taste or justice from one who had thought fit to unite in himself two characters so anomalous as those of a poet and a critic, in which duplex capacity he had first deluged the world with torrents of execrable verses, and then written anonymous criticisms to prove them divine. "Do you think, sir," he continued, "that it is possible for the same man to be both Homer and Aristotle? No, sir; but it is very possible to be both Dennis and Colley Cibber, as in the melancholy example before me."

At this all the blood of the *genus irritabile* boiled in Mr. Feathernest's veins, and uplifting the ponderous folio, he

seemed inclined to bury his antagonist under Jeremy's *weight of words*, by applying them in a *tangible shape;* but wisely recollecting that this was not the time and place

> To prove his doctrine orthodox,
> By apostolic blows and knocks,

he contented himself with a point-blank denial of the charge that he wrote critiques on his own works, protesting that all the articles on his poems were written either by his friend Mr. Mystic, of Cimmerian Lodge, or by Mr. Vamp, the amiable editor of the *Legitimate Review*. "Yes," said Mr. Derrydown, "on the '*Tickle me, Mr. Hayley*' principle; by which a miserable cabal of doggerel rhymesters and worn-out paragraph-mongers of bankrupt gazettes ring the eternal changes of panegyric on each other, and on everything else that is either rich enough to buy their praise, or vile enough to deserve it: like a gang in a country steeple, paid for being a public nuisance, and maintaining that noise is melody."

Mr. Feathernest on this became perfectly outrageous; and waving Jeremy Taylor in the air, exclaimed, "*Oh that mine enemy had written a book!* Horrible should be the vengeance of the *Legitimate Review!*"

Mr. Hippy now deemed it expedient to interpose for the restoration of order, and entreated Anthelia to throw in a little musical harmony as a sedative to the ebullitions of poetical discord. At the sound of the harp the antagonists turned away, the one flourishing his Chapman and the other his Jeremy with looks of lofty defiance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STRATAGEM.

THE Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, who had acquired a great proficiency in the art of hearing without seeming to listen, had overheard Mrs. Pinmoney's request to Anthelia; and, notwithstanding the young lady's hesitation he very much feared she would ultimately comply. He had seen, much against his will, a great congeniality in feeling and opinions between her and Mr. Forester, and had watch

ome unconscious external manifestations of the interior mind n both sides, some outward and visible signs of the inward nd spiritual sentiment, which convinced him that a more ntimate acquaintance with each other would lead them to a onclusion, which, for the reasons we have given in the ninth hapter, he had no wish to see established. After long and nature deliberation, he determined to rouse Lord Anophel to sense of his danger, and spirit him up to an immediate *coup-de-main*. He calculated that, as the young Lord was a poiled child, immoderately vain, passably foolish, and totally nused to contradiction, he should have little difficulty in noulding him to his views. His plan was, that Lord Anophel, rith two or three confidential fellows, should lie in ambush or Anthelia in one of her solitary rambles, and convey her o a lonely castle of his Lordship's on the sea-coast, with a riew of keeping her in close custody, till fair means or foul hould induce her to regain her liberty, in the character of Lady Achthar. This was to be Lord Anophel's view of the ubject; but the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub had in the inner ave of his perceptions a very promising image of a different esult. As he would have free access to Anthelia in her confinement, he intended to worm himself into her favour, under the cover of friendship and sympathy, with the most ardent professions of devotion to her cause and promises of endeavours to effect her emancipation, involving the accomplishment of this object in a multitude of imaginary difficulties, which it should be his professed study to vanquish. He deemed it very probable, that, by a skilful adoperation of these means, and by moulding Lord Anophel, at the same time, into a system of conduct as disagreeable as possible to Anthelia, he might himself become the lord and master of the lands and castle of Melincourt, when he would edify the country with the example of his truly orthodox life, faring sumptuously every day, raising the rents of his tenants, turning out all who were in arrear, and occasionally treating the rest with discourses on temperance and charity.

With these ideas in his head, he went in search of Lord Anophel, and proceeding *pedetentim*, and opening the subject *piratically*, he managed so skilfully, that his Lordship became himself the proposer of the scheme, with which the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub seemed unwillingly to acquiesce.

Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton took leave

of the party at Melincourt Castle; the former having arranged with Sir Telegraph Paxarett, that he was to call for them at Redrose Abbey in the course of three days, and reiterated his earnest hopes that Anthelia would be persuaded to accompany Mrs. Pinmoney and her beautiful daughter, in the expedition to Onevote.

Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub also took leave, as a matter of policy, that their disappearance at the same time with Anthelia might not excite surprise. They pretended a pressing temporary engagement in a distant part of the country, and carried off with them Mr. Feathernest the poet, whom, nevertheless, they did not deem it prudent to let into the secret of their scheme.

The next day Anthelia, still undecided on this subject, wandered alone to the ruined bridge, to contemplate the scene of her former misadventure. As she ascended the hill that bounded the valley of Melincourt, a countryman crossed her path, and touching his hat passed on. She thought there was something peculiar in his look, but had quite forgotten him, when, on looking back as she descended on the other side, she observed him making signs, as if to some one at a distance: she could not, however, consider that they had any relation to her. The day was clear and sunny; and when she entered the pine-grove, the gloom of its tufted foliage, with the sunbeams chequering the dark-red soil, formed a grateful contrast to the naked rocks and heathy mountains that lay around it, in the full blaze of daylight. In many parts of the grove was a luxuriant laurel underwood, glittering like silver in the partial sunbeams that penetrated the interstices of the pines. Few scenes in nature have a more mysterious solemnity than such a scene as this. Anthelia paused a moment. She thought she heard a rustling in the laurels, but all was again still. She proceeded: the rustling was renewed. She felt alarmed, yet she knew not why, and reproached herself for such idle and unaccustomed apprehensions. She paused again to listen; the soft tones of a flute sounded from a distance: these gave her confidence, and she again proceeded. She passed by the tuft of laurels in which she had heard the rustling. Suddenly a mantle was thrown over her. She was wrapped in darkness, and felt that she was forcibly seized by several persons, who carried her rapidly along. She screamed, but the mantle was immediately

pressed on her mouth, and she was hurried onward. After a time the party stopped: a tumult ensued: she found herself at liberty, and threw the mantle from her head. She was on a road at the verge of the pine-grove: a chaise-and-four was waiting. Two men were running away in the distance: two others, muffled and masked, were rolling on the ground, and roaring for mercy, while Sir Oran Haut-ton was standing over them with a stick,* and treating them as if he were a thresher, and they were sheaves of corn. By her side was Mr. Forester, who, taking her hand, assured her that she was in safety, while at the same time he endeavoured to assuage Sir Oran's wrath, that he might raise and unmask the fallen foes. Sir Oran, however, proceeded in his summary administration of natural justice till he had dispensed what was to his notion a *quantum sufficit* of the application: then throwing his stick aside, he caught them both up, one under each arm, and climbing with great dexterity a high and precipitous rock, left them perched upon its summit, bringing away their masks in his hand, and making them a profound bow at taking leave.†

Mr. Forester was anxious to follow them to their aërial seat, that he might ascertain who they were, which Sir Oran's precipitation had put it out of his power to do; but Anthelia begged him to return with her immediately to the Castle, assuring him that she thought them already sufficiently punished, and had no apprehension that they would feel tempted again to molest her.

Sir Oran now opened the chaise-door, and drew out the post-boys by the leg, who, at the beginning of the fray, had concealed themselves from his fury under the seat. Mr.

* "They use an artificial weapon for attack and defence, viz. a stick, which no animal merely brute is known to do."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

† "There is a story of one of them, which seems to show they have a sense of justice as well as honour. For a negro having shot a female of this kind, that was feeding among his Indian corn, the male, whom our author calls the husband of this female, pursued the negro into his house, of which having forced open the door, he seized the negro and dragged him out of the house to the place where his wife lay dead or wounded, and the people of the neighbourhood could not rescue the negro, nor force the oran to quit his hold of him, till they shot him likewise."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

Forester succeeded in rescuing them from Sir Oran, and endeavoured to extract from them information as to their employers: but the boys declared that they knew nothing of them, the chaise having been ordered by a strange man to be in waiting at that place, and the hire paid in advance.

Anthelia, as she walked homeward, leaning on Mr. Forester's arm, inquired to what happy accident she was indebted for the timely intervention of himself and Sir Oran Haut-ton. Mr. Forester informed her, that having a great wish to visit the scene which had been the means of introducing him to her acquaintance, he had made Sir Oran understand his desire, and they had accordingly set out together, leaving Mr. Fax at Redrose Abbey, deeply engaged in the solution of a problem in political arithmetic.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXCURSION.

ANTHELIA found, from what Mr. Forester had said, that she had excited a much greater interest in his mind than she had previously supposed; and she did not dissemble to herself that the interest was reciprocal. The occurrence of the morning, by taking the feeling of safety from her solitary walks, and unhinging her long associations with the freedom and security of her native mountains, gave her an inclination to depart for a time at least from Melincourt Castle; and this inclination, combining with the wish to see more of one who appeared to possess so much intellectual superiority to the generality of mankind, rendered her very flexible to Mrs. Pinmoney's wishes, when that honourable lady renewed her solicitations to her to join the expedition to Onevote. Anthelia, however, desired that Mr. Hippy might be of the party, and that her going in Sir Telegraph's carriage should not be construed in any degree into a reception of his addresses. The Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, delighted to carry her point, readily complied with the condition, trusting to the influence of time and intimacy to promote her own wishes, and the happiness of her dear nephew.

Mr. Hippy was so overjoyed at the project, that, in the first ebullitions of his transport, meeting Harry Fell on the landing-place, with a packet of medicine from Dr. Killquick, he seized him by the arm, and made him dance a *pas de deux:* the packet fell to the earth, and Mr. Hippy, as he whirled old Harry round to the tune of *La Belle Laitière*, danced over that which, but for this timely demolition, might have given his heir an opportunity of dancing over him.

It was accordingly arranged that Sir Telegraph Paxarett, with the ladies and Mr. Hippy, should call on the appointed day at Redrose Abbey for Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton.

Mr. Derrydown and Mr. O'Scarum were inconsolable on the occasion, notwithstanding Mr. Hippy's assurance that they should very soon return, and that the hospitality of Melincourt Castle should then be resumed under his supreme jurisdiction. Mr. Derrydown determined to consume the interval at Keswick, in the composition of dismal ballads; and Mr. O'Scarum to proceed to Low-wood Inn, and drown his cares in claret with Major O'Dogskin.

We shall pass over the interval till the arrival of the eventful day on which Mr. Forester, from the windows of Redrose Abbey, watched the approach of Sir Telegraph's barouche. The party from Melincourt arrived, as had been concerted, to breakfast: after which, they surveyed the Abbey, and perambulated the grounds. Mr. Forester produced the Abbot's skull,* and took occasion to expatiate very largely on the diminution of the size of mankind; illustrating his theory by quotations and anecdotes from Homer,†

* See Chap. IV.

† "Homer has said nothing positively, of the size of any of his heroes, but only comparatively, as I shall presently observe: nor is this to be wondered at; for I know no historian ancient or modern, that says anything of the size of the men of his own nation, except comparatively with that of other nations. But in that fine episode of his, called by the ancient critics the Τειχοσκοπια or *Prospect from the Walls*, he has given us a very accurate description of the persons of several of the Greek heroes; which I am persuaded he had from very good information. In this description he tells us, that Ulysses was shorter than Agamemnon by the head, shorter than Menelaus by the head and shoulders, and that Ajax was taller than any of the Greeks by the head and shoulders; consequently, Ulysses was shorter than Ajax by two heads and shoulders, which we cannot reckon less than four feet. Now, if we suppose these heroes to have

Herodotus,* Arrian, Plutarch, Philostratus, Pausanias, and Solinus Polyhistor. He asked if it were possible that men of such a stature, as they have dwindled to in the present

been no bigger than we, then Ajax must have been a man about six feet and a half, or at most seven feet; and if so, Ulysses must have been most contemptibly short, not more than three feet, which is certainly not the truth, but a most absurd and ridiculous fiction, such as we cannot suppose in Homer: whereas, if we allow Ajax to have been twelve or thirteen feet high, and, much more, if we suppose him to have been eleven cubits, as Philostratus makes him, Ulysses, though four feet short of him, would have been of a good size, and, with the extraordinary breadth which Homer observes he had, may have been as strong a man as Ajax."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 146.

* "It was only in after-ages, when the size of men was greatly decreased, that the bodies of those heroes, if they happened to be discovered, were, as was natural, admired and exactly measured. Such a thing happened in Laconia, where the body of Orestes was discovered, and found to be of length seven cubits, that is, ten feet and a half. The story is most pleasantly told by Herodotus, and is to this effect: The Lacedemonians were engaged in a war with the Tegeatæ, a people of Arcadia, in which they were unsuccessful. They consulted the oracle at Delphi, what they should do in order to be more successful. The oracle answered, 'That they must bring to Sparta the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon.' But these bones they could not find, and therefore they sent again to the oracle to inquire where Orestes lay buried. The God answered in hexameter verse, but so obscurely and enigmatically, that they could not understand what he meant. They went about inquiring everywhere for the bones of Orestes, till at last a wise man among them, called by Herodotus *Liches*, found them out, partly by good fortune, and partly by good understanding; for, happening to come one day to a smith's shop in the country of the Tegeatæ, with whom at that time there was a truce and intercourse betwixt the two nations, he looked at the operations of the smith, and seemed to admire them very much; which the smith observing, stopped his work, and, 'Stranger,' says he, 'you that seem to admire so much the working of iron, would have wondered much more if you had seen what I saw lately; for, as I was digging for a well in this court here, I fell upon a coffin that was seven cubits long; but *believing that there never were at any time bigger men than the present*, I opened the coffin, and found there a dead body as long as the coffin, which having measured, I again buried.' Hearing this, the Spartan conjectured that the words of the oracle would apply to a smith's shop, and to the operations there performed; but taking care not to make this discovery to the smith, he prevailed on him, with much difficulty, to give him a lease of the court; which having obtained, he opened the coffin, and carried the bones to Sparta. After which, says our author, the Spartans were upon every occasion superior in fight to the Tegeatæ."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 146.

age, could have erected that stupendous monument of human strength, Stonehenge? in the vicinity of which, he said, a body had been dug up, measuring fourteen feet ten inches in length.*

"The most of our philosophers at present are, I believe, of the opinion of the smith in Herodotus, who might be excused for having that opinion at a time when perhaps no other heroic body had been discovered. But in later times, I believe there was not the most vulgar man in Greece, who did not believe that those heroes were very much superior, both in mind and body, to the men of after-times. Indeed, they were not considered as mere men, but as something betwixt gods and men, and had *heroic* honours paid them, which were next to the *divine*. On the stage they were represented as of extraordinary size, both as to length and breadth; for the actor was not only raised upon very high shoes, which they called *cothurni*, but he was put into a case that swelled his size prodigiously (and I have somewhere read a very ridiculous story of one of them, who, coming upon the stage, fell and broke his case, so that all the trash with which it was stuffed, came out and was scattered upon the stage in the view of the whole people). This accounts for the high style of ancient tragedy, in which the heroes speak a language so uncommon, that, if I considered them as men nowise superior to us, I should think it little better than fustian, and should be apt to apply to it what Falstaff says to Pistol: 'Pr'ythee, Pistol, speak like a man of this world.' And I apply the same observation to Homer's poems. If I considered his heroes as no more than men of this world, I should consider the things he relates of them as quite ridiculous; but believing them to be men very much superior to us, I read Homer with the highest admiration, not only as a poet, but as the historian of the noblest race of men that ever existed. Thus, by having right notions of the superiority of men in former times, we both improve our philosophy of man, and our taste in poetry."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 150.

* "But though we should give no credit to those ancient authors, there are monuments still extant, one particularly to be seen in our own island, which I think ought to convince every man that the men of ancient times were much superior to us, at least in the powers of the body. The monument I mean is well known by the name of Stonehenge, and there are several of the same kind to be seen in Denmark and Germany. I desire to know where are the arms now, that, with so little help of machinery as they must have had, could have raised and set up on end such a number of prodigious stones, and put others on the top of them, likewise of very great size? Such works are said by the peasants in Germany to be the works of giants, and I think they must have been giants compared with us. And, indeed, the men who erected Stonehenge could not, I imagine, be of size inferior to that man whose body was found in a quarry near to Salisbury, within a mile of which Stonehenge stands. The body that man was fourteen feet ten inches. The fact is attested by an eye-witness, one Elyote, who writes, I believe, the first English-

The barouche bowled off from the Abbey gates, carrying four inside, and eight out; videlicet, the Honourable Mrs.

Latin Dictionary that ever was published. It is printed in London in 1542, in folio, and has, under the word *Gigas*, the following passage: 'About thirty years passed and somewhat more, I myself beynge with my father Syr Rycharde Elyote, at a monastery of regular canons, called Juy Churche, two myles from the citie of Sarisburye, beholde the bones of a deade man founde deep in the grounde, where they dygged stone, which being joined togyther, was in length xiiii feet and ten ynches, there beynge mette; whereof one of the teethe my father hadde, whych was of the quantytie of a great walnutte. This have I wrytten, because some menne wylle believe nothynge that is out of the compasse of theyre owne knowledge, and yet some of them presume to have knowledge, above any other, contempnynge all men but themselfes or suche as they favour.' It is for the reason mentioned by this author, that I have given so many examples of the greater size of men than is to be seen in our day, to which I could add several others concerning bodies that have been found in this our island, particularly one mentioned by Hector Boece in his *Description of Scotland*, prefixed to his Scotch History, where he tells us that in a certain church which he names in the shire of Murray, the bones of a man of much the same size as those of the man mentioned by Elyote, viz. fourteen feet, were preserved. One of these bones Boece himself saw, and has particularly described."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 156.

"But without having recourse to bones or monuments of any kind, if a man has looked upon the world as long as I have done with any observation he must be convinced that the size of man is diminishing. I have seen such bodies of men, as are not now to be seen: I have observed in families, of which I have known three generations, a gradual decline in that, and I am afraid in other respects. Others may think otherwise; but for my part I have so great a veneration for our ancestors, that I have much indulgence for that ancient superstition among the Etrurians, and from them derived to the Romans, of worshipping the *manes* of their ancestors under the names of *Lares* or domestic gods, which undoubtedly proceeded upon the supposition that they were men superior to themselves, and their departed souls such genii as Hesiod has described,

Εσθλοι, αλεξικακοι, φυλακες θνητων ανθρωπων.

And if antiquity and the universal consent of nations can give a sanction to any opinion, it is to this, that our forefathers were better men than we. Even as far back as the Trojan war, the best age of men, of which we have any particular account, Homer has said that few men were better than their fathers, and the greater part worse:

Οι πλεονες κακιους, παυροι δε πατρος αρειους.

And this he puts into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom . . . . . But when I speak of the universal consent of nations, I ought to

Pinmoney, Miss Danaretta, Mr. Hippy, and Anthelia, inside; Sir Telegraph Paxarett and Sir Oran Haut-ton on the box, the former with his whip, and the latter with his French horn, in the characters of coachman and guard; Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax in the front of the roof; and Sir Telegraph's two grooms, with Peter Gray and Harry Fell, behind. Sir Telegraph's coachman, as the inside of the carriage was occupied, had been left at Melincourt.

In addition to Sir Telegraph's travelling library—(which consisted of a single quarto volume, magnificently bound: videlicet, a Greek Pindar, which Sir Telegraph always carried with him; not that he ever read a page of it, but that he thought such a classical inside passenger would be a perpetual vindication of his tethrippharmatelasipedioploctypophilous pursuits), Anthelia and Mr. Forester had taken with them a few of their favourite authors; for, as the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote was situated almost at the extremity of the kingdom, and as Sir Telegraph's diurnal stages were necessarily limited, they had both conjectured that

> the poet's page, by one
> Made vocal for the amusement of the rest,

might furnish an agreeable evening employment in the dearth of conversation. Anthelia also, in compliance with the general desire, had taken her lyre, by which the reader may understand, if he pleases, the *harp-lute-guitar;* which, whatever be its merit as an instrument, has so unfortunate an appellation, that we cannot think of dislocating our pages with such a cacophonous compound.

They made but a short stage from Redrose Abbey, and stopped for the first evening at Low-wood Inn, to the great joy of Mr. O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin. Mr. O'Scarum introduced the Major; and both offered their services to assist Mr. Hippy and Sir Telegraph Paxarett in the council they were holding with the landlady on the eventful subject of dinner. This being arranged, and the hour and minute punctually specified, it was proposed to employ the interval

except the men, and particularly the young men, of this age, who generally believe themselves to be better men than their fathers, or than any of their predecessors."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 161.

in a little excursion on the lake. The party was distributed in two boats: Sir Telegraph's grooms rowing the one, and Peter Gray and Harry Fell the other. They rowed to the middle of the lake, and rested on their oars. The sun sunk behind the summits of the western mountains: the clouds that, like other mountains, rested motionless above them, crested with the towers and battlements of aërial castles, changed by degrees from fleecy whiteness to the deepest hues of crimson. A solitary cloud, resting on an eastern pinnacle, became tinged with the reflected splendour of the west: the clouds overhead spreading, like a uniform veil of network, through the interstices of which the sky was visible, caught in their turn the radiance, and reflected it on the lake, that lay in its calm expanse like a mirror, imaging with such stillness and accuracy the forms and colours of all around and above it, that it seemed as if the waters were withdrawn by magic, and the boats floated in crimson light between the mountains and the sky.

The whole party was silent, even the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, till Mr. O'Scarum entreated Anthelia to sing "something neat and characteristic; or a harmony now for three voices, would be the killing thing; eh! Major?"—"Indeed and it would," said Major O'Dogskin; "there's something very soft and pathetic in a cool evening on the water, to sit still doing nothing at all but listening to pretty words and tender melodies." And lest the sincerity of his opinion should be questioned, he accompanied it with an emphatical oath, to show that he was in earnest; for which the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney called him to order.

Major O'Dogskin explained.

Anthelia, accompanied by Miss Danaretta and Mr. O'Scarum, sung the following

TERZETTO.

1. Hark! o'er the silent waters stealing,
   The dash of oars sounds soft and clear:
   Through night's deep veil, all forms concealing,
   Nearer it comes, and yet more near.

2. See! where the long reflection glistens,
   In yon lone tower her watch-light burns:
3. To hear our distant oars she listens,
   And, listening, strikes the harp by turns.

1. The stars are bright, the skies unclouded;
No moonbeam shines; no breezes wake:
Is it my love, in darkness shrouded,
Whose dashing oar disturbs the lake?

2. O haste, sweet maid, the cords unrolling;
The holy hermit chides our stay!
1. 2. 3. Hark! from his lonely islet tolling,
His midnight bell shall guide our way.

Sir Oran Haut-ton now produced his flute, and treated the mpany with a solo. Another pause succeeded. The conplative silence was broken by Major O'Dogskin, who ben to fidget about in the boat, and drawing his watch from fob held it up to Mr. Hippy, and asked him if he did not ink the partridges would be spoiled? "To be sure they ll," said Mr. Hippy, "unless we make the best of our way. ld comfort this, after all: sharp air and water:—give me a ring fire and a six-bottle cooper of claret."

The oars were dashed into the water, and the fairy rections of clouds, rocks, woods, and mountains were mingled the confusion of chaos. The reader will naturally expect it, having two lovers on a lake, we shall not lose the portunity of throwing the lady into the water, and making gentlemen fish her out; but whether that our Thalia is veridicous to permit this distortion of facts, or that we ink it the more original incident to return them to the shore dry as they left it, the reader must submit to the disapintment, and be content to see the whole party comfortably ted, without let, hindrance, or molestation, at a very excelt dinner, served up under the judicious inspection of mine stess of Low-wood.

The heroes and heroines of Homer used to eat and drink day till the setting sun;* and by dint of industry, conved to finish that important business by the usual period at ich modern beaux and belles begin it—who are, therefore, cessitated, like Penelope, to sit up all night: not, indeed, destroy the works of the day, for how can nothing be anhilated? This does not apply to all our party, and we hope t to many of our readers.

* Ἡμεις μεν προπαν ημαρ, ες ηελιον καταδυντα,
Ἡμεθα, ἑαινυμενοι κρεα τ' ασπετοι και μεθυ ἡδυ' κ.τ.λ.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SEA-SHORE.

THEY stopped the next evening at a village on the sea-shore. The wind rose in the night, but without rain. Mr. Forester was up before the sun, and descending to the beach, found Anthelia there before him, sitting on a rock, and listening to the dash of the waves, like a Nereid to Triton's shell.

Mr. Forester.—You are an early riser, Miss Melincourt.

Anthelia.—I always was so. The morning is the infancy of the day, and, like the infancy of life, has health and bloom, and cheerfulness and purity, in a degree unknown to the busy noon, which is the season of care, or the languid evening, which is the harbinger of repose. Perhaps the song of the nightingale is not in itself less cheerful than that of the lark: it is the season of her song that invests it with the character of melancholy. It is the same with the associations of infancy: it is all cheerfulness, all hope: its path is on the flowers of an untried world. The daisy has more beauty in the eye of childhood than the rose in that of maturer life. The spring is the infancy of the year: its flowers are the flowers of promise and the darlings of poetry. The autumn too has its flowers; but they are little loved, and little praised: for the associations of autumn are not with ideas of cheerfulness, but with yellow leaves and hollow winds, heralds of winter, and emblems of dissolution.

Mr. Forester.—These reflections have more in them of the autumn than of the morning. But the mornings of autumn participate in the character of the season.

Anthelia.—They do so: yet even in mists and storms the opening must be always more cheerful than the closing day.

Mr. Forester.—But this morning is fine and clear, and the wind blows over the sea. Yet this, to me at least, is not a cheerful scene.

Anthelia.—Nor to me. But our long habits of association with the sound of the winds and the waters, have given them to us a voice of melancholy majesty: a voice not audible those little children who are playing yonder on the sho To them all scenes are cheerful. It is the morning of li it is infancy that makes them so.

Forester.—Fresh air and liberty are all that is necessary happiness of children. In that blissful age "when s self is new," the bloom of interest and beauty is alike in every object of perception—in the grass of the w, the moss on the rock, and the seaweed on the sand. ind gems and treasures in shells and pebbles; and the s of fairyland in the simplest flowers. They have no holy associations with autumn or with evening. The leaves are their playthings; and the setting sun only em that they must go to rest as he does, and that he ght them to their sports in the morning. It is this of novelty, and the pure, unclouded, unvitiated feelings hich it is contemplated, that throw such an unearthly e on the scenes of our infancy, however humble in lves, and give a charm to their recollections which not 'empe can compensate. It is the force of first im- ns. The first meadow in which we gather cowslips, t stream on which we sail, the first home in which we to the sense of human sympathy, have all a peculiar lusive charm, which we shall never find again in richer rs, mightier rivers, and more magnificent dwellings; n in themselves, when we revisit them after the lapse s, and the sad realities of noon have dissipated the illu- f sunrise. It is the same, too, with first love, what- the causes that render it unsuccessful: the second may have just preponderance in the balance of moral ion: but the object of first affection, of all the per- s of our being, will be most divested of the attributes ality. The magical associations of infancy are revived ouble power in the feelings of first love; but when they e departed, then, indeed, the light of the morning is

Pensa che questo di mai non raggiorna!

elia.—If this be so let me never be the object of a choice: let me never love, or love but once.

Forester.—The object of a second choice you cannot any one who will deserve your love: for to have ny other woman, would show a heart too lightly cap- to be worthy of yours. The only mind that can de- love you, is one that would never have known love, if had known you.

Anthelia and Mr. Forester were both so unfashionably sincere, that they would probably, in a very few minutes, have confessed to each other more than they had till that morning, perhaps, confessed to themselves, but that their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hippy fuming for his breakfast, accompanied by Sir Telegraph cracking his whip, and Sir Oran blowing the Réveillée on his French horn.

"So ho!" exclaimed Sir Telegraph; "Achilles and Thetis, I protest, consulting on the sea-shore."

Anthelia.—Do you mean to say, Sir Telegraph, that I am old enough to be Mr. Forester's mother?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—No, no; that is no part of the comparison: but we are the ambassadors of Agamemnon (videlicet, Mr. Fax, whom we left very busily arranging the urns, not of lots by the by, but of tea and coffee): here is old Phœnix on one side of me, and Ajax on the other.

Mr. Forester.—And you of course are the wise Ulysses.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—There the simile fails again. *Comparatio non urgenda*, as I think Heyne used to say, before I was laughed out of reading at college.

Mr. Forester.—You should have found me too, if you call me Achilles, solacing my mind with music, φρενα τερπομενον φορμιγγι λιγειῃ: but, to make amends for the deficiency, you have brought me a musical Ajax.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—You have no reason to wish even for the golden lyre of my old friend Pindar himself: you have been listening to the music of the winds and the waters, and to what is more than music, the voice of Miss Melincourt.

Mr. Hippy.—And there is a very pretty concert waiting for you at the inn—the tinkling of cups and spoons, and the divine song of the tea-urn.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CITY OF NOVOTE.

ON the evening of the tenth day, the barouche rattled triumphantly into the large and populous city of Novote, which was situated at a short distance from the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote. The city contained

sand inhabitants, and had no representative in the able House, the deficiency being virtually supplied by members for Onevote: who, having no affairs to at- for the borough, or rather the burgess, that did return rere supposed to have more leisure for those of the city lid not: a system somewhat analogous to that which ned author of *Hermes* calls *a method of supply by negation.* Oran signalized his own entrance by playing on his horn, *See the conquering hero comes!* Bells were , ale was flowing, mobs were huzzaing, and it seemed he inhabitants of the large and populous city were l of the truth of the admirable doctrine, that the posi- presentation of one individual is a virtual representa- fifty thousand. They found afterwards, that all this y had been set in motion by Sir Oran's brother can- Simon Sarcastic, Esq., to whom we shall shortly in- our readers.

barouche stopped at the door of a magnificent inn, and ty was welcomed with some scores of bows from the *corps d'hôtel*, with the fat landlady in the van, and Boots rear. They were shown into a splendid apartment, a s fire was kindled in a minute, and while Mr. Hippy over the bill of fare, and followed mine hostess to in- he state of the larder, Sir Telegraph proceeded to *peel*, erged from his four *benjamins*, like a butterfly from its ia.

r dinner they formed, as usual, a semicircle round the th the table in front supported by Mr. Hippy and Sir ph Paxarett.

w this," said Sir Telegraph, rubbing his hands, "is call devilish comfortable after a cold day's drive—an nt inn, a superb fire, charming company, and better han has fallen to our lot since we left Melincourt "

waiter had picked up from the conversation at dinner, ne of the destined members for Onevote was in com- and communicated this intelligence to Mr. Sarcastic, ras taking his solitary bottle in another apartment. rcastic sent his compliments to Sir Oran Haut-ton, and he would allow his future colleague the honour of being ed to join his party. Mr. Hippy, Mr. Forester, and legraph, undertook to answer for Sir Oran, who was

silent on the occasion: Mr. Sarcastic was introduced, and took his seat in the semicircle.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Your future colleague, Mr. Sarcastic, is *a man of few words;* but he will join in a bumper to your better acquaintance.—(*The collision of glasses caused between Sir Oran and Mr. Sarcastic.*)

Mr. Sarcastic.—I am proud of the opportunity of this introduction. The day after to-morrow is fixed for the election. I have made some preparations to give a little *éclat* to the affair, and have begun by intoxicating half the city of Novote, so that we shall have a great crowd at the scene of election, whom I intend to harangue from the hustings, on the great benefits and blessings of virtual representation.

Mr. Forester.—I shall, perhaps, take the opportunity of addressing them also, but with a different view of the subject.

Mr. Sarcastic.—Perhaps our views of the subject are not radically different, and the variety is in the mode of treatment. In my ordinary intercourse with the world, I reduce practice to theory: it is a habit, I believe, peculiar to myself, and a source of inexhaustible amusement.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Fill and explain.

Mr. Sarcastic.—Nothing, you well know, is so rare as the coincidence of theory and practice. A man who "will go through fire and water to serve a friend" in words, will not give five guineas to save him from famine. A poet will write Odes to Independence, and become the obsequious parasite of any great man who will hire him. A burgess will hold up one hand for purity of election, while the price of his own vote is slily dropped into the other. I need not accumulate instances.

Mr. Forester.—You would find it difficult, I fear, to adduce many to the contrary.

Mr. Sarcastic.—This then is my system. I ascertain the practice of those I talk to, and present it to them as from myself, in the shape of theory: the consequence of which is, that I am universally stigmatized as a promulgator of rascally doctrines. Thus I said to Sir Oliver Oilcake, "When I get into Parliament I intend to make the sale of my vote as notorious as the sun at noonday. I will have no rule of right, but my own pocket. I will support every measure of every administration, even if they ruin half the nation for the purpose of restoring the Great Lama, or of subjecting twenty

eople to be hanged, drawn, and quartered at the
the man-milliner of Mahomet's mother. I will
ıds of turtle and rivers of Madeira for myself, if
hole swinish multitude to draff and husks." Sir
nto a rage, and swore he would hold no further
with a man who maintained such infamous

y.—Pleasant enough, to show a man his own
make him damn the ugly rascal.
stic.—I said to Miss Pennylove, whom I knew to
rself out for *a good match*, "When my daughter
narriageable age, I shall commission Christie to
o auction, 'the highest bidder to be the buyer;
ispute arise between two or more bidders, the lot
again and resold.'" Miss Pennylove professed
ly amazed and indignant, that any man, and a
ially, should imagine a scheme so outrageous to
and delicacy of the female mind.
urable Mrs. Pinmoney, and Miss Danaretta.—A
idea certainly.
stic.—The fact, my dear ladies, the fact: how
ct! Miss Pennylove afterwards married a man
to be her grandfather, for no other reason but
vas rich; and broke the heart of a very worthy
ine, to whom she had been previously engaged,
fault but the folly of loving her, and was quite
for all purposes of matrimonial happiness. How
and delicacy of such a person could have been
the preliminary negotiation with her hobbling
d been conducted through the instrumentality of
stie's hammer, I cannot possibly imagine.
y.—Nor I, I must say. All the difference is in
d not in the fact. It is a pity that form does not
shion: it would save a world of trouble.
stic.—I irreparably offended the Reverend Doctor
lling him, that having a nephew, whom I wished
he church, I was on the look-out for a luminous
a cook of solid capacity, under whose joint tuition
raduate. "Who knows," said I, "but he may
himself at the University, by giving his name to
'—I lost the acquaintance of Mrs. Cullender, by
er, when she had told me a piece of gossip as a

very particular secret, that there was nothing so agreeable to me as to be in possession of a secret, for I made a point of telling it to all my acquaintance;

> Intrusted under solemn vows,
> Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
> To be retailed again in whispers,
> For the easy credulous to disperse.*

Mrs. Cullender left me in great wrath, protesting she would never again throw away *her* confidence on so leaky a vessel.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Ha! ha! ha! Bravo! Come, a bumper to Mrs. Cullender.

Mr. Sarcastic.—With all my heart; and another if you please to Mr. Christopher Corporate, the free, fat, and dependent burgess of Onevote, of which "plural unit" the Honourable Baronet and myself are to be the joint representatives.—(*Sir Oran Haut-ton bowed.*)

Mr. Hippy.—And a third, by all means, to his Grace the Duke of Rottenburg.

Mr. Sarcastic.—And a fourth, to crown all, to *the blessings of virtual representation*, which I shall endeavour to impress on as many of the worthy citizens of Novote, as shall think fit to be present, the day after to-morrow, at the proceedings of the borough of Onevote.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—And now for tea and coffee. Touch the bell for the waiter.

The bottles and glasses vanished, and the beautiful array of urns and cups succeeded. Sir Telegraph and Mr. Hippy seceded from the table, and resigned their stations to Mrs. and Miss Pinmoney.

Mr. Forester.—Your system is sufficiently amusing, but I much question its utility. The object of moral censure is reformation, and its proper vehicle is plain and fearless sincerity: VERBA ANIMI PROFERRE, ET VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

Mr. Sarcastic.—I tried that in my youth, when I was troubled with the *passion for reforming the world*,† of which I have been long cured, by the conviction of the inefficacy of moral theory with respect to producing a practical change in

* Hudibras, Part III. ii. 1493.
† See Forsyth's Principles of Moral Science.

ıe mass of mankind. Custom is the pillar round which ıinion twines, and interest is the tie that binds it. It is ɔt by reason that practical change can be effected, but by aking a puncture to the quick in the feelings of personal ɔpe and personal fear. The Reformation in England is one the supposed triumphs of reason. But if the passions of enry the Eighth had not been interested in that measure, he ould as soon have built mosques as pulled down abbeys: ıd you will observe that, in all cases, reformation never goes far as reason requires, but just as far as suits the personal terest of those who conduct it. Place Temperance and acchus side by side, in an assembly of jolly fellows, and ıdow the first with the most powerful eloquence that mere ason can give, with the absolute moral force of mathematical ımonstration, Bacchus need not take the trouble of refuting ıe of her arguments; he will only have to say, "Come, my ɔys, here's *Damn Temperance* in a bumper," and you may ıly on the toast being drank with an unanimous three times ıree.

(*At the sound of the word* bumper, *with which Captain Cawltaught had made him very familiar, Sir Oran Haut-ton ıked round for his glass, but, finding it vanished, comforted imself with a dish of tea from the fair hand of Miss Danaretta, hich, as his friend Mr. Forester had interdicted him from the ıe of sugar, he sweetened as well as he could with a copious ıfusion of cream.*)*

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—As an Opposition orator in the Honourable House will bring forward a long detail of unıswerable arguments, without even expecting that they will ave the slightest influence on the vote of the majority.

Mr. Sarcastic.—A reform of that honourable body, if ever should take place, will be one of the "*triumphs of reason.*" ıt reason will have little to do with it. All that reason ın say on the subject has been said for years, by men of all ırties—while they were *out:* but the moment they were *in*, ıe moment their own interest came in contact with their ırn reason, the victory of interest was never for a moment ıubtful. While the great fountain of interest, rising in the verns of borough patronage and ministerial influence, flowed

* "Il buvoit du vin, mais le laissoit volontiers pour du lait, du ı, ou d'autres liqueurs douces."—BUFFON *of the Oran Outang, whom ıaw himself in Paris.*

through the whole body of the kingdom in channels of paper-money, and loans, and contracts, and jobs, and places either found or made for the useful dealers in secret services, so long the predominant interests of corruption overpowered the true and permanent interests of the country: but as those channels become dry, and they are becoming so with fearful rapidity, the crew of every boat that is left aground are convinced, not by reason—that they had long heard and despised—but by the unexpected pressure of personal suffering, that they had been going on in the wrong way. Thus the reaction of interest takes place; and when the concentrated interests of thousands, combined by the same pressure of personal suffering, shall have created an independent power, greater than the power of the interest of corruption, then, and not till then, the latter will give way, and this will be called the triumph of reason; though, in truth, like all the changes in human society that have ever taken place from the birth-day of the world, it will be only the triumph of one mode of interest over another: but as the triumph in this case will be of the interest of the many over that of the few, it is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Mr. Forester.—If I should admit that "the hope of personal advantage, and the dread of personal punishment," are the only springs that set the mass of mankind in action, the inefficacy of reason, and the inutility of moral theory, will by no means follow from the admission. The progress of truth is slow, but its ultimate triumph is secure; though its immediate effects may be rendered almost imperceptible, by the power of habit and interest. If the philosopher cannot reform his own times, he may lay the foundation of amendment in those that follow. Give currency to reason, improve the moral code of society, and the theory of one generation will be the practice of the next. After a certain period of life, and that no very advanced one, men in general become perfectly unpersuadable to all practical purposes. Few philosophers, therefore, I believe, expect to produce much change in the habits of their contemporaries, as Plato proposed to banish from his republic all above the age of ten, and give a good education to the rest.

Mr. Sarcastic.—Or, as Heraclitus the Ephesian proposed to his countrymen, that all above the age of fourteen should hang themselves, before he would consent to give laws to the remainder.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BOROUGH OF ONEVOTE.

E day of election arrived. Mr. Sarcastic's rumoured preparations, and the excellence of the ale which he had broached in the city of Novote, had given a degree to the election for the borough of Onevote, which it ver before possessed; the representatives usually sliding eir nomination with the same silence and decorum with a solitary spinster slides into her pew at Wednesday's lay's prayers in a country church. The resemblance good also in this respect, that, as the curate addresses litary maiden with the appellation of *dearly beloved* ı, so the representatives always pluralized their solitary by conferring on him the appellation of *a respectable constituents*. Mr. Sarcastic, however, being determined ıse himself at the expense of this most "venerable " in our old constitution, as Lord C. calls a rotten h, had brought Mr. Christopher Corporate into his by the adhibition of *persuasion in a tangible shape*. It ·nerally known in Novote, that something would be orward at Onevote, though nobody could tell precisely ·xcept that a long train of brewer's drays had left the : the borough, in grand procession, on the preceding ıder the escort of a sworn band of special constables, ere to keep guard over the ale all night. This detach- was soon followed by another, under a similar escort, th similar injunctions: and it was understood that this expedition of *frothy rhetoric* was sent forth under the s of Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, the brother candidate on Sarcastic, Esquire, for the representation of the and honourable borough.

borough of Onevote stood in the middle of a heath, ısisted of a solitary farm, of which the land was so ıd untractable, that it would not have been worth the f any human being to cultivate it, had not the Duke tenburgh found it very well worth his to pay his for living there, to keep the honourable borough in ce.

Mr. Sarcastic left the city of Novote some hours before his new acquaintance, to superintend his preparations, followed by crowds of persons of all descriptions, pedestrians and equestrians; old ladies in chariots, and young ladies on donkeys; the farmer on his hunter, and the tailor on his hack; the grocer and his family six in a chaise; the dancing-master in his tilbury; the banker in his tandem; mantua-makers and servant-maids twenty-four in the waggon, fitted up for the occasion with a canopy of evergreens; pastry-cooks, men-milliners, and journeymen tailors, by the stage, running for that day only, six inside and fourteen out; the sallow artisan emerging from the cellar or the furnace, to freshen himself with the pure breezes of Onevote Heath; the bumpkin in his laced boots and Sunday coat, trudging through the dust with his cherry-cheeked lass on his elbow; the gentleman coachman on his box, with his painted charmer by his side; the lean curate on his half-starved Rosinante; the plump bishop setting an example of Christian humility in his carriage and six; the doctor on his white horse, like Death in the Revelations; and the lawyer on his black one, like the devil in the Wild Huntsmen.

Almost in the rear of this motley cavalcade went the barouche of Sir Telegraph Paxarett, and rolled up to the scene of action amidst the shouts of the multitude.

The heath had very much the appearance of a race ground; with booths and stalls, the voices of pie-men and apple-women, the grinding of barrel organs, the scraping of fiddles, the squeaking of ballad-singers, the chirping of corkscrews, the vociferations of ale-drinkers, the cries of the "last dying speeches of desperate malefactors," and of "The History and Antiquities of the honourable Borough of Onevote, a full and circumstantial account, all in half a sheet, for the price of one halfpenny!"

The hustings were erected in proper form, and immediately opposite to them was an enormous marquee with a small opening in front, in which was seated the important person of Mr. Christopher Corporate, with a tankard of ale and a pipe. The ladies remained in the barouche under the care of Sir Telegraph and Mr. Hippy. Mr. Forester, Mr. Fox, and Sir Oran Haut ton joined Mr. Sarcastic on the hustings.

Mr Sarcastic stepped forward amidst the shouts of the asse[illegible]d crowd, and addressed Mr. Christopher Corporate:

"Free, fat, and dependent burgess of this ancient and honourable borough! I stand forward an unworthy candidate, to be the representative of so important a personage, who comprises in himself a three hundredth part of the whole elective capacity of this extensive empire. For if the whole population be estimated at eleven millions, with what awe and veneration must I look on one, who is, as it were, the abstract and quintessence of thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six people! The voice of Stentor was like the voice of fifty, and the voice of Harry Gill * was like the voice of three; but what are these to the voice of Mr. Christopher Corporate, which gives utterance in one breath to the concentrated power of thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six voices? Of such an one it may indeed be said, that *he is himself an host*, and that *none but himself can be his parallel.*

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor! it is usual on these occasions to make a great vapouring about honour and conscience: but as those words are now generally acknowledged to be utterly destitute of meaning, I have too much respect for your understanding to say anything about them. The *monied interest*, Mr. Corporate, for which you are as illustrious *as the sun at noon-day*, is the great point of connection and sympathy between us: and no circumstances can throw a *wet blanket* on the ardour of our reciprocal esteem, while the *fundamental feature* of our mutual interests presents itself to us in so *tangible a shape.*† How high a value I set upon your voice, you may judge by the price I have paid for half of it: which, indeed, deeply lodged as my feelings are in my pocket, I yet see no reason to regret, since you will thus confer on mine, a transmutable and marketable value, which I trust by proper management will leave me no loser by the bargain."

"Huzza!" said Mr. Corporate.

"People of the city of Novote!" proceeded Mr. Sarcastic, "some of you, I am informed, consider yourselves aggrieved, that, while your large and populous city has no share whatever in the formation of the Honourable House, the *plural unity* of Mr. Christopher Corporate should be invested with

* See Mr. Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads.

† The figures of speech marked in Italics are familiar to the admirers of parliamentary *rhetoric.*

the privilege of double representation. But, gentlemen, representation is of two kinds, actual and virtual: an important distinction, and of great political consequence.

"The Honourable Baronet and myself being the actual representatives of the fat burgess of Onevote, shall be the virtual representatives of the worthy citizens of Novote; and you may rely on it, gentlemen (*with his hand on his heart*), we shall always be deeply attentive to your interests, when they happen, as no doubt they sometimes will, to be perfectly compatible with our own.

"A member of Parliament, gentlemen, to speak to you in your own phrase, is a sort of staple commodity, manufactured for home consumption. Much has been said of the improvement of machinery in the present age, by which one man may do the work of a dozen. If this be admirable, and admirable it is acknowledged to be by all the civilized world, how much more admirable is the improvement of political machinery, by which one man does the work of thirty thousand! I am sure, I need not say another word to a great manufacturing population like the inhabitants of the city of Novote, to convince them of the beauty and utility of this most luminous arrangement.

"The duty of a representative of the people, whether actual or virtual, is simply *to tax*. Now this important branch of public business is much more easily and expeditiously transacted by the means of virtual, than it possibly could be by that of actual representation. For when the minister draws up his scheme of ways and means, he will do it with much more celerity and confidence, when he knows that the propitious countenance of virtual representation will never cease to smile upon him as long as he continues in place, than if he had to encounter the doubtful aspect of actual representation, which might, perhaps, look black on some of his favourite projects, thereby greatly impeding the distribution of secret service money at home, and placing foreign legitimacy in a very awkward predicament. The carriage of the state would then be like a chariot in a forest, turning to the left for a troublesome thorn, and to the right for a sturdy oak; whereas it now rolls forward like the car of Juggernaut over the plain, crushing whatever offers to impede its way.

"The constitution says that no man shall be taxed but by his own consent: a very plausible theory, gentlemen, but

not reducible to practice. Who will apply a lancet to his own arm, and bleed himself? Very few, you acknowledge. Who then, *à fortiori*, would apply a lancet to his own pocket, and draw off what is dearer to him than his blood—his money? Fewer still, of course: I humbly opine, none.—What then remains but to appoint a royal college of state surgeons, who may operate on the patient according to their views of his case? Taxation is political phlebotomy: the Honourable House is, figuratively speaking, a royal college of state surgeons. A good surgeon must have firm nerves and a steady hand; and, perhaps, the less feeling the better. Now, it is manifest, that, as all feeling is founded on sympathy, the fewer constituents a representative has, the less must be his sympathy with the public, and the less, of course as is desirable, his feeling for his patient—the people: —who, therefore, with so much *sang froid*, can phlebotomize the nation, as the representative of half an elector?

"Gentlemen, as long as a *full Gazette* is pleasant to the *quidnunc;* as long as an empty purse is delightful to the spendthrift; as long as the cry of *Question* is a satisfactory *answer* to an argument, and to outvote reason is to refute it; as long as the way to pay old debts is to incur new ones of five times the amount; as long as the grand recipes of political health and longevity are *bleeding* and *hot water*—so long must you rejoice in the privileges of Mr. Christopher Corporate, so long must you acknowledge from the very bottom of your pockets, the benefits and blessings of *virtual representation.*"

This harangue was received with great applause, acclamations rent the air, and ale flowed in torrents. Mr. Forester declined speaking, and the party on the hustings proceeded to business. Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, and Simon Sarcastic, Esquire, were nominated in form. Mr. Christopher Corporate held up both his hands, with his tankard in one, and his pipe in the other: and neither poll nor scrutiny being demanded, the two candidates were pronounced duly elected as representatives of the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote.

The shouts were renewed: the ale flowed rapidly: the pipe and tankard of Mr. Corporate were replenished. Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, M.P., bowed gracefully to the people with his hand on his heart.

A cry was now raised of "Chair 'em! chair 'em!" when Mr. Sarcastic again stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a slight difficulty opposes itself to the honour you would confer on us. The members should, according to form, be chaired by their electors; and how can one elector, great man as he is, chair two representatives? But to obviate this dilemma as well as circumstances admit, I move that the 'large body corporate of one' whom the Honourable Baronet and myself have the honour to represent, do resolve himself into a committee."

He had no sooner spoken, than the marquee opened, and a number of bulky personages, all in dress, aspect, size, and figure, very exact resemblances of Mr. Christopher Corporate, each with his pipe and his tankard, emerged into daylight, who encircling their venerable prototype, lifted their tankards high in air, and pronounced with Stentorian symphony, "HAIL, PLURAL UNIT!" Then, after a simultaneous draught, throwing away their pipes and tankards, for which the mob immediately scrambled, they raised on high two magnificent chairs, and prepared to carry into effect the last ceremony of the election. The party on the hustings descended. Mr. Sarcastic stepped into his chair; and his part of the procession, headed by Mr. Christopher Corporate, and surrounded by a multiform and many-coloured crowd, moved slowly off towards the city of Novote, amidst the undistinguishable clamour of multitudinous voices.

Sir Oran Haut-ton watched the progress of his precursor, as his chair rolled and swayed over the sea of heads, like a boat with one mast on a stormy ocean; and the more he watched the agitation of its movements, the more his countenance gave indications of strong dislike to the process: so that when his seat in the second chair was offered to him, he with a very polite bow declined the honour. The party that was to carry him, thinking that his repugnance arose entirely from diffidence, proceeded with gentle force to overcome his scruples, when not precisely penetrating their motives, and indignant at this attempt to violate the freedom of the natural man, he seized a stick from a sturdy farmer at his elbow, and began to lay about him with great vigour and effect. Those who escaped being knocked down by the first sweep of his weapon, ran away with all their might, but

were soon checked by the pressure of the crowd, who hearing the noise of conflict, and impatient to ascertain the cause, bore down from all points upon a common centre, and formed a circumferential pressure that effectually prohibited the egress of those within; and they, in their turn, in their eagerness to escape from Sir Oran (who like Artegall's Iron Man, or like Ajax among the Trojans, or like Rhodomont in Paris, or like Orlando among the soldiers of Agramant, kept clearing for himself an ample space in the midst of the encircling crowd), waged desperate conflict with those without; so that from the equal and opposite action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, resulted a stationary combat, raging between the circumferences of two concentric circles, with barbaric dissonance of deadly feud, and infinite variety of oath and execration, till Sir Oran, charging desperately along one of the radii, fought a free passage through all opposition; and rushing to the barouche of Sir Telegraph Paxarett, sprung to his old station on the box, from whence he shook his sapling at the foe with looks of mortal defiance. Mr. Forester, who had been forcibly parted from him at the commencement of the strife, and had been all anxiety on his account, mounted with great alacrity to his station on the roof: the rest of the party was already seated: the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, half-fainting with terror, earnestly entreated Sir Telegraph to fly: Sir Telegraph cracked his whip, the horses sprang forward like racers, the wheels went round like the wheels of a firework. The tumult of battle lessening as they receded, came wafted to them on the wings of the wind: for the flame of discord having been once kindled, was not extinguished by the departure of its first flambeau—Sir Oran; but war raged wide and far, here in the thickest mass of central fight, there in the light skirmishing of flying detachments. The hustings were demolished, and the beams and planks turned into offensive weapons: the booths were torn to pieces, and the canvas converted into flags floating over the heads of magnanimous heroes that rushed to revenge they knew not what, in deadly battle with they knew not whom. The stalls and barrows were upset; and the pears, apples, oranges, mutton-pies, and masses of gingerbread, flew like missiles of fate in all directions. The *sanctum sanctorum* of the ale was broken into, and the guardians of

the Hesperian liquor were put to ignominious rout. Hats and wigs were hurled into the air, never to return to the heads from which they had suffered violent divorce. The collision of sticks, the ringing of empty ale-casks, the shrieks of women, and the vociferations of combatants, mingled in one deepening and indescribable tumult: till at length, everything else being levelled with the heath, they turned the mingled torrent of their wrath on the cottage of Mr. Corporate, to which they triumphantly set fire, and danced round the blaze like a rabble of village boys round the effigy of the immortal Guy. In a few minutes the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote was reduced to ashes: but we have the satisfaction to state that it was rebuilt a few days afterwards, at the joint expense of its two representatives, and His Grace the Duke of Rottenburgh.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

THE compassionate reader will perhaps sympathize in our anxiety, to take one peep at Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, whom we left perched on the summit of the rock, where Sir Oran had placed them, looking at each other as ruefully as Hudibras and Ralpho in their "wooden bastile," and falling by degrees into as knotty an argument, the *quæritur* of which was, how to descend from their elevation—an exploit which to them seemed replete with danger and difficulty. Lord Anophel, having, for the first time in his life, been made acquainted with the salutary effects of manual discipline, sate boiling with wrath and revenge; while the Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub, who in his youthful days had been beaten black and blue in the capacity of *fag* (a practice which reflects so much honour on our public seminaries), bore the infliction with more humility.

Lord Anophel Achthar (*rubbing his shoulder*).—This is all your doing, Grovelgrub—all your fault, curse me!

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Oh, my Lord! my intention was good, though the catastrophe is ill. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—But the battle was to the strong in this instance, Grovelgrub, curse me! though from the speed with which you began to run off on the first alarm, it was no fault of yours that the race was not to the swift.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—I must do your Lordship the justice to say, that you too started with a degree of celerity highly creditable to your capacity of natural locomotion; and if that ugly monster, the dumb Baronet, had not knocked us both down in the incipiency of our progression——

Lord Anophel Achthar.—We should have escaped as our two rascals did, who shall bitterly rue their dereliction. But as to the dumb Baronet, who has treated me with gross impertinence on various occasions, I shall certainly call him out, to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Oh, my Lord,

> Though with pistols 'tis the fashion
> To satisfy your passion;
> Yet where's the satisfaction,
> If you perish in the action?

Lord Anophel Achthar.—One of us must perish, Grovelgrub, 'pon honour. Death or revenge! We're blown, Grovelgrub. He took off our masks; and though he can't speak, he can write, no doubt, and read too, as I shall try with a challenge.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Can't speak, my Lord, is by no means clear. Won't speak, perhaps: none are so dumb as those who won't speak. Don't you think, my Lord, there was a sort of melancholy about him—a kind of sullenness. Crossed in love, I suspect. People crossed in love, Saint Chrysostom says, lose their voice.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Then I wish you were crossed in love, Grovelgrub, with all my heart.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Nay, my Lord, what so sweet in calamity as the voice of the spiritual comforter? All shall be well yet, my Lord. I have an infallible project hatching here: Miss Melincourt shall be ensconced in Alga Castle, and then the day is our own.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Grovelgrub, you know the old receipt for stewing a carp: "First, catch your carp."

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Your Lordship is pleased to be facetious: but if the carp be not caught, let me be devilled like a biscuit after the second bottle, or a turkey's leg at a twelfth night supper. The carp shall be caught.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Well, Grovelgrub, only take notice that I'll not come again within ten miles of dummy.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—You may rely upon it, my Lord, I shall always know my distance from the Honourable Baronet. But my plot is a good plot, and cannot fail of success.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—You are a very skilful contriver, to be sure: this is your contrivance, our perch on the top of this rock. Now contrive, if you can, some way of getting to the bottom of it.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—My Lord, there is a passage in Æschylus very applicable to our situation, where the chorus wishes to be in precisely such a place.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Then I wish the chorus were here instead of us, Grovelgrub, with all my soul.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—It is a very fine passage, my Lord, and worth your attention: the rock is described as

> Ἔστιν ἀκρὰς ἀπροσείκτου
> οὐρεσιν ἐρημᾶς γυπιὰς πέτρα,
> ἵνα πτωμα μαρτυρουσα μοι.*

That is, my Lord, a precipitous rock, inaccessible to the goat — not to be pointed at (from having, as I take it, its head in the clouds), where there is the loneliness of mind, and the solitude of desolation, where the vulture has its nest, and the precipice testifies a deep and headlong fall.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—I'll tell you what, Grovelgrub; if ever I catch you quoting Æschylus again, I'll cashier you from your tutorship—that's positive.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—I am dumb, my Lord.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Think, I tell you, of some way of getting down.

The Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Nothing more easy, my Lord.

* Supplices. 807. Ed. Schutz.

l *Anophel Achthar.*—Plummet fashion, I suppose?
Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—Why, as your Lordship seems
, that certainly is the most expeditious method; but
think, in all points of view, the most advisable. On
le of the rock is a *dumetum:* we can descend, I think,
help of the roots and shoots. O dear! I shall be like
s goat: I shall be seen from far to hang from the
rock *Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbor!*
l *Anophel Achthar.*—Confound your Greek and Latin!
ow there is nothing I hate so much; and I thought
id so too, or you have *finished* your *education* to no
e at college.
Rev. Mr. Grovelgrub.—I do, my Lord: I hate them
ly, more than anything except philosophy and the
Baronet.
l Anophel Achthar proceeded to examine the side of
ck to which the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub had called
ention; and as it seemed the most practicable mode of
t, it was resolved to submit to necessity, and make a
s effort to regain the valley; Lord Anophel, however,
g on the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub leading the way.
verend gentleman seized with one hand the stem of a
with the other the branch of an ash; set one foot on
ot of an oak, and deliberately lowered the other in
of a resting-place; which having found on a projecting
of stone, he cautiously disengaged one hand and the
foot, for which in turn he sought and found a firm
and thus by little and little he vanished among the
from the sight of Lord Anophel, who proceeded with
ircumspection to follow his example.
l Anophel had descended about one third of the eleva-
omforting his ear with the rustling of the boughs be-
at announced the safe progress of his reverend pre-
: when suddenly, as he was shifting his right hand, a
rous twig in his left gave way, and he fell with fearful
rom bush to bush, till, striking violently on a bough to
the unfortunate divine was appended, it broke beneath
ck, and down they went, crashing through the bushes
r. Lord Anophel was soon wedged into the middle
ge holly, from which he heard the intermitted sound
boughs as they broke, and were broken by the fall of
npanion: till at length they ceased, and fearful silence

succeeded. He then extricated himself from the holly as well as he could, at the expense of a scratched face, and lowered himself down without further accident. On reaching the bottom, he had the pleasure to find the reverend gentleman in safety, sitting on a fragment of stone, and rubbing his shin. "Come, Grovelgrub," said Lord Anophel, "let us make the best of our way to the nearest inn."—"And pour oil and wine into our wounds," pursued the reverend gentleman, "and over our Madeira and walnuts lay a more hopeful scheme for our next campaign."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BAROUCHE.

THE morning after the election Sir Oran Haut-ton and his party took leave of Mr. Sarcastic, Mr. Forester having previously obtained from him a promise to be present at the anti-saccharine fête. The barouche left the city of Nowote, decorated with ribands: Sir Oran Haut-ton was loudly cheered by the populace, and not least by those whom he had most severely beaten: the secret of which was, that a double allowance of ale had been distributed over-night, to wash away the effects of his indiscretion: it having been ascertained by political economists, that a practical appeal either to the palm or the palate, will induce the friends of things as they are to submit to anything.

Autumn was now touching on the confines of winter, but the day was mild and sunny. Sir Telegraph asked Mr. Forester, if he did not think the mode of locomotion very agreeable?

Mr. Forester.—That I never denied: all I question is, the right of any individual to indulge himself in it.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Surely a man has a right to do what he pleases with his own money.

Mr. Forester.—A legal right, certainly, not a moral one. The possession of power does not justify its abuse. The quantity of money in a nation, the quantity of food, and the number of animals that consume that food, maintain a

ular harmony, of which, in all the fluctuations of time
ircumstance, the proportions are always the same. You
consider, therefore, that for every horse you keep for
ire, you pass sentence of non-existence on two human
s.

Telegraph Paxarett.—Really, Forester, you are a very
lar fellow. I should not much mind what you say, if
had not such a strange habit of practising what you
; a thing quite unprecedented, and, egad, preposterous.
not think where you got it: I am sure you did not learn
college.

. *Fax.*—In a political light, every object of perception
be resolved into one of these three heads: the food
med—the consumers—and money. In this point of
all convertible property that does not eat and drink, is
y. Diamonds are money. When a man changes a
note for a diamond, he merely changes one sort of
y for another, differing only in the facility of circulation
he stability of value. None of the produce of the earth
sted by the permutation.

. *Forester.*—The most pernicious species of luxury, there-
is that which applies the fruits of the earth to any other
ses than those of human subsistence. All luxury is
d pernicious, because its infallible tendency is to enervate
few, and enslave the many: but luxury, which, in
ion to this evil tendency, destroys the fruits of the earth
e wantonness of idle ostentation, and thereby prevents
existence of so many human beings, as the quantity of
so destroyed would maintain, is marked by criminality
much deeper dye.

r. *Fax.*—At the same time you must consider, that, in
ct of population, the great desideratum is not number,
quality. If the whole surface of this country were
ed into gardens, and in every garden were a cottage,
in every cottage a family living entirely on potatoes,
number of its human inhabitants would be much greater
at present: but where would be the spirit of com-
ial enterprise, the researches of science, the exalted pur-
of philosophical leisure, the communication with distant
, and all that variety of human life and intercourse,
h is now so beautiful and interesting? Above all,
e would be the refuge of such a population in times of

the slightest defalcation? Now, the waste of plenty is the resource of scarcity. The canal that does not overflow in the season of rain, will not be navigable in the season of drought. The rich have been often ready, in days of emergency, to lay their superfluities aside; but when the fruits of the earth are applied, in plentiful or even ordinary seasons, to the utmost possibility of human subsistence, the days of deficiency in their produce must be days of inevitable famine.

Mr. Forester.—What then will you say of those, who in times of actual famine persevere in their old course, in the wanton waste of luxury?

Mr. Fax.—Truly I have nothing to say for them, but that they know not what they do.

Mr. Forester.—If, in any form of human society, any one human being dies of hunger, while another wastes or consumes in the wantonness of vanity as much as would have preserved his existence, I hold that second man guilty of the death of the first.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Surely, Forester, you are not serious?

Mr. Forester.—Indeed I am. What would you think of a family of four persons, two of whom should not be contented with consuming their own share of diurnal provision, but, having adventitiously the pre-eminence of physical power, should either throw the share of the two others into the fire, or stew it down into a condiment for their own?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I should think it very abominable, certainly.

Mr. Forester.—Yet what is human society but one great family? What is moral duty, but that precise line of conduct which tends to promote the greatest degree of general happiness? And is not this duty most flagrantly violated, when one man appropriates to himself the subsistence of twelve; while, perhaps, in his immediate neighbourhood eleven of his fellow-beings are dying with hunger? I have seen such a man walk with a demure face into church, as regularly as if the Sunday bell had been a portion of his corporeal mechanism, to hear a bloated and beneficed sensualist hold forth on the text of *Do as ye would be done by*, or *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me:* whereas, if he had wished

to coincide with his practice he would have chosen
xt, *Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a*
*ublicans and sinners;** and when the duty of
over, the auditor and his ghostly adviser, issuing
her, have committed poor Lazarus to the care of
, and proceeded to feast in the lordly mansion,
that lived in purple.†

graph Paxarett.—Well, Forester, there I escape
; for I have "forgotten what the inside of a
nade of," since they made me go to chapel twice a
ege. But go on, and don't spare *me*.

—Let us suppose that ten thousand quarters of
maintain ten thousand persons during any given
time: if the ten thousand quarters be reduced to
the ten thousand persons be increased to twenty,
ience will be immediate and general distress: yet
ortions be equally distributed, as in a ship on
vance, the general perception of necessity and
l preserve general patience and mutual good-will;
first supposition remain unaltered, let there be
d quarters of wheat, which shall be full allowance
usand people; then, if four thousand persons
mselves the portion of eight thousand, and leave
ining six thousand the portion of two (and this
en an inadequate picture of the common practice
d), these latter will be in a much worse condition
than on the first supposition: while the habit of
ligality deadening all good feelings and extin-
l sympathy on the one hand, and the habit of

r xi. 19.

at will mould a modern bishop into a primitive, must
be elected by the popular voice, undiocesed, unrevenued,
l leave him nothing but brotherly equality, matchless
frequent fasting, incessant prayer and preaching, con-
ings and labours in his ministry, which, what a rich
ld be, what a plump endowment to the many-benefice-
n of a prelate, what a relish it would give to his canary-
swan-eating palate, let old bishop Mountain judge for
seech us, that we would think them fit to be our justices
lords, our highest officers of state, though they come
th no more knowledge than they learnt between the
manciple, or more profoundly at the college audit, or
ouse, or to come to their deepest insight, at their
e."—MILTON: *Of Reformation in England*.

debasement and suffering combining with the inevitable sense of oppression and injustice on the other, will produce an action and re-action of open, unblushing, cold-hearted pride, and servile, inefficient, ill-disguised resentment, which no philanthropist can contemplate without dismay.

Mr. Forester.—What then will be the case if the same disproportionate division continues by regular gradations through the remaining six thousand, till the lowest thousand receive such a fractional pittance as will scarcely keep life together? If any of these perish with hunger, what are they but the victims of the first four thousand, who appropriated more to themselves than either nature required or justice allowed? This, whatever the temporizers with the world may say of it, I have no hesitation in pronouncing to be wickedness of the most atrocious kind: and this I make no doubt was the sense of the founder of the Christian religion when he said, *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.*

Mr. Fax.—You must beware of the chimæra of an agrarian law, the revolutionary doctrine of an equality of possession: which can never be possible in practice, till the whole constitution of human nature be changed.

Mr. Forester.—I am no revolutionist. I am no advocate for violent and arbitrary changes in the state of society. I care not in what proportions property is divided (though I think there are certain limits which it ought never to pass, and approve the wisdom of the American laws in restricting the fortune of a private citizen to twenty thousand a year), provided the rich can be made to know that they are but the stewards of the poor, that they are not to be the monopolizers of solitary spoil, but the distributors of general possession; that they are responsible for that distribution to every principle of general justice, to every tie of moral obligation, to every feeling of human sympathy: that they are bound to cultivate simple habits in themselves, and to encourage most such arts of industry and peace, as are most compatible with the health and liberty of others.

Mr. Fax.—On this principle, then, any species of luxury in the artificial adornment of persons and dwellings, which condemns the artificer to a life of pain and sickness in the alternations of the furnace and the cellar, is more baleful

and more criminal than even that which consuming in idle prodigality the fruits of the earth, destroys altogether in the proportion of its waste, so much of the possibility of human existence: since it is better not to be than to be in misery.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—That is some consolation for me, as it shows me that there are others worse than myself: for I really thought you were going between you to prove me one of the greatest rogues in England. But seriously, Forester, you think the keeping of pleasure-horses, for the reasons you have given, a selfish and criminal species of luxury?

Mr. Forester.—I am so far persuaded of it, that I keep none myself.*

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—But are not those four very beautiful creatures? Would you wish not to see them in existence, living as they do, a very happy and easy kind of life?

Mr. Forester.—That I am disposed to question, when I compare the wild horse, in his native deserts, in the full enjoyment of health and liberty, and all the energies of his nature, with those docked, cropped, curtailed, mutilated animals, pent more than half their lives in the close confinement of a stable, never let out but to run in trammels, subject, like their tyrant man, to an infinite variety of diseases, the produce of civilization and unnatural life, and tortured every now and then by some villain of a farrier, who has no more feeling for them than a West Indian planter has for his slaves; and when you consider, too, the fate of the most cherished of the species, racers and hunters, instruments and often victims of sports equally foolish and cruel, you will acknowledge that the life of the civilized horse is not an enviable destiny.

Mr. Fax.—Horses are noble and useful animals; but as they must necessarily exist in great numbers for almost every purpose of human intercourse and business, it is desirable that none should be kept for purposes of mere idleness and ostentation. A pleasure-horse is a sort of four-footed sinecurist.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Not quite so mischievous as a two-footed one.

* See p. 133.

Mr. Forester.—Perhaps not: but the latter has always a large retinue of the former, and therefore the evil is doubled.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Upon my word, Forester, you will almost talk me out of my barouche, and then what will become of me? What shall I do to kill time?

Mr. Forester.—Read ancient books, the only source of permanent happiness left in this degenerate world.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Read ancient books! That may be very good advice to some people: but you forget that I have been at college, and *finished* my *education*. By-the-by I have one inside, a portable advocate for my proceedings, no less a personage than old Pindar.

Mr. Forester.—Pindar has written very fine odes on driving, as Anacreon has done on drinking; but the first can no more be adduced to prove the morality of the whip, than the second to demonstrate the virtue of intemperance. Besides, as to the mental tendency and emulative associations of the pursuit itself, no comparison can be instituted between the charioteers of the Olympic games, and those of our turnpike roads; for the former were the emulators of heroes and demigods, and the latter of grooms and mail coachmen.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Well, Forester, as I recall to mind the various subjects against which I have heard you declaim, I will make you a promise. When ecclesiastical dignitaries imitate the temperance and humility of the founder of that religion by which they feed and flourish: when the man in place acts on the principles which he professed while he was out: when borough electors will not sell their suffrage, nor their representatives their votes: when poets are not to be hired for the maintenance of any opinion: when learned divines can afford to have a conscience: when universities are not a hundred years in knowledge behind all the rest of the world: when young ladies speak as they think, and when those who shudder at a tale of the horrors of slavery will deprive their own palates of a sweet taste, for the purpose of contributing all in their power to its extinction:—why then, Forester, I will lay down my barouche.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WALK.

HEY were to pass, in their return, through an estate belonging to Mr. Forester, for the purpose of taking up his aunt Miss Evergreen, who was to accompany m to Redrose Abbey. On arriving at an inn on the rest point of the great road, Mr. Forester told Sir Tele- ɔh, that, from the arrangements he had made, it was ɔssible for any carriage to enter his estate, as he had en every precaution for preserving the simplicity of his ants from the contagious exhibitions and examples of ury. "This road," said he, "is only accessible to pedes- ns and equestrians: I have no wish to exclude the visits audable curiosity, but there is nothing I so much dread deprecate as the intrusion of those heartless fops, who their fashionable autumnal tour, to gape at rocks and erfalls, for which they have neither eyes nor ears, and to vert the feelings and habits of the once simple dwellers of mountains.* Nature seems to have raised her mountain-

"Much have those travellers to answer for, whose casual inter- se with this innocent and simple people tends to corrupt them; eminating among them ideas of extravagance and dissipation— ng them a taste for pleasures and gratifications of which they no ideas—inspiring them with discontent at home—and tainting r rough industrious manners with idleness and a thirst after dis- est means.

If travellers would frequent this country with a view to examine grandeur and beauty, or to explore its varied and curious ons with the eye of philosophy—if, in their passage through it, could be content with such fare as the country produces, or at reconcile themselves to it, by manly exercise and fatigue (for e is a time when the stomach and the plainest food will be found erfect harmony)—if they could thus, instead of corrupting the ners of an innocent people, learn to amend their own, by seeing ow narrow a compass the wants of human life may be compressed journey through these wild scenes might be attended, perhaps, more improvement than a journey to Rome or Paris. Where ners are polished into vicious refinement, simplifying is the best e of improving; and the example of innocence is a more in- ctive lesson than any that can be taught by artists and ati.

barriers for the purpose of rescuing a few favoured mortals from the vortex of that torrent of physical and moral degeneracy, which seems to threaten nothing less than the extermination of the human species :* but in vain, while the annual opening of its sluices lets out a side stream of the worst specimens of what is called refined society, to inundate the mountain valleys with the corruptions of metropolitan folly. Thus innocence, and health, and simplicity of life and manners, are banished from their last retirement, and nowhere more lamentably so than in the romantic scenery of the northern lakes, where every wonder of nature is made an article of trade, where the cataracts are locked up, and the echoes are sold: so that even the rustic character of that ill-fated region is condemned to participate in the moral stigma which must dwell indelibly on its poetical name."

The party alighted, and a consultation being held, it was resolved to walk to the village in a body, the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney lifting her hands and eyes in profound astonishment at Mr. Forester's old-fashioned notions.

"But these parts are too often the resort of gay company, who are under no impressions of this kind—who have no ideas but of extending the sphere of their amusements, or of varying a life of dissipation. The grandeur of the country is not taken into the question, or at least it is not otherwise considered than as affording some new mode of pleasurable enjoyment. Thus, even the diversions of Newmarket are introduced—diversions, one would imagine, more foreign to the nature of this country than any other. A number of horses are carried into the middle of the lake in a flat boat: a plug is drawn from the bottom: the boat sinks, and the horses are left floating on the surface. In different directions they make to land, and the horse which arrives soonest secures the prize."—GILPIN'S *Picturesque Observations on Cumberland and Westmoreland*, vol. ii. p. 67.

* "The necessary consequence of men living in so unnatural a way with respect to houses, clothes, and diet, and continuing to live so for many generations, each generation adding to the vices, diseases, and weaknesses produced by the unnatural life of the preceding, is, that they must gradually decline in strength, health, and longevity, till at length the race dies out. To deny this would be to deny that the life allotted by nature to man is the best life for the preservation of his health and strength; for, if it be so, I think it is demonstration that the constant deviation from it, going on for many centuries, must end in the extinction of the race."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. v. p. 237.

They followed a narrow winding path, through rocky and sylvan hills. They walked in straggling parties of ones, twos, and threes. Mr. Forester and Anthelia went first. Sir Oran Haut-ton followed alone, playing a pensive tune on his flute. Sir Telegraph Paxarett walked between his aunt and cousin, the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney and Miss Danaretta. Mr. Hippy, in a melancholy vein, brought up the rear with Mr. Fax. A very beautiful child which had sat on the old gentleman's knee, at the inn where they breakfasted, had thrown him, not for the first time on a similar occasion, into a fit of dismal repentance, that he had not one of his own: he stalked along accordingly, with a most ruefully lengthened aspect, uttering every now and then a deep-drawn sigh. Mr. Fax in philosophic sympathy determined to console him, by pointing out to him the true nature and tendency of the principle of population, and the enormous evils resulting from the multiplication of the human species: observing that the only true criterion of the happiness of a nation was to be found in the number of its old maids and bachelors, whom he venerated as the sources and symbols of prosperity and peace. Poor Mr. Hippy walked on sighing and groaning, deaf as the adder to the voice of the charmer: for, in spite of all the eloquence of the antipopulationist, the image of the beautiful child which he had danced on his knee, continued to haunt his imagination, and threatened him with the blue devils for the rest of the day.

"I see," said Sir Telegraph to Mrs. Pinmoney, "my hopes are at an end. Forester is the happy man, though I am by no means sure that he knows it himself."

"Impossible," said Mrs. Pinmoney, "Anthelia may be amused a little while with his rhapsodies, but nothing more, believe me. The man is out of his mind. Do you know, I heard him say the other day, 'that not a shilling of his property was his own, that it was a portion of the general possession of human society, of which the distribution had devolved upon him: and that for the mode of that distribution he was most rigidly responsible to the principles of immutable justice.' If such a mode of talking——"

"And acting too," said Sir Telegraph; "for I assure you he quadrates his practice as nearly as he can to his theory."

"Monstrous!" said Mrs. Pinmoney, "what would our

reverend friend, poor dear Doctor Bosky, say to him? But if such a way of talking and acting be the way to win a young heiress, I shall think the whole world is turned topsy-turvy."

"Your remark would be just," said Sir Telegraph, "were that young heiress any other than Anthelia Melincourt."

"Well," said Mrs. Pinmoney, "there are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far——"

"That I deny," said Sir Telegraph.

"Who will gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar," proceeded Mrs. Pinmoney.

"That will not do," said Sir Telegraph: "I shall resign with the best grace I can muster to a more favoured candidate, but I shall never think of another choice."

"Twelve months hence," said Mrs. Pinmoney, "you will tell another tale. In the meantime you will not die of despair as long as there is a good turnpike road and a pipe of Madeira in England."

"You will find," said Mr. Forester to Anthelia, "in the little valley we are about to enter, a few specimens of that simple and natural life which approaches as nearly as the present state of things will admit, to my ideas of the habits and manners of the primæval agriculturists, or the fathers of the Roman republic. You will think perhaps of Fabricius under his oak, of Curius in his cottage, of Regulus, when he solicited recall from the command of an army, because the man whom he had intrusted, in his absence, with the cultivation of his field and garden, had run away with his spade and rake, by which his wife and children were left without support; and when the senate decreed that the implements should be replaced, and a man provided at the public expense to maintain the consul's family, by cultivating his fields in his absence. Then poverty was as honourable, as it is now disgraceful: then the same public respect was given to him who could most simplify his habits and manners, that is now paid to those who can make the most shameless parade of wanton and selfish prodigality. Those days are past for ever: but it is something in the present time to recuscitate their memory, to call up even the shadow of the reflection of

lican Rome—*Rome, the seat of glory and of virtue, if ıey had one on earth.*" *

ou excite my curiosity very highly," said Anthelia, from the time when I read

> '——— in those dear books that first
> Woke in my heart the love of poesy,
> How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,
> And Calidore, for a fair shepherdess,
> Forgot his guest to learn the shepherd's lore ;'

ıuch have I regretted never to discover in the actual itants of the country, the realization of the pictures of ɜr and Tasso !"

ıe palaces," said Mr. Forester, "that everywhere rise l them to shame the meanness of their humble dwell- he great roads that everywhere intersect their valleys, ing them continually in contact with the overflowing tion of cities, the devastating monopoly of large farms, as almost swept the race of cottagers from the face of rth, sending the parents to the workhouse or the army, ıe children to perish like untimely blossoms in the ng imprisonment of manufactories, have combined to sh the numbers and deteriorate the character of the tants of the country: but whatever be the increasing s of the Triad of Mammon, avarice, luxury, and disease, 'ill always be the last involved in the vortex of pro- e degeneracy, realizing the beautiful fiction of ancient , that, when primæval Justice departed from the earth, it steps were among the cultivators of the fields."†

Rome, le siège de la gloire et de la virtu, si jamais elles en un sur la terre."—ROUSSEAU.

† ——— extrema per illos
Justitia, excedens terris, vestigia fecit.—VIRG.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COTTAGERS.

THE valley expanded into a spacious amphitheatre, with a beautiful stream winding among pastoral meadows, which, as well as the surrounding hills, were studded with cottages, each with its own trees, its little garden, and its farm. Sir Telegraph was astonished to find so many human dwellings in a space that, on the modern tactics of rural economy, appeared only sufficient for three or four *moderate* farms; and Mr. Fax looked perfectly aghast to perceive the principle of population in such a fearful state of activity. Mrs. and Miss Pinmoney expressed their surprise at not seeing a single lordly mansion asserting its regal pre-eminence over the dwellings of its miserable vassals; while the voices of the children at play served only to condense the vapours that obfuscated the imagination of poor Mr. Hippy. Anthelia, as their path wound among the cottages, was more and more delighted with the neatness and comfort of the dwellings, the exquisite order of the gardens, the ingenuous air of happiness and liberty that characterized the simple inhabitants, and the health and beauty of the little rosy children that were sporting in the fields. Mr. Forester had been recognized from a distance. The cottagers ran out in all directions to welcome him: the valley and the hills seemed starting into life, as men, women, and children poured down, as with one impulse, on the path of his approach, while some hastened to the residence of Miss Evergreen, ambitious of being the first to announce to her the arrival of her nephew. Miss Evergreen came forward to meet the party, surrounded by a rustic crowd of both sexes, and of every age, from the old man leaning on his stick, to the little child that could just run alone, but had already learned to attach something magical to the sound of the name of Forester.

The first idea they entertained at the sight of his party was that he was married, and had brought his bride to visit his little colony; and Anthelia was somewhat disconcerted by the benedictions that were poured upon her under this impression of the warm-hearted rustics.

ıtered Miss Evergreen's cottage, which was small, tyle of beautiful simplicity. Anthelia was much th her countenance and manners; for Miss Ever- an amiable and intelligent woman, and was single, ıaving wanted lovers, but from being of that order vhich can love but once.

took occasion, during a temporary absence of Miss from the apartment in which they were taking ıt, to say, he was happy to have seen so amiable a of that injured and calumniated class of human ımonly called old maids, who were often so from in too high a degree the qualities most conducive c happiness; for it might naturally be imagined ast refined and delicate minds would be the soonest ı the choice of a partner, and the most ready to loss of a first love by the substitution of a second. : have led to a discussion, but Miss Evergreen's re- ırevented it. They now strolled out among the detached parties and in different directions. Mr. ıed himself to Mr. Hippy and Miss Evergreen. nd Mr. Forester went their own way. She was little affectation of feeling her *dignity* offended, as novel-writers express it, by the notions which the ıd formed respecting her. "You see," said Mr. I have endeavoured as much as possible to recall of better times, when the country was well peopled, ırms being small, and cultivated chiefly by cottagers in what was in Scotland called a *cottar town.** nay go over vast tracts of country without seeing ike an *old English cottage*, to say nothing of the erence which has been caused in the interior of the :main by the pressure of exorbitant taxation, of real, though not the nominal burden, always falls ly on the labouring classes, backed by that *canker t of national prosperity*, the imaginary riches of t, of which the means are delusion, the progress and the ultimate effect the extinction of the best national population, a healthy and industrious Large farms bring more rent to the landlord, and landlords in general make no scruple to increase

ıncient Metaphysics, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

their rents by depopulating their estates,* though Anthelia Melincourt will not comprehend the mental principle in which such feelings originate."

"Is it possible," said Anthelia, "that you, so young as you are, can have created such a scene as this?"

"My father," said Mr. Forester, "began what I merely perpetuate. He estimated his riches, not by the amount of rent his estate produced, but the number of simple and happy beings it maintained. He divided it into little farms of such a size as were sufficient, even in indifferent seasons, to produce rather more than the necessities of their cultivators required. So that all these cottagers are rich, according to the definition of Socrates;† for they have at all times a little more than they actualty need, a subsidium for age or sickness, or any accidental necessity."

They entered several of the cottages, and found in them all the same traces of comfort and content, and the same images of the better days of England: the clean-tiled floor, the polished beechen table, the tea-cups on the chimney, the dresser with its glittering dishes, the old woman with her spinning-wheel by the fire, and the old man with his little grandson in the garden, giving him his first lessons in the use of the spade, the good wife busy in her domestic arrangements, and the pot boiling on the fire for the return of her husband from his labour in the field.

"Is it not astonishing," said Mr. Forester, "that there should be any who think, as I know many do, the number of cottagers on their land a grievance, and desire to be quit of them,‡ and have no feeling of remorse in allotting to one solitary family as much extent of cultivated land as was ploughed by the whole Roman people in the days of Cincinnatus!§ The three great points of every political system are the health, the morals, and the number of the people. Without health and morals, the people cannot be happy; but without numbers they cannot be a great and powerful nation, nor even exist for any considerable time.‖ And by numbers I do not

* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.
† See Xenophon's Memorabilia.
‡ Ancient Metaphysics, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.
§ Si tantum culti solus possederis agri,
Quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.—Juv.
‖ Ancient Metaphysics, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

mean the inhabitants of the cities, the sordid and sickly victims of commerce, and the effeminate and enervated slaves of luxury; but in estimating the power and the riches of a country, I take my only criterion from its agricultural population."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ANTI-SACCHARINE FETE.

MISS EVERGREEN accompanied them in their return, to preside at the Anti-saccharine fête. Mr. Hippy was turned out to make room for her in the barouche, and took his seat on the roof with Messieurs Forester and Fax. Anthelia no longer deemed it necessary to keep a guard over her heart; the bud of mutual affection between herself and Mr. Forester, both being, as they were, perfectly free and perfectly ingenuous, was rapidly expanding into the full bloom of happiness: they dreamed not that evil was near to check, if not to wither it.

The whole party was prevailed on by Miss Evergreen to be her guests at Redrose Abbey till after the Anti-saccharine fête, which very shortly took place, and was attended by the principal members of the Anti-saccharine Society, and by an illustrious assemblage from near and from far: amongst the rest by our old acquaintance, Mr. Derrydown, Mr. O'Scarum, Major O'Dogskin, Mr. Sarcastic, the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, and Mr. Feathernest the poet, who brought with him his friend Mr. Vamp the reviewer. Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub deemed it not expedient to join the party, but ensconced themselves in Alga Castle, studying *michin malicho*, which means mischief.

The Anti-saccharine fête commenced with a splendid dinner, as Mr. Forester thought to make luxury on this occasion subservient to morality, by showing what culinary art could effect without the intervention of West Indian produce; and the preparers of the feast, under the superintendence of Miss Evergreen, had succeeded so well, that the company testified very general satisfaction, except that

a worthy Alderman and Baronet from London (who had been studying the picturesque at Low-wood Inn, and had given several manifestations of exquisite taste that had completely won the hearts of Mr. O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin) having just helped himself to a slice of venison, fell back aghast against the back of his chair, and dropped the knife and fork from his nerveless hands, on finding that currant-jelly was prohibited: but being recovered by an application of the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney's vinaigrette, he proceeded to revenge himself on a very fine pheasant, which he washed down with floods of Madeira, being never at a loss for some one to take wine with him, as he had the good fortune to sit opposite to the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, who was *toujours prêt* on the occasion, and a *coup-d'œil* between them arranged the whole preliminary of the compotatory ceremonial.

After dinner Mr. Forester addressed the company. They had seen, he said, that culinary luxury could be carried to a great degree of refinement without the intervention of West Indian produce: and though he himself deprecated luxury altogether, yet he would waive that point for the present, and concede a certain degree of it to those who fancied they could not do without it, if they would only in return make so very slight a concession to philanthropy, to justice, to liberty, to every feeling of human sympathy, as to abstain from an indulgence which was obtained by the most atrocious violation of them all, an indulgence of which the foundations were tyranny, robbery, and murder, and every form of evil, anguish, and oppression, at which humanity shudders; all which were comprehended in the single name of SLAVERY. "Sugar," said he, "is economically superfluous, nay, worse than superfluous: in the middling classes of life it is a formidable addition to the expenses of a large family, and for no benefit, for no addition to the stock of domestic comfort, which is often sacrified in more essential points to this frivolous and wanton indulgence. It is physically pernicious, as its destruction of the teeth, and its effects on the health of children much pampered with sweetmeats, sufficiently demonstrate. It is morally atrocious, from being the primary cause of the most complicated corporeal suffering and the most abject mental degradation that ever outraged the form and polluted the spirit of man. It is politically abominable, for covering with every variety of wretchedness some of the fairest portions of the earth

e inhabitants of free countries could be persuaded *to n sugar, till it were sent to them by freemen*, might ıe the abodes of happiness and liberty. Slaves ıthe in the air of England: 'They touch our l their fetters fall.' Who is there among you that d of this distinction?—Yet this is not enough: ı of the labour of slavery should be banished from Not anything, not an atom of anything, should Englishman's dwelling, on which the Genius of l not set his seal. What would become of slavery e no consumers of its produce? Yet I have seen ıretended philanthropists sitting round a tea-table, hey dropped the sugar into their cups, repeat some sufferings of a slave, and execrate the colonial ho are but their caterers and stewards—the ministers of their unfeeling sensuality! O my women! you who have such tender hearts, such spirits, such amiable and delicate feelings, do you mass of mischief and cruelty to which you con-, of which you are among the primary causes, ndulge yourselves in so paltry, so contemptible as results from the use of sugar? while to abstain tirely, is a privation so trivial, that it is most o think that Justice and Charity should have such eg from Beauty in the name of the blood and the ıan beings. Be not deterred by the idea that you w companions by the better way: so much the d it be strictly followed by amiable and benevolent cure to yourselves at least the delightful conscious-ting that you are in no way whatever accomplices ty and crime of slavery, and accomplices in it you e, nay, its very original springs, as long as you are d consumers of its iniquitous acquisitions."

answer you, Mr. Forester," said Mr. Sarcastic, and the rest of the company. You shock our essively by calling us the primary causes of d there are very few among us who have not t the tales of West Indian cruelty. I assure you

ıi compagni avrai per l'altra via:
ti prego più, gentile spirto,
ıciar la magnanima tua impresa."—PETRARCA.

and master of our conduct? And do you suppose that any feeling of pity, and sympathy, and charity, and benevolence, and justice, will overcome the power of Custom, more especially where any pleasure of sense is attached to his dominion? In appealing to our pockets, indeed, you touched us to the quick: you aimed your eloquence at our weak side —you hit us in the vulnerable point; but if it should appear that in this particular we really might save our money, yet being expended in a matter of personal and sensual gratification, it is not to be supposed so completely lost and wasted as it would be if it were given either to a friend or a stranger in distress. I will admit, however, that you have touched our feelings a little, but this disagreeable impression will soon wear off: with some of us it will last as long as pity for a starving beggar, and with others as long as grief for the death of a friend; and I find, on a very accurate average calculation, that the duration of the former may be considered to be at least three minutes, and that of the latter at most ten days."

"Mr. Sarcastic," said Anthelia, "you do not render justice to the feelings of the company; nor is human nature so selfish and perverted as you seem to consider it. Though there are undoubtedly many who sacrifice the general happiness of human kind to their own selfish gratification, yet even these, I am willing to believe, err not in cruelty but in ignorance, from not seeing the consequences of their own actions; but it is not by persuading them that all the world is as bad as themselves, that you will give them clearer views and better feelings. Many are the modes of evil—many the scenes of human suffering; but if the general condition of man is ever to be ameliorated, it can only be through the medium of BELIEF IN HUMAN VIRTUE."

"Well, Forester," said Sir Telegraph, "if you wish to increase the numbers of the Anti-saccharine Society, set me down for one."

"Remember," said Mr. Forester, "by enrolling your name

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lishment of men reputed grave hath led me among others, and now the duty and the right of an instructed Christian calls me through the chance of good or evil report TO BE THE SOLE ADVOCATE OF A DISCOUNTENANCED TRUTH."—MILTON: *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

among us you pledge yourself to perpetual abstinence from West Indian produce."

"I am aware of it," said Sir Telegraph, "and you shall find me zealous in the cause."

The fat Alderman cried out about the ruin of commerce, and Mr. Vamp was very hot on the subject of the revenue. The question was warmly canvassed, and many of the party who had not been quite persuaded by what Mr. Forester had said in behalf of the Anti-saccharine system, were perfectly convinced in its favour when they had heard what Mr. Vamp and the fat Alderman had to say against it; and the consequence was, that, in spite of Mr. Sarcastic's opinion of the general selfishness of mankind, the numbers of the Anti-saccharine Society were very considerably augmented.

"You see," said Mr. Fax to Mr. Sarcastic, "the efficacy of associated sympathies. It is but to give an impulse of co-operation to any good and generous feeling, and its progressive accumulation, like that of an Alpine avalanche, though but a snow-ball at the summit, becomes a mountain in the valley."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHESS DANCE.

THE dinner was followed by a ball, for the opening of which Sir Telegraph Paxarett, who officiated as master of the ceremonies, had devised a fanciful scheme, and had procured for the purpose a number of appropriate masquerade dresses. An extensive area in the middle of the ball-room was chalked out into sixty-four squares of alternate white and red, in lines of eight squares each. Sir Telegraph, while the rest of the company was sipping, not without many wry faces, their anti-saccharine tea, called out into another apartment the gentlemen whom he had fixed on to perform in his little ballet; and Miss Evergreen at the same time withdrew with the intended female performers. Sir Telegraph now invested Mr. Hippy with the dignity of White King, Major O'Dogskin with that of Black King, and the

Mr. Portpipe with that of White Bishop, which
hailed as a favourable omen, not precisely compre-
hat was going forward. As the reverend gentle-
he only one of his cloth in the company, Sir Tele-
under the necessity of appointing three lay Bishops,
ixed on in the persons of two country squires, Mr.
and Mr. Heeltap, and of the fat Alderman already
, Sir Gregory Greenmould. Sir Telegraph him-
'Scarum, Mr. Derrydown, and Mr. Sarcastic, were
ts: and the Rooks were Mr. Feathernest the poet;
stamp, another variety of the same genus, chiefly
for an affected infantine lisp in his speech, and
wearing waistcoats of a duffel gray; Mr. Vamp
er; and Mr. Killthedead, from Frogmarsh Hall, a
ounder of narcotics, under the denomination of
or he never heard of a deadly field, especially if
l superstition, to which he was very partial,
advantage over generosity and talent, both of
bhorred, but immediately seizing his goosequill and

> He fought the BATTLE o'er again,
> And twice he slew the slain.

thernest was a little nettled on being told that he
he *King's Rook*, but smoothed his wrinkled brow
ssured that no *mauvaise plaisanterie* was intended.
gs were accordingly crowned, and attired in regal
e Reverend Mr. Portpipe and his three brother
ere arrayed in full canonicals. The Knights were
n their white and black armour, with sword, and
lm, and nodding crest. The Rooks were enveloped
of mural robe, with a headpiece formed on the
at which occurs in the ancient figures of Cybele;
ttired, they bore a very striking resemblance to the
ll in Pyramus and Thisbe.
gs now led the way to the ball-room, and the two
Queens, Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney, and
ndina Paperstamp, each with eight beautiful
rrayed for the mimic field in light Amazonian
ite and black, did such instant execution among the
e young gentlemen present, that they might be said
ought and conquered ere a sword was drawn."

They now proceeded to their stations on their respective squares; but before we describe their manœuvres, we will recapitulate the

TRIPUDII PERSONÆ.

WHITE.

King . .	Mr. Hippy.
Queen . .	Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney.
King's Bishop	The Reverend Mr. Portpipe.
Queen's Bishop	Sir Gregory Greenmould.
King's Knight	Mr. O'Scarum.
Queen's Knight	Sir Telegraph Paxarett.
King's Rook	Mr. Featherneat.
Queen's Rook	Mr. Paperstamp.
Eight Nymphs.	

BLACK.

King . .	Major O'Dogskin.
Queen . .	Miss Celandina Paperstamp.
King's Bishop	Squire Hermitage.
Queen's Bishop	Squire Heeltap.
King's Knight	Mr. Sarcastic.
Queen's Knight	Mr. Derrydown.
King's Rook	Mr. Killthedead.
Queen's Rook	Mr. Vamp.
Eight Nymphs.	

Mr. Hippy took his station on a black square, near the centre of one of the extreme lines, and Major O'Dogskin on an opposite white square of the parallel extreme. The Queens, who were to command in chief, stood on the left of the Kings: the Bishops were posted to the right and left of their respective sovereigns; the Knights next to the Bishops; the corners were occupied by the Rooks. The two lines in front of these principal personages were occupied by the Nymphs; —a space of four lines of eight squares each being left between the opposite parties for the field of action.

The array was now complete, with the exception of the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, who being called by Miss Danaretta to take his place at the right hand of Mr. Hippy, and perceiving that he should be necessitated, in his character of Bishop, to take a very active part in the diversion, began to exclaim with great vehemence, Nolo episcopari! which is probably the only occasion on which these words were ever used with sincerity. But Mr. O'Scarum, in his capacity of

Knight, pounced on the reluctant divine, and placing
ween himself and Mr. Hippy, stood by him with his
awn, as if to prevent his escape; then clapping a
to the hand of the reverend gentleman, exhorted him
ct himself in a manner becoming an efficient member
ue church militant.

were then cast for the privilege of attack; and the
alling on Miss Danaretta, the music struck up the
The Triumph, and the whole of the white party
ancing, with their faces towards the King, performing
ame time various manœuvres of the sword exercise,
propriate pantomimic gestures, expressive of their
evotion to His Majesty's service, and their desire to
diately sent forward on active duty. In vain did the
d Mr. Portpipe remonstrate with Mr. O'Scarum that
ing days were over: the inexorable Knight compelled
aper and flourish his sword, "till the toil-drops fell
brows like rain." Sir Gregory Greenmould did his
the occasion, and danced like an elephant in black
; but Miss Danaretta and her eight lovely Nymphs
the exertions of the male performers from too critical
ion. King Hippy received the proffered service of
y with truly royal condescension. Miss Danaretta
er sword with inimitable grace, and made a sign to
nsel in front of the King to advance two squares.
e manœuvres now took place on the black side; and
landina sent forward the Nymph in front of Major
kin to obstruct the further progress of the white

The dancing now recommenced on the white side,
s Danaretta ordered out the Reverend Mr. Portpipe
y the fourth square in front of Squire Heeltap. The
l gentleman rolled forward with great alacrity, in the
ope that he should very soon be taken prisoner, and
de combat for the rest of the evening. Squire
age was detached by Miss Celandina on a similar
; and these two episcopal heroes being thus brought
r in the centre of the field, entered, like Glaucus and
le, into a friendly parle, in the course of which the
Claret and Burgundy were repeatedly overheard. The
requently varied as in a pantomime, according to cir-
nces: the manœuvres were always directed by the
of the sword of the Queen, and were always preceded

by the dancing of the whole party, in the manner we have mentioned, which continued *ad libitum*, till she had decided on her movement. The Nymph in front of Sir Gregory Greenmould advanced one square. Mr. Sarcastic stepped forward to the third square of Squire Hermitage. Miss Danaretta's Nymph advanced two squares, and being immediately taken prisoner by the Nymph of Major O'Dogskin, conceded her place with a graceful bow, and retired from the field. The Nymph in front of Sir Gregory Greenmould avenged the fate of her companion; and Mr. Hippy's Nymph withdrew in a similar manner. Squire Hermitage was compelled to cut short his conversation with Mr. Portpipe, and retire to the third square in front of Mr. Derrydown. Sir Telegraph skipped into the place which Sir Gregory Greenmould's Nymph had last forsaken. Mr. Killthedead danced into the deserted quarters of Squire Hermitage, and Major O'Dogskin swept round him with a minuet step into those of Mr. Sarcastic. To carry on the detail would require more time than we can spare, and, perhaps, more patience than our readers possess. The Reverend Mr. Portpipe saw his party fall around him, one by one, and survived against his will to the close of the contest. Miss Danaretta and Miss Celandina moved like light over the squares, and Fortune alternately smiled and frowned on their respective banners, till the heavy mural artillery of Mr. Vamp being brought to bear on Mr. Paperstamp, who fancied himself a tower of strength, the latter was overthrown and carried off the field. Mr. Feathernest avenged his fate on the embattled front of Mr. Killthedead, and fell himself beneath the sword of Mr. Sarcastic. Squire Heeltap was taken off by the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, who begged his courteous prisoner to walk to the sideboard and bring him a glass of Madeira; for Homer, he said, was very orthodox in his opinion that wine was a great refresher in the toils of war.*

The changeful scene concluded by Miss Danaretta, with the aid of Sir Telegraph and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, hemming Major O'Dogskin into a corner, where he was reduced to an incapacity of locomotion: on which the Major bowed and made the best of his way to the sideboard, followed by the reverend gentleman, who, after joining the Major in a

* Λ. Z. 261.

c libation, threw himself into an arm-chair, and slept comfortably till the annunciation of supper.

ıltzes, quadrilles, and country dances followed in suc-
n, and, with the exception of the interval of supper, in
ı Miss Evergreen developed all the treasures of anti-
ırine taste, were kept up with great spirit till the rising
sun.

thelia, who of course did not join in the former, ex-
ıd to Mr. Forester her astonishment to see waltzing in
ıse Abbey. "I did not dream of such a thing," said
'orester; "but I left the whole arrangement of the ball
· Telegraph, and I suppose, he deemed it incumbent on
o consult *the general taste of the young ladies.* Even I,
; as I am, can remember the time when there was no
of resemblance between an English girl in a private
ɔom, and a French *figurante* in a theatrical *ballet:* but
.ng and Parisian drapery have levelled the distinction,
he only criterion of the difference is the place of the
ition. Thus every succeeding year witnesses some new
l on the simple manners of our ancestors; some impor-
ı of continental vice and folly; some unnatural fretwork
ısel and frippery on the old Doric column of the
ıtic virtues of England. An Englishman in stays, and
ıglishwoman waltzing in treble-flounced short petticoats,
nomalies so monstrous, that till they actually existed,
never entered the most ominous visions of the specula-
ɔn progressive degeneracy. What would our Alfred,
would our third Edward, what would our Milton, and
ıden, and Sidney, what would the barons of Runnymead
:hought, if the voice of prophecy had denounced to them
iod, when the perfection of accomplishment in the
ıters of England would be found in the dress, manner,
ction of the dancing girls of Paris?"

e supper, of course, did not pass off without songs; and
g them Anthelia sang the following, which recalled to
'orester their conversation on the sea-shore.

THE MORNING OF LOVE.

! the spring-time of life is the season of blooming,
nd the morning of love is the season of joy;
re noontide and summer, with radiance consuming,
ook down on their beauty, to parch and destroy.

O! faint are the blossoms life's pathway adorning,
When the first magic glory of hope is withdrawn;
For the flowers of the spring, and the light of the morning,
Have no summer budding, and no second dawn.

Through meadows all sunshine, and verdure, and flowers,
The stream of the valley in purity flies;
But mix'd with the tides, where some proud city lowers,
O! where is the sweetness that dwelt on its rise?

The rose withers fast on the breast it first graces;
Its beauty is fled ere the day be half done:—
And life is that stream which its progress defaces,
And love is that flower which can bloom but for one.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

THE morning after the fête Anthelia and her party returned to Melincourt. Before they departed she conversed a few minutes alone with Mr. Forester in his library. What was said on this occasion we cannot precisely report; but it seemed to be generally suspected that Mr. Hippy's authority would soon be at an end, and that the services of the Reverend Mr. Portpipe would be required in the old chapel of Melincourt Castle, which, we are sorry to say, had fallen for some years past very much into disuse, being never opened but on occasions of birth, marriage, and death in the family; and these occasions, as our readers are aware, had not of late been very numerous.

The course of mutual love between Anthelia and Mr. Forester was as smooth as the gliding of a skiff down a stream, through the flowery meadows of June: and if matters were not quite definitely settled between them, yet, as Mr. Forester was shortly to be a visitor at the Castle, there was a very apparent probability that their intercourse would terminate in that grand climax and finale of all romantic adventure—marriage.

After the departure of the ladies, Mr. Forester observed with concern, that his friend Sir Oran's natural melancholy was visibly increased, and Mr. Fax was of opinion that he was smitten with the tender passion: but whether for Miss

ourt, Mrs. Pinmoney, or Miss Danaretta, it was not so
determine. But Sir Oran grew more and more fond
tude, and passed the greater part of the day in the
though it was now the reign of the gloomy November,
however, accorded with the moody temper of his
and he often went without his breakfast, though he
came home to dinner. His perpetual companion was
te, with which he made sad response to the wintry

Forester and Mr. Fax were one morning consulting on
ans to be adopted for diverting Sir Oran's melancholy,
Sir Telegraph Paxarett drove up furiously to the door
ng from the box—and rushed into the apartment with
elligence that Anthelia had disappeared. No one had
ier since the hour of breakfast on the preceding day.
Hippy, Mr. Derrydown, Mr. O'Scarum, and Major
skin were scouring the country in all directions in
of her.
Forester determined not to rest night or day till he
scovered Anthelia. Sir Telegraph drove him, with Mr.
nd Sir Oran, to the nearest inn, where leaving Sir
iph to pursue another track, they took a chaise-and-
nd posted over the country in all directions, day after
ithout finding any clue to her retreat. Mr. Forester
o doubt that this adventure was connected with that
we have detailed in the eighteenth chapter; but his
ice of the actors on that occasion prevented his deriving
ght from the coincidence. At length, having investi-
n vain all the main and cross roads for fifty miles round
ourt, Mr. Fax was of opinion that she could not have
so far along any of them, being conveyed, as no doubt
s, against her will, without leaving some trace of her
which their indefatigable inquiries must have dis-
l. He therefore advised that they should discontinue
ystem of posting, and take a thorough pedestrian per-
ion of all the most bye and unfrequented paths of the
mountain-district, in some secluded part of which he
strong presentiment she would be found. This plan
opted; but the season was unfavourable to its expedi-
ccomplishment; and they could sometimes make but
progress in a day, being often compelled to turn aside
he wilder tracks, in search of a town or village, for the

purposes of refreshment or rest:—there being this remarkable difference between the lovers of the days of chivalry, and those of modern times, that the former could pass a week or two in a desert or a forest, without meat, drink, or shelter—a very useful art for all travellers, whether lovers or not, which these degenerate days have unfortunately lost.

They arrived in the evening of the first day of their pedestrianism at a little inn among the mountains. They were informed they could have no beds; and that the only parlour was occupied by two gentlemen, who meant to sit up all night, and would, perhaps, have no objection to their joining the party. A message being sent in, an affirmative answer was very politely returned: and on entering the apartment, they discovered Mr. O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin engaged in a deep discussion over a large jug of wine.

"Troth, now," said Mr. O'Scarum, "and this is a merry meeting, sure enough, though it's on a dismal occasion, for it's Miss Melincourt you're looking for, as we are too, though you have most cause, Mr Forester; for I understand you are to be the happy man. Troth, and I did not know so much when I came to your fête, or, perhaps, I should have been for arguing the point of a prior claim (as far as my own consent was concerned), over a bit of neat turf, twelve yards long; but Major O'Dogskin tells me, that by getting muzzy, and so I did, sure enough, on your old Madeira, and rare stuff it is, by my conscience, when Miss Melincourt was in your house, I have sanctioned the matter, and there's an end of it: but, by my soul, I did not mean to have been cut out quietly: and the Major says, too, you're too good a fellow to be kilt, and that's true enough: so I'll keep my ammunition for other friends; and here's to you and Miss Melincourt, and a happy meeting to you both, and the devil take him that parts you, says Harum O'Scarum."—"And so says Dermot O'Dogskin," said the Major. "And my friend O'Scarum and myself will ride about till we get news of her, for we don't mind a little hardship.—You shall be wanting some dinner, joys, and there's nothing but fat bacon and potatoes; but we have made a shift with it, and then here is the very creature itself, old sherry, my jewels! troth, and how did we come home by it, think you? I know what it is to pass a night in a little inn in the hills, and you don't find Major O'Dogskin turning out of the main road, without giving his man a couple of kegs

of wine just to balance the back of his saddle. Sherry's a good traveller, and will stand a little shaking; and what would one do without it in such a place as this, where it is water in the desert, and manna in the wilderness?"

Mr. Forester thanked them very warmly for their good wishes and active exertions. The humble dinner of himself and his party was soon despatched; after which, the Major placed the two little kegs on the table and said, "They were both filled to-day; so, you see, there is no lack of the good creature to keep us all alive till morning, and then we shall part again in search of Miss Melincourt, the jewel! for there is not such another on the face of the earth. Och!" continued the Major, as he poured the wine from one of the kegs into a brown jug; for the house could not afford them a decanter, and some little ale tumblers supplied the place of wine-glasses. "Och! the ould jug that never held any thing better than sour ale: how proud he must feel of being filled to the brim with sparkling sherry, for the first and last time in the course of his life!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PAPER-MILL.

TAKING leave of Mr. O'Scarum and Mr. O'Dogskin, they continued their wandering as choice or chance directed: sometimes penetrating into the most sequestered valleys; sometimes returning into the principal roads, and investigating the most populous districts. Passing through the town of Gullgudgeon, they found an immense crowd assembled in a state of extreme confusion, exhibiting every symptom of hurry, anxiety, astonishment, and dismay. They stopped to inquire the cause of the tumult, and found it to proceed from the sudden explosion of a paper-mill, in other words, the stoppage of the country bank of Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company. Farmers, bumpkins, artisans, mechanics, tradesmen of all descriptions, the innkeeper, the lawyer, the doctor, and the parson; soldiers from the adjoining barracks, and fishermen from the neighbouring coast, with their shrill-voiced and masculine

wives, rolled in one mass, like a stormy wave, around a little shop, of which the shutters were closed, with the word BANK in golden letters over the door, and a large board on the central shutter, notifying that "Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company had found themselves under the disagreeable necessity of suspending their payments;" in plain English, had found it expedient to fly by night, leaving all the machinery of their mill, and all the treasures of their mine, that is to say, several reams of paper, half a dozen account-books, a desk, a joint-stool, and ink-stand, a bunch of quills, and a copper-plate, to satisfy the claims of the distracted multitude, who were shoaling in from all quarters with *promises to pay*, of the said Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company, to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds.

Mr. Fax addressed himself for an explanation of particulars to a plump and portly divine, who was standing at a little distance from the rest of the crowd, and whose countenance exhibited no symptoms of the rage, grief, and despair, which were depicted on the physiognomies of his dearly-beloved brethren of the town of Gullgudgeon.

"You seem, sir," said Mr. Fax, "to bear the general calamity with Christian resignation."

"I do, sir," said the reverend gentleman, "and for a very orthodox reason—I have none of their notes—not I. I was obliged to take them now and then against my will, but I always sent them off to town, and got cash for them directly."

"You mean to say," said Mr. Forester, "you got a Threadneedle Street note for them."

"To be sure, sir," said the divine, "and that is the same thing as cash. There is a Jacobin rascal in this town, who says it is a bad sign when the children die before the parent, and that a day of reckoning must come sooner or later for the old lady as well as for her daughters; but myself and my brother magistrates have taken measures for him, and shall soon make the town of Gullgudgeon too hot to hold him, as sure as my name is Peppertoast."

"You seriously think, sir," said Mr. Fax, "that his opinion is false?"

"Sir," said the reverend gentleman, somewhat nettled, "I do not know what right any one can have to ask a man of

my cloth what he seriously thinks, when all that the world has to do with is what he seriously says."

"Then you seriously say it, sir?" said Mr. Fax.

"I do, sir," said the divine; "and for this very orthodox reason, that the system of paper-money is inseparably interwoven with the present order of things, and the present order of things I have made up my mind to stick by, precisely as long as it lasts."

"*And no longer?*" said Mr. Fax.

"I am no fool, sir," said the divine.

"But, sir," said Mr. Fax, "as you seem to have perceived the instability of what is called (like *lucus à non lucendo*), the *firm* of Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company, why did not you warn your flock of the impending danger?"

"Sir," said the reverend gentleman, "I dined every week with one of the partners."

Mr. Forester took notice of an elderly woman who was sitting with a small handful of dirty paper, weeping bitterly on the step of a door. "Forgive my intrusion," said he; "I need not ask you why you weep: the cause is in your hand." —"Ah, sir!" said the poor woman, who could scarcely speak for sobbing, "all the savings of twenty years taken from me in a moment: and my poor boy, when he comes home from sea——" She could say no more: grief choked her utterance.

"Good God!" said Mr. Fax, "did you lay by your savings in country paper?"

"O sir!" said the poor woman, "how was I to know that one piece of paper was not as good as another? And everybody said that the firm of Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company was as good as the Bank of England." She then unfolded one of the *promises to pay*, and fell to weeping more bitterly than ever. Mr. Forester comforted her as well as he could; but he found the purchasing of one or two of her notes much more efficacious than all the lessons of his philosophy.

"This is all your fault," said a fisherman to his wife: "you would be hoarding and hoarding, and stinting me of my drop of comfort when I came in after a hard day's work, tossed and beaten, and wet through with salt-water, and there's what we've got by *it*."

"It was all your fault," retorted the wife; "when we had scraped together twenty as pretty golden guineas as ever laid in a chest, you would sell 'em, so you would, for twenty-seven pounds of Mr. Smokeshadow's paper; *and now you see the difference.*"

"Here is an illustration," said Mr. Fax to Mr. Forester, "of the old maxim of *experience teaching wisdom*, or, as Homer expresses it, Ρεχθεν δε τε νηπιος εγνω."

"*We ought now to be convinced, if not before,*" said Mr. Forester, "*that what Plato has said is strictly true, that there will be no end of human misery till governors become philosophers, or philosophers governors;* and that all the evils which this country suffers, and, I fear, will suffer to a much greater extent, from the bursting of this fatal bubble of paper-money—this chimerical symbol of imaginary riches—*are owing to the want of philosophy and true political wisdom in our rulers, by which they might have seen things in their causes, not felt them only in their effects, as every the most vulgar man does: and by which foresight, all the mischiefs that are befalling us might have been prevented.*"*

"Very hard," said an old soldier, "very, very hard:—a poor five pounds, laid up for a rainy day—hardly got, and closely kept—very, very hard."

"Poor man!" said Mr. Forester, who was interested in the soldier's physiognomy, "let me repair your loss. Here is better paper for you; but get gold and silver for it as soon as you can."

"God bless your honour," said the soldier, "and send as much power as good-will to all such generous souls. Many is the worthy heart that this day's work will break, and here is more damage than one man can mend. God bless your honour."

A respectable-looking female approached the crowd, and addressing herself to Mr. Fax, who seemed most at leisure to her, asked him what chance there seemed to be for the creditors of Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company. "By what I can gather from the people around me," said Mr. Fax, "none whatever." The lady was in great distress at this intelligence, and said they were her bankers, and it was the second misfortune of the kind that

* The words in italics are Lord Monboddo's: Ancient Metaphysics, vol. iii. preface, p. 79.

had happened to her. Mr. Fax expressed his astonishment that she should have been twice the victim of the system of paper-coinage, which seemed to contradict the old adage about a burnt child; and said it was for his part astonishing to him how any human being could be so deluded after the perils of the system had been so clearly pointed out, and amongst other things, in a pamphlet of his own on the Insubstantiality of Smoke. "Indeed," she said, "she had something better to do than to trouble herself about politics, and wondered he should insult her in her distress by talking of such stuff to her."

"Was ever such infatuation?" said Mr. Fax, as the lady turned away. "This is one of those persons who choose to walk blindfold on the edge of a precipice, because it is too much trouble to see, and quarrel with their best friends for requesting them to make use of their eyes. There are many such, who think they have no business with politics: but they find to their cost that politics will have business with them."

"A curse light on all kite-flyers!" vociferated a sturdy farmer. "Od rabbit me, here be a bundle o' trash, measters! not worth a voive-and-zixpenny dollar all together. This comes o' peaper-mills. 'I promise to pay,' ecod! O the good old days o' goulden guineas, when I used to ride whoame vrom market wi' a great heavy bag in my pocket; and when I whopped it down on the old oak teable, it used to make zuch a zound as did one's heart good to hear it. No *promise to pay* then. Now a man may eat his whole vortin in a zandwich, or zet vire to it in a vardin rushlight. Promise to pay! —the lying rascals, they never meant to pay: they knew all the while they had no effects to pay: but zuch a pretty, zmooth-spoken, palavering zet o' fellers! why, Lord bless you! they'd ha' made you believe black was white! and though you could never get anything of 'em but one o' their own dirty bits o' peaper in change vor another, they made it out as clear as daylight that they were as rich as zo many Jews. Ecod! and we were all vools enough to believe 'em, and now mark the end o't."

"Yes, father," said a young fop at his elbow, "all blown, curse me!"

"Ees," said the farmer, "and thee beest blown, and thee mun zell thy hunter, and turn to the plough-tail; and thy

zisters mun churn butter, and milk the cows, instead of jingling penny-vorties, and dancing at race-balls wi' squires. We mun be old English varmers again, and none o' your voine high-flying promise-to-pay gentlevolks. There they be —spell 'em: *I promise to pay to Mr. Gregory Gas, or bearer, on demand, the zum o' voive pounds. Gullgudgeon Bank, April the virst. Vor Zmokeshadow, Airbubble, Zelf, and Company, Henry Hopthetwig. Entered, William Walkoff.* And there be their coat o' arms: two blacksmiths blowing a vorge, wi' the chimney vor a crest, and a wreath o' smoke coming out o't; and the motto, 'YOU CAN'T CATCH A BOWL-FULL.' Od rabbit me! here be a whole handvul of 'em, and I'll zell 'em all vor a voive-and-zixpenny dollar."

The "Jacobin rascal," of whom the reverend gentleman had spoken, happened to be at the farmer's elbow. "I told you how it would be," said he, "Master Sheepshead, many years ago; and I remember you wanted to put me in the stocks for my trouble."

"Why, I believe I did, Measter Lookout," said the farmer, with a very penitent face; "but if you'll call on me zome day we'll drown old grudges in a jug o' ale, and light our poipes wi' the promises o' Measter Hopthetwig and his gang."

"Not with all of them I entreat you," said Mr. Lookout. "I hope you will have one of them framed and glazed, and suspended over your chimney, as a warning to your children, and your children's children for ever, against '*the blessed comforts of paper money.*'"

"Why, Lord love you, Measter Lookout," said the farmer, "we shall ha' nothing but peaper-money still, you zee, only vrom another mill like."

"As to that, Master Sheepshead," replied Mr. Lookout, "I will only say to you in your own phrase, MARK THE END O'T."

"Do you hear him?" said the Reverend Mr. Peppertoast; "do you hear the Jacobin rascal? Do you hear the libellous, seditious, factious, levelling, revolutionary, republican, democratical, atheistical villain?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

CIMMERIAN LODGE.

ER a walk of some miles from the town of Gullgud-
eon, where no information was to be obtained of An-
helia, their path wound along the shores of a lonely
osomed in dark pine-groves and precipitous rocks. As
ed near a small creek, they observed a gentleman just
into a boat, who paused and looked up at the sound of
roximation; and Mr. Fax immediately recognized the
litical, rhapsodicoprosaical, deisidæmoniacoparadoxo-
, pseudolatreiological, transcendental meteorosophist,
ystic, Esquire, of Cimmerian Lodge. This gentle-
ristian name, according to his own account, was
y spelt with an *e*, and was in truth nothing more
han

> That Moly,
> Which Hermes erst to wise Ulysses gave;

h was, in the mind of Homer, a *pure anticipated*
of the system of Kantian metaphysics, or grand
ental science of the *luminous obscure;* for it had a
,* which was mystery; and *a white flower*, which
act truth: *it was called Moly by the gods*, who then
o themselves; and was *difficult to be dug up by*
en, having, in fact, lain *perdu* in subterranean
till the immortal Kant dug for it *under the stone*
and produced it to the astonished world as the *root*
science. Other persons however derived his
e differently; and maintained that the *e* in it
t very clearly to be a corruption of *Mole-eye*, it
opinion of some naturalists that the *mole* has *eyes*,
can withdraw or project at pleasure, implying a
wilful blindness, most happily characteristic of a
ental metaphysician; since, according to the old
None are so blind as those who won't see. But be

ίζη μεν μελαν εστι, γαλακτι δε ειεελον ανθος,
ΜΩΛΥ δε μιν καλεουσι θεοι, χαλεπον δε τ' ορυσσειν
νητοις ανθρωποισι.

that as it may, Moley Mystic was his name, and Cimmerian Lodge was his dwelling.

Mr. Mystic invited Mr. Fax and his friends to step with him into the boat, and cross over his lake, which he called the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, to the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, on which Cimmerian Lodge was situated: promising to give them a great treat in looking over his grounds, which he had laid out according to the *topography of the human mind*; and to enlighten them, through the medium of "darkness visible," with an opticothaumaturgical process of transcendentalising a *cylindrical mirror*, which should teach them the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality*.* Mr. Forester was unwilling to remit his search, even for a few hours: but Mr. Fax observing that great part of the day was gone, and that Cimmerian Lodge was very remote from the human world; so that if they did not avail themselves of Mr. Mystic's hospitality, they should probably be reduced to the necessity of passing the night among the rocks, *sub Jove frigido*, which he did not think very inviting, Mr. Forester complied; and with Mr. Fax and Sir Oran Haut-ton, stepped into the boat. The reader who is deficient in *taste for the bombast*, and is no *admirer of the obscure*, may as well wait on the shore till they return. But we must not enter the regions of mystery without an Orphic invocation.

ΥΠΝΕ *αναξ*, καλεω, σε μολειν κεχαρηστα ΜΥΣΤΑΙΣ·
Και σε, μακαρ, λιτομαι, τανυσιπτερε, ουλε ΟΝΕΙΡΕ·
Και ΝΕΦΕΛΑΣ καλεω, ζυγοειμονας, ηεροπλαγκτους·
ΝΥΚΤΑ τε πυκνοζωστην, πολυηρατον ΟΡΓΙΟΦΑΝΤΑΙΣ,
ΝΥΚΤΕΡΙΟΥΣ τε ΘΕΟΥΣ, ὑπο κευθεσιν ουκι εχοντας
Αντρω εν ηερωεντι, παρα ΣΤΥΓΟΣ ἱερον ὑδωρ·
ΠΡΩΤΕΙ συν πολυβουλῳ, ὑν ΟΛΒΟΔΟΤΗΝ† καλεουσιν.

O sovereign Sleep! in whose papaverous glen
Dwell the dark Muses of Cimmerian men!

* The reader who is desirous of elucidating the mysteries of the words and phrases marked in italics in this chapter may consult the German works of Professor Kant, or Professor Born's Latin translation of them, or M. Villars's *Philosophie de Kant, ou Principes fondamentaux de la Philosophie Transcendentale*; or the first article of the second number of the Edinburgh Review, or the article *Kant*, in the Encyclopædia Londinensis, or Sir William Drummond's *Academical Questions*, Book II. chap. ix.

† Πρωτευς Ολβοδοτης, *Proteus the giver of riches*, certainly deserves a place among the *Lares* of every poetical and political turncoat.

O Power of Dreams! whose dusky pinions shed
Primæval chaos on the slumberer's head!
Ye misty Clouds! amid whose folds sublime
Blind Faith invokes the Ghost of Feudal Time!
And thou, thick night! beneath whose mantle rove
The Phantom Powers of Subterranean Jove!
Arise, propitious to the mystic strain,
From Lethe's flood, and Zeal's Tartarian fane;
Where Freedom's Shade, 'mid Stygian vapours damp,
Sits, cold and pale, by Truth's extinguished lamp;
While Cowls and Crowns portentous orgies hold,
And tuneful Proteus seals his eyes with gold!

They had scarcely left the shore when they were involved in a fog of unprecedented density, so that they could not see one another; but they heard the dash of Mr. Mystic's oars, and were consoled by his assurances that he could not miss his way in a state of the atmosphere so consentaneous to his peculiar mode of vision; for that, though, in navigating his little skiff on the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, he had very often wandered wide and far from the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, yet this had always happened when he went with his eyes open, in broad daylight; but that he had soon found the means of obviating this little inconvenience, by always keeping his eyes close shut whenever the sun had the impertinence to shine upon him.

He immediately added, that he would take the opportunity of making a remark perfectly in point: "that Experience was a Cyclops, with his eye in the back of his head;" and when Mr. Fax remarked, that he did not see the connection, Mr. Mystic said he was very glad to hear it; for he should be sorry if any one but himself could see the connection of his ideas, as he arranged his thoughts *on a new principle*.

They went steadily on through the dense and heavy air, over waters that slumbered like the Stygian pool; a chorus of frogs, that seemed as much delighted with their own melody, as if they had been an oligarchy of poetical critics, regaling them all the way with the Aristophanic symphony of BREK-EK-EK-EX! KO-AX! KO-AX!* till the boat fixed its keel in the *Island of Pure Intelligence;* and Mr. Mystic landed his party, as Charon did Æneas and the Sibyl, in a bed of weeds and mud:† after floundering in which for

* See the Βατραχοι of Aristophanes.
† Informi limo glaucâque exponit in ulvâ.

some time, from losing their guide in the fog, they were cheered by the sound of his voice from above, and scrambling up the bank, found themselves on a hard and barren rock: and, still following the sound of Mr. Mystic's voice, arrived at Cimmerian Lodge.

The fog had penetrated into all the apartments: there was fog in the hall, fog in the parlour, fog on the staircases, fog in the bedrooms;

> The fog was here, the fog was there,
> The fog was all around.

It was a little rarefied in the kitchen, by virtue of the enormous fire; so far, at least, that the red face of the cook shone through it, as they passed the kitchen-door, like the disk of the rising moon through the vapours of an autumnal river: but to make amends for this, it was condensed almost into solidity in the library, where the voice of their invisible guide bade them welcome to the *adytum* of the LUMINOUS OBSCURE.

Mr. Mystic now produced what he called his *synthetical torch*, and requested them to follow him, and look over his grounds. Mr. Fax said it was perfectly useless to attempt it in such a state of the atmosphere; but Mr. Mystic protested that it was the only state of the atmosphere in which they could be seen to advantage: as daylight and sunshine utterly destroyed their beauty.

They followed the "darkness visible" of the *synthetical torch*, which, according to Mr. Mystic, *shed around it the rays of transcendental illumination;* and he continued to march before them, walking, and talking, and pointing out innumerable images of singularly nubilous beauty, though Mr. Forester and Fax both declared they could see nothing but the fog and "*la pale lueur du magique flambeau:*" till Mr. Mystic observing that they were now in a *Spontaneity free from Time or Space*, and at the point of *Absolute Limitation*, Mr. Fax said he was very glad to hear it; for in that case they could go no farther. Mr. Mystic observed that they must go farther; for they were entangled in a maze, from which they would never be able to extricate themselves without his assistance; and he must take the liberty to tell them, that *the categories of modality were connected into the idea of absolute necessity*. As this was spoken in a high tone, they

took it to be meant for a reprimand; which carried the more weight as it was the less understood. At length, after floundering on another half-hour, the fog still thicker and thicker, and the torch still dimmer and dimmer, they found themselves once more in Cimmerian Lodge.

Mr. Mystic asked them how they liked his grounds, and they both repeated they had seen nothing of them: on which he flew into a rage and called them *empirical psychologists*, and *slaves of definition, induction, and analysis*, which he intended for terms of abuse, but which were not taken for such by the persons to whom he addressed them.

Recovering his temper, he observed that it was nearly the hour of dinner; and as they did not think it worth while to be angry with him, they contented themselves with requesting that they might dine in the kitchen, which seemed to be the only spot on the *Island of Pure Intelligence* in which there was a glimmer of light.

Mr. Mystic remarked that he thought this very bad taste, but that he should have no objection if the cook would consent; who, he observed, had paramount dominion over that important division of the *Island of Pure Intelligence*. The cook, with a little murmuring, consented for once to evacuate her citadel as soon as the dinner was on table; entering, however, a protest, that this infringement on her privileges should not be pleaded as a precedent.

Mr. Fax was afraid that Mr. Mystic would treat them as Lord Peter treated his brothers: that he would put nothing on the table, and regale them with a dissertation on the *pure idea of absolute substance;* but in this he was agreeably disappointed; for the *anticipated cognition* of a good dinner very soon smoked before them, in the *relation of determinate co-existence;* and the *objective phænomenon* of some super-excellent Madeira quickly put the whole party in perfect good-humour. It appeared, indeed, to have a diffusive quality of occult and mysterious virtue; for, with every glass they drank, the fog grew thin, till by the time they had taken off four bottles among them, it had totally disappeared.

Mr. Mystic now prevailed on them to follow him to the library, where they found a blazing fire and a four-branched gas lamp, shedding a much brighter radiance than that of the *synthetical torch*. He said he had been obliged to light this lamp, as it seemed they could not see by the usual

illumination of Cimmerian Lodge. The brilliancy of the gas lights he much disapproved; but he thought it would be very unbecoming in a transcendental philosopher to employ any other material for a purpose to which *smoke* was applicable. Mr. Fax said he should have thought, on the contrary, that to *make dark seem* would have been, of all things, the most repugnant to his principles; and Mr. Mystic replied, that it had not struck him so before, but that Mr. Fax's view of the subject "was exquisitely dusky and fuliginous:" this being his usual mode of expressing approbation, instead of the common phraseology of *bright thoughts* and *luminous* ideas, which were equally abhorrent to him both in theory and practice. However, he said, there the light was, for their benefit, and not for his; and as other men's light was his darkness, he should put on a pair of spectacles of smoked glass, which no man could see through but himself. Having put on his spectacles, he [illegible] a black curtain, discovered a [illegible] and placed a sphere before it with great [illegible]. "This sphere," said he, "is an oblong spheroid [illegible] of the cylindrical mirror: as long as the [illegible] that the object of his perception was the real [illegible] sphere, he was a mere *period philosopher*: but he has grown wiser since he has been in my library; and [illegible] very happily in the degree in which the manner [illegible] might influence the forms of his perception, [illegible] view of how much [illegible] perception belongs to the *object*, which is [illegible] much to the *subject*, which is himself, in [illegible]. He has thus discovered the [illegible] *objective* and *subjective reality*: and this [illegible]."

"A very dusky and fuliginous speculation, indeed," said Mr. Fax, complimenting Mr. Mystic in his own phrase.

"[illegible] I divide my day," said Mr. Mystic, [illegible]: I am always poetical at breakfast, moral at luncheon, metaphysical at dinner, and [illegible] at tea. Now you shall know my opinion of the hopes of the world.—General discontent shall be the basis of public tranquillity.* The materials of political gloom will build the stedfastest frame of hope.† The main point is to get rid of

* Coleridge's Lay Sermon, p. 10. † Ibid.

analytical reason, which is experimental and practical, and live only by faith,* which is synthetical and oracular. The contradictory interests of ten millions may neutralize each other.† But the spirit of Antichrist is abroad: ‡—the people read!—nay, they think!! The people read and think!!! The public, the public in general, the swinish multitude, the many-headed monster, actually reads and thinks!!!!§ Horrible in thought, but in fact most horrible! Science classifies flowers. Can it make them bloom where it has placed them in its classification!‖ No. Therefore flowers ought not to be classified. This is transcendental logic. Ha! in that cylindrical mirror I see three shadowy forms:—dimly I see them through the smoked glass of my spectacles. Who art thou?—MYSTERY!—I hail thee! Who art thou?—JARGON!—I love thee! Who art thou?—SUPERSTITION!—I worship thee! Hail, transcendental TRIAD!"

Mr. Fax cut short the thread of his eloquence by saying he would trouble him for the cream-jug.

Mr. Mystic began again, and talked for three hours without intermission, except that he paused a moment on the entrance of sandwiches and Madeira. His visitors sipped his wine in silence till he had fairly talked himself hoarse. Neither Mr. Fax nor Mr. Forester replied to his paradoxes; for to what end, they thought, should they attempt to answer what few would hear, and none would understand?

It was now time to retire, and Mr. Mystic showed his guests to the doors of their respective apartments, in each of which a gas-light was burning, and ascended another flight of stairs to his own dormitory, with a little twinkling taper in his hand. Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax stayed a few minutes on the landing-place, to have a word of consultation before they parted for the night. Mr. Mystic gained the door of his apartment—turned the handle of the lock—and had just advanced one step—when the whole interior of the chamber became suddenly sheeted with fire: a tremendous explosion followed; and he was precipitated to the foot of the stairs in *the smallest conceivable fraction of the infinite divisibility of time.*

Mr. Forester picked him up, and found him not much hurt; only a little singed, and very much frightened. But the

* Coleridge's Lay Sermon, p. 21. † Ibid. p. 25. ‡ Ibid. p. 27.
§ Ibid. pp. 45, 46 (where the reader may find in a note the two worst jokes that ever were cracked). ‖ Ibid. p. xvii.

whole interior of the apartment continued to blaze. Mr. Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton ran for water: Mr. Fax rung the nearest bell: Mr. Mystic vociferated "Fire!" with singular energy: the servants ran about half-undressed: pails, buckets, and pitchers, were in active requisition; till Sir Oran Haut-ton ascending the stairs with the great rain-water tub, containing one hundred and eight gallons of water,* threw the whole contents on the flames with one sweep of his powerful arm.

The fire being extinguished, it remained to ascertain its cause. It appeared that the gas-tube in Mr. Mystic's chamber had been left unstopped, and the gas evolving without combustion (the apartment being perfectly air-tight), had condensed into a mass, which, on the approach of Mr. Mystic's taper, instantly ignited, blowing the transcendentalist downstairs, and setting fire to his curtains and furniture.

Mr. Mystic, as soon as he recovered from his panic, began to bewail the catastrophe: not so much, he said, for itself, as because such an event in Cimmerian Lodge was an infallible omen of evil—a type and symbol of an approaching period of public light—when the smoke of metaphysical mystery, and the vapours of ancient superstition, which he had done all that in him lay to consolidate in the spirit of man, would explode at the touch of analytical reason, leaving nothing but the plain common sense matter-of-fact of moral and political truth—a day that he earnestly hoped he might never live to see.

"Certainly," said Mr. Forester, "it is a very bad omen for all who make it their study to darken the human understanding, when one of the pillars of their party is *blown up by his own smoke;* but the symbol, as you call it may operate as a warning to the apostles of superstitious chimæra and political fraud, that it is very possible *for smoke to be too thick;* and that, in condensing in the human mind the vapours of ignorance and delusion, they are only compressing a body of inflammable gas, of which the explosion will be fatal in precise proportion to its density."

* "Some travellers speak of his strength as wonderful; greater, they say, than that of ten men such as we."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 105.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

HEY rose, as usual, before daylight, that they might pursue their perlustration; and, on descending, found Mr. Mystic awaiting them at a table covered with a ɔtuous apparatus of tea and coffee, a pyramid of hot rolls, a variety of cold provision. Cimmerian Lodge, he said, famous for its breed of tame geese, and he could recom- l the cold one on the table as one of his own training. breakfast being dispatched, he rowed them over the *Ocean eceitful Form* before the sun rose to disturb his navigation. ftɛr walking some miles, a ruined mansion at the end of ncient avenue of elms attracted their attention. As they ɛ a point of leaving no place unexamined, they walked o it. There was an air of melancholy grandeur in its iness and desolation which interested them to know its ry. The briers that choked the court, the weeds that from the fissures of the walls and on the ledges of the lows, the fractured glass, the half-fallen door, the silent motionless clock, the steps worn by the tread of other ı, the total silence of the scene of ancient hospitality, en only by the voices of the rooks whose nests were in elms, all carried back the mind to the years that were . There was a sun-dial in the centre of the court: the ıhone on the brazen plate, and the shadow of the index ɔn the line of noon. "Nothing impresses me more," said Forester, in a ruin of this kind, than the contrast between un-dial and the clock, which I have frequently observed. contrast I once made the basis of a little poem, which imilarity of circumstances induces me to repeat to you gh you are no votary of the spirit of rhyme."

THE SUN-DIAL.

The ivy o'er the mouldering wall
Spreads like a tree, the growth of years:
The wild wind through the doorless hall
A melancholy music rears,
A *solitary voice*, that sighs,
O'er man's forgotten pageantries.

Above the central gate, the clock,
Through clustering ivy dimly seen,
Seems, like the ghost of Time, to mock
The wrecks of power that once has been.
The hands are rusted on its face;
Even where they ceased, in years gone by,
To keep the flying moments pace:
Fixing, in Fancy's thoughtful eye,
A point of ages passed away,
A speck of time, that owns no tie
With aught that lives and breathes to-day.
But 'mid the rank and towering grass,
Where breezes wave, in mournful sport,
The weeds that choke the ruined court,
The careless hours, that circling pass,
Still trace upon the dialled brass
The shade of their unvarying way:
And evermore, with every ray,
That breaks the clouds and gilds the air,
Time's stealthy steps are imaged there:
Even as the long-revolving years
In self-reflecting circles flow,
From the first bud the hedge-row bears,
To wintry Nature's robe of snow.
The changeful forms of mortal things
Decay and pass; and art and power
Oppose in vain the doom that flings
Oblivion on their closing hour;
While still, to every woodland vale,
New blooms, new fruits, the seasons bring,
For other eyes and lips to hail
With looks and sounds of welcoming:
As where some stream light-eddying roves
By sunny meads and shadowy groves,
Wave following wave departs for ever,
But still flows on the eternal river.

An old man approached them, in whom they observed that look of healthy and cheerful antiquity which showed that time only, and neither pain nor sickness, had traced wrinkles on his cheek. Mr. Forester made inquiries of him on the object he had most at heart: but the old man could give no gleam of light to guide his steps. Mr. Fax then asked some questions concerning the mansion before them.

"Ah, zur!" said the old man, "this be the zeat o' Squire Openhand: but he doant live here now; the house be growed too large vor'n, as one may zay. I remember un playing about here on the grass-plot, when he was half as high as the sun-dial poast, as if it was but yesterday. The days that I

ha' zeed here! Rare doings there used to be wi' the house vull o' gentlevolks zometimes to be zure: but what he loiked best was, too zee a merry-making of all his tenants, round the great oak that stands there in the large vield by himzelf. He used to zay if there was anything he could not abide it was the zight of a zorrowful feace; and he was always prying about to voind one: and if he did voind one, Lord bless you! it was not a zorrowful feace long, if it was anything that he could mend. Zo he lived to the length of his line, as the zaying is; and when times grew worse, it was a hard matter to draw in; howzomdever he did; and when the tax-gatherers came every year vor more and more, and the peaper-money flew about, buying up everything in the neighbourhood; and every vifty pounds he got in peaper wasn't worth, as he toald me, vorty pounds o' real money, why there was every year fewer horses in his steable, and less wine on his board: and every now and then came a queer zort o' chap dropped out o' the sky like—a vundholder he called un—and bought a bit of ground vor a handvul o' peaper, and built a cottage horny, as they call it—there be one there on the hill zide—and had nothing to do wi' the country people, nor the country-people wi' he: nothing in the world to do, as we could zee, but to eat and drink, and make little bits o' shrubberies, o' quashies, and brutuses, and zelies, and cubies, and filligrees, and ruddy-dunderums, instead o' the oak plantations, the old landlords used to plant; and the Squire could never abide the zight o' one o' they gimcrack boxes; and all the while he was nailing up a window or two every year, and his horses were going one way, and his dogs another, and his old zervants were zent away, one by one, wi' heavy hearts, poor souls, and at last it came that he could not get half his rents, and zome o' his tenants went to the workhouse, and others ran away, because o' the poor-rates, and everything went to zixes and zevens, and I used to meet the Squire in his walks, and think to myzelf it was very hard that he who could not bear to zee a zorrowful feace, should have zuch a zorrowful one of his own; and he used to zay to me whenever I met un: 'All this comes o' peaper money, Measter Hawthorn.' Zo the upshot was, he could not afford any longer to live in his own great house, where his vorevathers had lived out o' memory of man, and went to zome outlandish place wi' his vamily to live, as he said, in much zuch a box as that gimcrack thing on the hill."

"You have told us a very melancholy story," said Mr. Forester; "but at present, I fear, a very common one, and one of which, if the present system continue, every succeeding year will multiply examples."

"Ah, zur!" said the old man, "there was them as vorezeed it long ago, and voretold it too, up in the great house in Lunnun, where they zettles the affairs o' the nation: a pretty way of zettling it be, to my thinking, to vill the country wi' tax-gatherers and vundholders, and peaper-money men, that turns all the old families out o' the country, and zends their tenants to the workhouse: but there was them as vorezeed and voretold it too, but nobody minded 'em then: they begins to mind 'em now."

"But how do you manage in these times?" said Mr. Forester.

"I lives, measter," said the old man, "and pretty well too, vor myself. I had a little vreehold varm o' my own, that has been in my vamily zeven hundred year, and we woant part wi' it, I promise you, vor all the tax-collectors and vundholders in England. But my zon was never none o' your gentleman varmers, none o' your reacing and hunting bucks, that it's a shame vor a honest varmer to be: he always zet his shoulders to the wheel—alway a-vield by peep o' day: zo now I be old, I've given up the varm to him; and that I wouldn't ha' done to the best man in all the county bezide: but he's my son, and I loves un. Zo I walks about the vields all day, and zits all the evening in the chimney-corner wi' an old neighbour or zo, and a jug o' ale, and talks over old times, when the Openhands, and zuch as they, could afford to live in the homes o' their vorevathers. It be a bad state o' things, my measters, and must come to a bad end, zooner or later; but it'll last my time."

"You are not in the last stage of a consumption, are you, honest friend?" said Mr. Fax.

"Lord love you, no, measter," said the old farmer, rather frightened; "do I look zo?"

"No," said Mr. Fax; "but you talked so."

"Ah! thee beest a wag, I zee," said the farmer. "Things be in a conzumption zure enough, but they'll last my time vor all that; and if they doant, it's no fault o' mine; and I'se no money in the vunds, nor no sinecure pleace, zo I eats my beef-steak and drinks my ale, and lets the world slide."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PHANTASM.

THE course of their perambulations brought them into the vicinity of Melincourt, and they stopped at the Castle to inquire if any intelligence had been obtained of Anthelia. The gate was opened to them by old Peter Gray, who informed them that himself and the female domestics were at that time the only inmates of the Castle, as the other male domestics had gone off at the same time with Mr. Hippy in search of their young mistress; and the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney and Miss Danaretta were gone to London, because of the opera being open.

Mr. Forester inquired of the manner of Anthelia's disappearance. Old Peter informed him that she had gone into her library as usual after breakfast, and when the hour of dinner arrived she was missing. The central window was open, as well as the little postern-door of the shrubbery, that led into the dingle, the whole vicinity of which they had examined, and had found the recent print of horses' feet on a narrow green road that skirted the other side of the glen; these traces they had followed till they had totally lost them, in a place where the road became hard and rocky, and divided into several branches: the pursuers had then separated into parties of two and three, and each party had followed a different branch of the road, but they had found no clue to guide them, and had hitherto been unsuccessful. He should not himself, he said, have remained inactive, but Mr. Hippy had insisted on his staying to take care of the Castle. He then observed, that, as it was growing late, he should humbly advise their continuing where they were till morning. To this they assented, and he led the way to the library.

Everything in the library remained precisely in the place in which Anthelia left it. Her chair was near the table, and the materials of drawing were before it. The gloom of the winter evening, which was now closing in, was deepened through the stained glass of the windows. The moment the door was thrown open, Mr. Forester started, and threw him-

self forward into the apartment towards Anthelia's chair; but before he reached it, he stopped, placed his hand before his eyes, and turning round, leaned for support on the arm of Mr. Fax. He recovered himself in a few minutes, and sat down by the table. Peter Gray, after kindling the fire, and lighting the Argand lamp, that hung from the centre of the apartment, went to give directions on the subject of dinner.

Mr. Forester observed, from the appearance of the drawing materials, that they had been hastily left, and he saw that the last subject on which Anthelia had been employed was a sketch of Rosinose Abbey. He sate with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the drawing in perfect silence. Mr. Fax thought it best not to disturb his meditations, and took up a volume that was lying open on the table, the last that Anthelia had been reading. It was a posthumous work of the virtuous and unfortunate Condorcet, in which that most amiable and sublime enthusiast, contemplating human nature in the light of his own exalted spirit, had delineated a beautiful vision of the future destinies of mankind.*

Sir Oran Hamilton kept his eyes fixed on the door with a look of anxious impatience, and showed manifest and increasing disappointment at every re-entrance of old Peter, who at last announced them to dinner.

Mr. Fax was not surprised that Mr. Forester had no appetite, but that Sir Oran had lost his, appeared to him extremely curious. The latter grew more and more uneasy, rose from table, took a candle in his hand, and wandered from room to room, searching every closet and corner in the Castle, to the great amazement of old Peter Gray, who followed him everywhere, and became convinced that the poor gentleman was crazed for love of his young mistress, who, he made no doubt, was the object of his search; and the conviction was strengthened by the perfect inattention of Sir Oran to all his assurances that his dear young lady was not in any of those places which he searched so scrupulously. Sir Oran at length having left no corner of the habitable part of the Castle unvisited, returned to the dining-room, and throwing himself into a chair, began to shed tears in great abundance.†

Mr. Fax made his two disconsolate friends drink several glasses of Madeira, by way of raising their spirits, and then

* Esquisse d'un Tableau historique des Progrès de l'Esprit humain.

† See p. 183, note.

asked Mr. Forester what it was that had so affected him on their first entering the library.

Mr. Forester.—It was the form of Anthelia, in the place where I first saw her, in that chair by the table. The vision was momentary, but, while it lasted, had all the distinctness of reality.

Mr. Fax.—This is no uncommon effect of the association of ideas when external objects present themselves to us after an interval of absence, in their remembered arrangement, with only one form wanting, and that the dearest among them, to perfect the resemblance between the present sensation and the recollected idea. A vivid imagination, more especially when the nerves are weakened by anxiety and fatigue, will, under such circumstances, complete the imperfect scene, by replacing for a moment the one deficient form among those accustomed objects which had long formed its accompaniments in the contemplation of memory. This single mental principle will explain the greater number of *credible* tales of apparitions, and at the same time give a very satisfactory reason why a particular spirit is usually found haunting a particular place.

Mr. Forester.—Thus Petrarch's beautiful pictures of the Spirit of Laura on the banks of the Sorga, are assuredly something more than the mere fancies of the closet, and must have originated in that system of mental connection, which, under peculiar circumstances, gives ideas the force of sensations. Anxiety and fatigue are certainly great promoters of the state of mind most favourable to such impressions.

Mr. Fax.—It was under the influence of such excitements that Brutus saw the spirit of Cæsar; and in similar states of feeling, the phantoms of poetry are usually supposed to be visible: the ghost of Banquo, for example, and that of Patroclus. But this only holds true of the poets who paint from nature; for their artificial imitators, when they wish to call a spirit from the vasty deep, are not always so attentive to the mental circumstances of the persons to whom they present it. In the early periods of society, when apparitions form a portion of the general creed; when the life of man is wandering, precarious, and turbulent; when the uncultured wildness of the heath and the forest harmonizes with the chimeras of superstition; and when there is not, as in later times, a rooted principle of reason and knowledge, to weaken such *perceptions in their origin*, and destroy the seeming

reality of their subsequent recollection, impressions of this nature will be more frequent, and will be as much invested with the character of external existence, as the scenes to which they are attached by the connecting power of the mind. They will always be found with their own appropriate character of time, and place, and circumstance. The ghost of the warrior will be seen on the eve of battle by him who keeps his lonely watch near the blaze of the nightly fire, and the spirit of the huntress maid will appear to her lover when he pauses on the sunny heath, or rests in the moonlit cave.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CHURCHYARD.

THE next morning Mr. Forester determined on following the mountain-road on the other side of the dingle, of which Peter Gray had spoken: but wishing first to make some inquiries of the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, they walked to his vicarage, which was in a village at some distance. Just as they reached it, the reverend gentleman emerged in haste, and seeing Mr. Forester and his friends, said he was very sorry that he could not attend to them just then, as he had a great press of business to dispose of; namely, a christening, a marriage, and a funeral; but he would knock them off as fast as he could, after which he should be perfectly at their service, hoped they would wait in the vicarage till his return, and observed he had good ale and a few bottles of London Particular. He then left them to dispatch his affairs in the church.

They preferred waiting in the churchyard. "A christening, a marriage, and a funeral!" said Mr. Forester. "With what indifference he runs through the whole drama of human life, raises the curtain on its commencement, superintends the most important and eventful action of its progress, and drops the curtain on its close!"

Mr. Fax.—Custom has rendered them all alike indifferent to him. In every human pursuit and profession the routine of ordinary business renders the mind indifferent to all the

bjects of which that routine is composed. The
gs at grave-making;" the undertaker walks with
e before the coffin, because a solemn face is part
; but his heart is as light as if there were no
s heels: he is quietly conning over the items of
hinking of the party in which he is to pass his
d the reverend gentleman who concludes the
consigns to its last receptacle the shell of ex-
ntelligence, has his thoughts on the wing to the
field or the jovial board of the Squire.
er.—Your observation is just. It is this harden-
custom that gives steadiness to the hand of the
ness to the voice of the criminal judge, coolness
r "in the imminent deadly breach," self-posses-
ailor in the rage of the equinoctial storm. It is
influence that the lawyer deals out writs and
s carelessly as he deals out cards at his evening
the gaoler turns the key with the same stern
n unfortunate innocence as on hardened villany;
al senator votes away by piecemeal the liberties
try; and that the statesman sketches over the
ries of deliberate schemes for the extinction of
lom, the enchaining of human reason, and the
nan life.
—Contemplate any of these men only in the
ir routine, and you will think them utterly desti-
man sympathy. Make them change places with
nd you will see symptoms of natural feelings.
not kill the better feelings of human nature: it
them asleep.
ter.—You must acknowledge, then, at least, that
very sound.
.—In most cases certainly as sound as that of
or of the seven sleepers of Ephesus. But these
last, and, therefore, according to Aristotle, they
he capacity of waking.
ster.—You must allow me to wait for a similar
I admit such a capacity in respect to the feelings
he characters we have mentioned. Yet I am no
man virtue.
—You have no reason to be, with so much evidence
eyes of the excellence of the past generation, and

I do not suppose the present is much worse than its predecessors. Read the epitaphs around you, and see what models and mirrors of all the social virtues have left the examples of their shining light to guide the steps of their posterity.

Mr. Forester.—I observe the usual profusion of dutiful sons, affectionate husbands, faithful friends, kind neighbours, and honest men. These are the luxuriant harvest of every churchyard. But is it not strange that even the fertility of fiction should be so circumscribed in the variety of monumental panegyric? Yet a few words comprehend the summary of all the moral duties of ordinary life. Their degrees and diversities are like the shades of colour, that shun for the most part the power of language: at all events, the nice distinctions and combinations that give individuality to historical character, scarcely come within the limits of sepulchral inscription, which merely serves to testify the regret of the survivors for one whose society was dear, and whose faults are forgotten. For there is a feeling in the human mind, that, in looking back on former scenes of intercourse with those who are passed for ever beyond the limits of injury and resentment, gradually destroys all the bitterness and heightens all the pleasures of the remembrance; as, when we revert in fancy to the days of our childhood, we scarcely find a vestige of their tears, pains, and disappointments, and perceive only their fields, their flowers, and their sunshine, and the smiles of our little associates.

Mr. Fax.—The history of common life seems as circumscribed as its moral attributes: for the most extensive information I can collect from these gravestones is, that the parties married, lived in trouble, and died of a conflict between a disease and a physician. I observe a last request, which I suppose was very speedily complied with—that of a tender husband to his loving wife not to weep for him long. If it be as you say, that the faults of the dead are soon forgotten, yet the memory of their virtues is not much longer lived; and I have often thought that these words of Rabelais would furnish an appropriate inscription for ninety-nine grave-stones out of every hundred:—*Sa mémoire expira avecque le son des cloches qui carillonarent à son enterrement.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE RUSTIC WEDDING.

THE bride and bridegroom, with half a dozen of their friends, now entered the churchyard. The bride, a strong, healthy-looking country girl, was clinging to the arm of her lover, not with the light and scarcely perceptible touch with which Miss Simper complies with the request of Mr. Giggle, "that she will do him the honour to take his arm," but with a cordial and unsophisticated pressure that would have made such an arm as Mr. Giggle's black and blue. The bridegroom, with a pair of chubby cheeks, which in colour precisely rivalled his new scarlet waistcoat, and his mouth expanded into a broad grin that exhibited the total range of his teeth, advanced in a sort of step that was half a walk and half a dance, as if the preconceived notion of the requisite solemnity of demeanour were struggling with the natural impulses of the overflowing joy of his heart.

Mr. Fax looked with great commiseration on this bridal pair, and determined to ascertain if they had a clear notion of the evils that awaited them in consequence of the rash step they were about to take. He therefore accosted them with an observation that the Reverend Mr. Portpipe was not at leisure, but would be in a few minutes. "In the meantime," said he, "I stand here as the representative of general reason, to ask if you have duly weighed the consequences of your present proceeding."

The Bridegroom.—General Reason! I be's no soger man, and bea'n't countable to no General whatzomecomedever. We bea'n't under martial law, be we? Voine times indeed if General Reason be to interpose between a poor man and his sweetheart.

Mr. Fax.—That is precisely the case which calls most loudly for such an interposition.

The Bridegroom.—If General Reason waits till I or Zukey calls loudly vor'n, he'll wait long enough. Woa'n't he, Zukey?

The Bride.—Ees, zure, Robin.

Mr. Fax.—General reason, my friend, I assure you, has nothing to do with martial law, nor with any other mode of arbitrary power, but with authority that has truth for its

fountain, benevolence for its end, and the whole universe for its sphere of action.

The Bridegroom.—(*Scratching his head.*) There be a mort o' voine words, but I zuppose you means to zay as how this General Reason be a Methody preacher; but I be's true earthy-ducks church, and zo be Zukey: bea'n't you, Zukey?

The Bride.—Ees, zure, Robin.

The Bridegroom.—And we has nothing to do wi' General Reason neither on us. Has we, Zukey?

The Bride.—No, zure, Robin.

Mr. Fax.—Well, my friend, be that as it may, you are going to be married?

The Bridegroom.—Why, I thinks zo, zur, wi' General Reason's leave. Bea'n't we, Zukey?

The Bride.—Ees, zure, Robin.

Mr. Fax.—And are you fully aware, my honest friend, what marriage is?

The Bridegroom.—Vor zartin I be: Zukey and I ha' got it by heart out o' t' Book o' Common Prayer. Ha'n't we, Zukey? (*This time Susan did not think proper to answer.*) It be ordained that zuch parsons as hav'n't the gift of——(*Susan gave him such a sudden and violent pinch on the arm, that his speech ended in a roar.*) Od rabbit me! that wur a twinger! I'll have my revenge, howromecomedever. (*And he imprinted a very emphatical kiss on the lips of his blushing bride that greatly scandalized Mr. Fax.*)

Mr. Fax.—Do you know, that in all likelihood, in the course of six years, you will have as many children?

The Bridegroom.—The more the merrier, zur. Bea'n't it, Zukey? (*Susan was mute again.*)

Mr. Fax.—I hope it may prove so, my friend: but I fear you will find the more the sadder. What are your occupations?

The Bridegroom.—Anan, zur?

Mr. Fax.—What do you do to get your living?

The Bridegroom.—Works vor Varmer Brownstout: sows and reaps, threshes, and goes to market wi' corn and cattle, turns to plough-tail when hap chances, cleans and feeds horses, hedges and ditches, fells timber, gathers in t' orchard, brews ale, and drinks it, and gets vourteen shill'n's a week vor my trouble. And Zukey here ha' laid up a mint o' money: she wur dairy-maid at Varmer Cheesecurd's, and ha' gotten vour pounds zeventeen shill'n's and ninepence, in t' old chest wi' three vlat locks and a padlock. Ha'n't you, Zukey?

The Bride.—Ees, zure, Robin.

Mr. Fax.—It does not appear to me, my worthy friend, that your fourteen shillings a week, even with Mistress Susan's consolidated fund of four pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence, will be altogether adequate to the maintenance of such a family as you seem likely to have.

The Bridegroom.—Why, zur, in t' virst pleace I doan't know what be Zukey's intentions in that respect——Od rabbit it, Zukey! doa'n't pinch zo——and in t' next pleace, wi' all due submission to you and General Reason the Methody preacher, I takes it to be our look-out, and none o' nobody's else.

Mr. Fax.—But it is somebody's else, for this reason; that if you cannot maintain your own children, the parish must do it for you.

The Bridegroom.—Vor zartin—in a zort o' way; and bad enough at best. But I wants no more to do wi' t' parish than parish wi' me.

Mr. Fax.—I dare say you do not, at present. But my good friend, when the cares of a family come upon you, your independence of spirit will give way to necessity; and if, by any accident, you are thrown out of work, as in the present times many honest fellows are, what will you do then?

The Bridegroom.—Do the best I can, measter, az I always does, and nobody can't do no better.

Mr. Fax.—Do you suppose, then, you are doing the best you can now, in marrying, with such a doubtful prospect before you? How will you bring up your children?

The Bridegroom.—Why, in the vear o' the Lord, to be zure.

Mr. Fax.—Of course: but how will you bring them up to get their living?

The Bridegroom.—That's as thereafter may happen. They woa'n't starve, I'se warrant 'em, if they teakes after their veyther. But I zees now who General Reason be. He be one o' your sinecure vundholder peaper-money taxing men, as isn't satisfied wi' takin' t' bread out o' t' poor man's mouth, and sending his chilern to army and navy, and vactories, and suchlike, but wants to take away his wife into t' bargain.

Mr. Fax.—There, my honest friend, you have fallen into a radical mistake, which I shall try to elucidate for your benefit. It is owing to poor people having more children than they can maintain, that those children are obliged to go to

the army and navy, and consequently that statesmen and conquerors find so many ready instruments for the oppression and destruction of the human species: it follows, therefore, that if people would not marry till they could be certain of maintaining all their children comfortably at home——

The Bridegroom.—Lord love you, that be all mighty voine rigmarol; but the short and the long be this: I can't live without Zukey, nor Zukey without I, can you, Zukey?

The Bride.—No zure, Robin.

The Bridegroom.—Now there be a plain downright honest-hearted old English girl; none o' your quality madams, as zays one thing and means another; and zo you may tell General Reason he may teake away chair and teable, salt-box and trencher, bed and bedding, pig and pig-stye, but neither he nor all his peaper-men together shall take away his own Zukey vrom Robin Ruddyfeace; if they shall I'm doom'd.

"What profane wretch," said the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, emerging from the church, "what profane wretch is swearing in the very gate of the temple?" and seeing by the bridegroom's confusion that he was the culprit, he reprimanded him severely, and declared he would not marry him that day. The very thought of such a disappointment was too much for poor Robin to bear, and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to speak, he distorted his face into a most rueful expression, and struck up such a roar of crying as completely electrified the Rev. Mr. Portpipe, whose wrath, nevertheless, was not to be mollified by Robin's grief and contrition, but yielded at length to the intercessions of Mr. Forester. Robin's face cleared up in an instant, and the natural broad grin of his ruddy countenance shone forth through his tears like the sun through a shower. "You are such an honest and warm-hearted fellow," said Mr. Forester, putting a bank-note into Robin's hand, "that you must not refuse me the pleasure of making this little addition to Mistress Susan's consolidated fund."—"Od rabbit me!" said the bridegroom, overcome with joy and surprise, "I doa'n't know who thee beest, but thee bees'n't General Reason, that's vor zartin."

The rustic party then followed the Reverend Mr. Portpipe into the church. Robin, when he reached the porch,

looked round over his shoulder to Mr. Fax, and said with a very arch look, "My dutiful sarvice to General Reason." And looking round a second time before he entered the door, added: "and Zukey's too."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE VICARAGE.

WHEN the Rev. Mr. Portpipe had despatched his "press of business," he set before his guests in the old oak parlour of the vicarage a cold turkey and ham, a capacious jug of "incomparable ale," and a bottle of his London Particular; all which, on trial, were approved to be excellent, and a second bottle of the latter was very soon required, and produced with great alacrity. The severend gentleman expressed much anxiety in relation to the mysterious circumstance of the disappearance of Anthelia, on whom he pronounced a very warm eulogium, saying she was the flower of the mountains, the type of ideal beauty, the daughter of music, the rosebud of sweetness, and the handmaid of charity. He professed himself unable to throw the least light on the transaction, but supposed she had been spirited away for some nefarious purpose. He said that the mountain road had been explored without success in all its ramifications, not only by Mr. Hippy and the visitors and domestics of Melincourt, but by all the peasants and mountaineers of the vicinity—that it led through a most desolate and inhospitable tract of country, and he would advise them, if they persisted in their intention of following it themselves, to partake of his poor hospitality till morning, and set forward with the first dawn of daylight. Mr. Fax seconded this proposal, and Mr. Forester complied.

They spent the evening in the old oak parlour, and conversed on various subjects, during which a knotty point opposing itself to the solution of an historical question, Mr. Forester expressed a wish to be allowed access to the reverend gentleman's library. The reverend gentleman hummed awhile with great gravity and deliberation: then slowly rising from his large arm-chair, he walked across the

room to the further corner, where throwing open the door of a little closet, he said with extreme complacency, "There is my library: Homer, Virgil, and Horace, for old acquaintance sake, and the credit of my cloth: Tillotson, Atterbury, and Jeremy Taylor, for materials of exhortation and ingredients of sound doctrine: and for my own private amusement in an occasional half-hour between my dinner and my nap, a translation of Rabelais and the Tale of a Tub.

Mr. Fax.—A well-chosen collection.

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe.—*Multum in parvo.* But there is something that may amuse you: a little drawer of mineral specimens that have been picked up in this vicinity, and a fossil or two. Among the latter is a curious bone that was found in a hill just by, invested with stalactite.

Mr. Forester.—The bone of a human thumb, unquestionably.

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe.—Very probably.

Mr. Forester.—Which, by its comparative proportion, must have belonged to an individual about eleven feet six or seven inches in height: there are no such men now.

Mr. Fax.—Except, perhaps, among the Patagonians, whose existence is, however, disputed.

Mr. Forester.—It is disputed on no tenable ground, but that of the narrow and bigoted vanity of civilized men, who, pent in the unhealthy limits of towns and cities, where they dwindle from generation to generation in a fearful rapidity of declension towards the abyss of the infinitely little, in which they will finally vanish from the system of nature, will not admit that there ever were, or are, or can be better, stronger, and healthier men than themselves. The Patagonians are a vagrant nation, without house or home, and are, therefore, only occasionally seen on the coast: but because some voyagers have not seen them, I know not why we should impeach the evidence of those who have. The testimony of a man of honour, like Mr. Byron, would alone have been sufficient: but all his officers and men gave the same account. And there are other testimonies: that, for instance of M. de Guyot, who brought from the coast of Patagonia a skeleton of one of these great men, which measured between twelve and thirteen feet. This skeleton he was bringing to Europe, but happening to be caught in a great storm, and having on board a Spanish Bishop (the Archbishop of Lima), who was

of opinion that the storm was caused by the bones of this Pagan which they had on board; and having persuaded the crew that this was the case, the captain was obliged to throw the skeleton overboard. The Bishop died soon after, and was thrown overboard in his turn. I could have wished that he had been thrown overboard sooner, and then the bones of the Patagonian would have arrived in Europe.*

The Rev. Mr. Portpipe.—Your wish is orthodox, inasmuch as the Bishop was himself a Pagan, and moreover an Inquisitor. And your doctrine of large men is also orthodox, for the sons of Anak and the family of Goliah did once exist, though now their race is extinct.

Mr. Forester.—The multiplication of diseases, the diminution of strength, and the contraction of the term of existence, keep pace with the diminution of the stature of men. The mortality of a manufacturing town, compared with that of a mountain-village, is more than three to one, which clearly shows the evil effects of the departure from natural life, and of the coacervation of multitudes within the narrow precincts of cities, where the breath of so many animals, and the exhalations from the dead, the dying, and corrupted things of all kinds, make the air little better than a slow poison, and so offensive as to be perceptible to the sense of those who are not accustomed to it; for the wandering Arabs will smell a town at the distance of several leagues. And in this country the cottagers who are driven by the avarice of landlords and great tenants to seek a subsistence in towns, are very soon destroyed by the change.† And this hiving of human beings is not the only evil effect of commerce, which tends also to keep up a constant circulation of the elements of destruction, and to make the vices and diseases of one country the vices and diseases of all.‡ Thus, with every extension of our intercourse with distant lands, we bring home some new seed of death; and how many we leave as vestiges of our visitation, let the South Sea Islanders testify. Consider, too, the frightful consequences of the consumption of spirituous liquors: a practice so destructive, that if all the devils were again to be assembled in Pandemonium to contrive the ruin of the human species, nothing so mischievous could be devised by

* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. iii. p. 139. † Ibid., p. 193.
‡ Ibid., p. 191.

them;* but which it is considered politic to encourage, according to our method of raising money on the vices of the people.† When these and many other causes of destruction are considered, it would be wonderful indeed, if every new generation were not, as all experience proves that it is, smaller, weaker, more diseased, and more miserable than the preceding.

Mr. Fax.—Do you find, in the progress of science and the rapid diffusion of intellectual light, no counterpoise to this mass of physical calamity, even admitting it to exist in the extent you suppose.

Mr. Forester.—Without such a counterpoise the condition of human nature would be desperate indeed. The intellectual, as I have often observed to you, are nourished at the expense of the animal faculties.

Mr. Fax.—You cannot, then, conceive the existence of *mens sana in corpore sano?*

Mr. Forester.—Scarcely in the present state of human degeneracy: at best in a very limited sense.

Mr. Fax.—Nevertheless you do, nay, you must acknowledge that the intellectual, which is the better part of human nature, is in a progress of rapid improvement, continually enlarging its views and multiplying its acquisitions.

Mr. Forester.—The collective stock of knowledge which is the common property of scientific men necessarily increases, and will increase from the circumstance of admitting the co-operation of numbers: but collective knowledge is as distinct from individual mental power as it is confessedly unconnected with wisdom and moral virtue, and independent of political liberty. A man of modern times, with machines of complicated powers, will lift a heavier mass than that which Hector hurled from his unassisted arm against the Grecian gates; but take away his mechanism, and what comparison is there between him and Hector? In the same way a modern man of science *knows* more than Pythagoras knew: but consider them with relation only to *mental power*, and what comparison remains between them? No more than between a modern poet and Homer—a comparison which the most strenuous partisan of modern improvement will scarcely venture to institute.

* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. iii. p. 181. † Ibid., p. 182.

Mr. Fax.—I will venture to oppose Shakespeare to him nevertheless.

Mr. Forester.—That is, however, going back two centuries, to a state of society very peculiar, and very fertile in genius. Shakespeare is the great phenomenon of the modern world, but his men and women are beings like ourselves; whereas those of Homer are of a nobler and mightier race; and his poetry is worthy of his characters: it is the language of the gods.

Mr. Forester rose, and approached the little closet, with the avowed intention of taking down Homer. "Take care how you touch him," said the Reverend Mr. Portpipe: "he is in a very dusty condition, for he has not been disturbed these thirty years."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MOUNTAINS.

THEY followed the mountain-road till they arrived at the spot where it divided into several branches, one of which they selected on some principle of preference, which we are not sagacious enough to penetrate. They now proceeded by a gradual ascent of several miles along a rugged passage of the hills, where the now flowerless heath was the only vestige of vegetation; and the sound of the little streams that everywhere gleamed beside their way, the only manifestation of the life and motion of nature.

"It is a subject worthy of consideration," said Mr. Fax, "how far scenes like these are connected with the genius of liberty: how far the dweller of the mountains, who is certainly surrounded by more sublime excitements, has more loftiness of thought, and more freedom of spirit, than the cultivator of the plains?"

Mr. Forester.—A modern poet has observed, that the voices of the sea and the mountains, are the two voices of liberty: the words mountain-liberty have, indeed, become so intimately associated, that I never yet found any one who even thought of questioning their necessary and natural connection.

Mr. Fax.—And yet I question it much; and in the present state of human society I hold the universal inculcation of such a sentiment, in poetry and romance, to be not only a most gross delusion, but an error replete with the most pernicious practical consequences. For I have often seen a young man of high and aspiring genius, full of noble enthusiasm for the diffusion of truth and the general happiness of mankind, withdrawn from all intercourse with polished and intellectual society, by the distempered idea, that he would nowhere find fit aliment for his high cogitations, but among heaths, and rocks, and torrents.

Mr. Forester.—In a state of society so corrupted as that in which we live, the best instructors and companions are ancient books; and these are best studied in those congenial solitudes, where the energies of nature are most pure and uncontrolled, and the aspect of external things recalls in some measure the departed glory of the world.

Mr. Fax.—Holding, as I do, that no branch of knowledge is valuable, but such as in its ultimate results has a plain and practical tendency to the general diffusion of moral and political truth, you must allow me to doubt the efficacy of solitary intercourse with stocks and stones, however rugged and fantastic in their shapes, towards the production of this effect.

Mr. Forester.—It is matter of historical testimony that occasional retirement into the recesses of nature has produced the most salutary effects of the very kind you require, in the instance of some of the most illustrious minds that have adorned the name of man.

Mr. Fax.—That the health and purity of the country, its verdure and its sunshine, have the most beneficial influence on the mental and corporeal faculties, I am very far from being inclined to deny: but this is a different consideration from that of the connection between the scenery of the mountains and the genius of liberty. Look into the records of the world. What have the mountains done for freedom and mankind? When have the mountains, to speak in the cant of the new school of poetry, "sent forth a voice of power" to awe the oppressors of the world? Mountaineers are for the most part a stupid and ignorant race: and where there are stupidity and ignorance, there will be superstition; and where there is superstition, there will be slavery.

'r. *Forester.*—To a certain extent I cannot but agree with
The names of Hampden and Milton are associated with
level plains and flat pastures of Buckinghamshire; but I
ıot now remember what names of true greatness and un-
en devotion to general liberty, are associated with these
hy rocks and cloud-capped mountains of Cumberland.
have seen a little horde of poets, who brought hither from
vales of the south, the harps which they had consecrated
ruth and Liberty, to acquire new energy in the mountain-
ls: and now those harps are attuned to the praise of
rious power, to the strains of courtly sycophancy, and to
ıymns of exploded superstition. But let not the innocent
ntains bear the burden of their transgressions.

'r. *Fax.*—All I mean to say is, that there is nothing in
nature of mountain-scenery either to make men free, or
ep them so. The only source of freedom is intellectual
. The ignorant are always slaves, though they dwell
ıg the Andes. The wise are always free, though they
vate a savannah. Who is so stupid and so servile as a
s, whom you find, like a piece of living furniture, the
an latch of every great man's door?

r. *Forester.*—Let us look back to former days, to the
ıtains of the North:

> Wild the Runic faith,
> And wild the realms where Scandinavian chiefs
> And Scalds arose, and hence the Scald's strong verse
> Partook the savage wildness. And methinks,
> Amid such scenes as these the poet's soul
> Might best attain full growth.

Fax.—As to the "Scald's strong verse," I must say I
ıever seen any specimens of it that I did not think
rash. It is little more than a rhapsody of rejoicing in
, a ringing of changes on the biting sword and the
of blood and the feast of the raven and the vulture,
some flattery of the chieftain, of whom the said Scald
abject slave, vassal, parasite, and laureat, interspersed
ntinual hints that he ought to be well paid for his
negyrics.

Forester.—There is some justice in your observations:
less, I must still contend that those who seek the
ns in a proper frame of feeling, will find in them
f energy and liberty, harmonizing most aptly with

the loftiness of an unprejudiced mind, and nerving the arm of resistance to every variety of oppression and imposture, that winds the chains of power round the free-born spirit of man.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FRACAS.

AFTER a long ramble among heath and rock, and over moss and moor, they began to fear the probability of being benighted among those desolate wilds, when fortunately they found that their track crossed one of the principal roads, which they followed for a short time, and entered a small town, where they stopped for the night at an inn. They were shown upstairs into an apartment separated from another only by a movable partition, which allowed the two rooms to be occasionally laid into one. They were just sitting down to dinner when they heard the voices of some newly-arrived company in the adjoining apartment, and distinguished the tones of a female voice indicative of alarm and anxiety, and the masculine accents of one who seemed to be alternately comforting the afflicted fair one, and swearing at the obsequious waiter, with reiterated orders, as it appeared, for another chaise immediately. Mr. Fax was not long in divining that the new-comers were two runaway lovers in momentary apprehension of being overtaken; and this conjecture was confirmed, when, after a furious rattle of wheels in the yard, the door of the next apartment was burst open, and a violent scream from the lady was followed by a gruff shout of—"So, ho, miss, here you are. Gretna, eh? Your journey's marred for this time; and if you get off again, say you have my consent—that's all." Low soft tones of supplication ensued, but in undistinguishable words, and continued to be repeated in the intervals of the following harangue: "Love indeed! don't tell me. Aren't you my daughter? Answer me that. And haven't I a right over you till you are twenty-one? You may marry then; but not a rap of the ready: my money's my own all my life. Haven't I chosen you a proper husband—a nice rich young fellow too, too

ive!—Sixty, you minx! no such thing. Rolling in
: member for Threevotes: two places, three pensions,
sinecure: famous borough interest to make all your
en generals and archbishops. And here a miserable
ond with only five hundred a year in landed property.
h! love indeed!—own age—congenial minds—pshaw!
farce. Money—money—money—that's the matter:
r is the first thing—money is the second thing—money
third thing—money is the only thing—money is every-
and all things."—"Vagabond, sir," said a third voice:
ı a gentleman, and have money sufficient to maintain
laughter in comfort."—"Comfort!" said the gruff voice
; "comfort with five hundred a year, ha! ha! ha! eh!
onus?"—"Hooh! hooh hooh! very droll indeed," said
th voice, in a sound that seemed a mixture of a cough
laugh.—"Very well, sir," said the third voice; "I
not part with my treasure quietly, I assure you."—
allion! flat rebellion against parental authority," ex-
d the second. "But I'm too much for you, youngster.
e are all my varlets and rascals?"
iolent trampling of feet, and various sounds of tumult
l, as if the old gentleman and his party were tearing
vers asunder by main force; and at length an agonizing
ı from the young lady seemed to announce that their
se was accomplished. Mr. Forester started up with a
of doing all in his power to assist the injured damsel;
ir Oran Haut-ton, who, as the reader has seen, had very
feelings of natural justice, and a most chivalrous
thy with females in distress, rushed with a desperate
se against the partition, and hurled a great portion of it,
a violent crash, into the adjoining apartment. This
ected event had the effect of fixing the whole group
ı for a few moments in motionless surprise in their re-
re places.
ı fat and portly father, who was no other than our old
ntance Sir Gregory Greenmould, and the old valetu-
an he had chosen for his daughter, Sir Bonus Mac
were directing the efforts of their myrmidons to separate
uthful pair. The young lady was clinging to her lover
he tenacity of the tendrils of a vine: the young gentle-
right arm was at liberty, and he was keeping the
nts at bay with the poker, which he had seized on the

first irruption of the foe, and which had left vestiges of its impression, to speak in ancient phraseology, in various green wounds and bloody coxcombs.

As Sir Oran was not habituated to allow any very long process of syllogistic reasoning to interfere between his conception and execution of the dictates of natural justice, he commenced operations by throwing the assailants one by one downstairs, who, as fast as they could rise from the ground, ran or limped away into sundry holes and coverts. Sir Bonus Mac Scrip retreated through the breach, and concealed himself under the dining-table in Mr. Forester's apartment. Mr. Forester succeeded in preventing Sir Gregory from being thrown after his myrmidons: but Sir Oran kept the fat Baronet a close prisoner in the corner of the room, while the lovers slipped away into the inn-yard, where the chaise they had ordered was in readiness; and the cracking of whips, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of wheels announced the final discomfiture of the schemes of Sir Gregory Greenmould, and the hopes of Sir Bonus Mac Scrip.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MAINCHANCE VILLA.

THE next day they resumed their perquisitions, still without any clue to guide them in their search. They had hitherto had the advantage of those halcyon days, which often make the middle of winter a season of serenity and sunshine; but, on this day, towards the evening, the sky grew black with clouds, the snow fell rapidly in massy flakes, and the mountains and valleys were covered with one uniform veil of whiteness. All vestiges of roads and paths were obliterated. They were winding round the side of a mountain, and their situation began to wear a very unpromising aspect, when, on a sudden turn of the road, the trees and chimneys of a villa burst upon their view in the valley below. To this they bent their way, and on ringing at the gate-bell, and making the requisite inquiries, they found it to be Mainchance Villa, the new residence of Peter Paypal.

Paperstamp, Esquire, whom we introduced to our readers in the twenty-eighth chapter. They sent in their names, and received a polite invitation to walk in. They were shown into a parlour, where they found their old acquaintance Mr. Derrydown tête-à-tête at the piano with Miss Celandina, with whom he was singing a duet. Miss Celandina said, "her papa was just then engaged, but would soon have the pleasure of waiting on them: in the meantime Mr. Derrydown would do the honours of the house." Miss Celandina left the room; and they learned in conversation with Mr. Derrydown, that the latter, finding his case hopeless with Anthelia, had discovered some good reasons in an old ballad for placing his affections where they would be more welcome; he had therefore thrown himself at the feet of Miss Celandina Paperstamp; the young lady's father, having inquired into Mr. Derrydown's fortune, had concluded, from the answer he received, that it would be a very *good match* for his daughter; and the day was already definitely arranged on which Miss Celandina Paperstamp was to be metamorphosed into Mrs. Derrydown.

Mr. Derrydown informed them, that they would not see Mr. Paperstamp till dinner, as he was closeted in close conference with Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedead, and Mr. Anyside Antijack, a very important personage just arrived from abroad on the occasion of a letter from Mr. Mystic of Cimmerian Lodge, denouncing an approaching period of public light, which had filled Messieurs Paperstamp, Feathernest, Vamp, Killthedead, and Antijack with the deepest dismay: and they were now holding a consultation on the best means to be adopted for totally and finally extinguishing the light of the human understanding. "I am excluded from the council," proceeded Mr. Derrydown, "and it is their intention to keep me altogether in the dark on the subject; but I shall wait very patiently for the operation of the second bottle, when the wit will be out of the brain, and the cat will be out of the bag."

"Is that picture a family piece?" said Mr. Fax.

"I hardly know," said Mr. Derrydown, "whether there is any relationship between Mr. Paperstamp and the persons there represented; but there is at least a very intimate connection. The *old woman* in the scarlet cloak is the illustrious *Mother Goose;—the two* children playing at see-saw are

Margery Daw and Tommy with his Banbury cake;—the little boy and girl, the one with a broken pitcher, and the other with a broken head, are little Jack and Jill: the house, at the door of which the whole party is grouped, is the famous house that Jack built; you see the clock through the window and the mouse running up it, as in that sublime strain of immortal genius, entitled Dickery Dock: and the boy in the corner is little Jack Horner eating his Christmas pie. The latter is one of the most splendid examples on record of the admirable practical doctrine of 'taking care of number one,' and he is therefore in double favour with Mr. Paperstamp, for his excellence as a pattern of moral and political wisdom, and for the beauty of the poetry in which his great achievement of extracting a plum from the Christmas pie is celebrated. Mr. Paperstamp, Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedead, and Mr. Anyside Antijack are unanimously agreed that the Christmas pie in question is a type and symbol of the public purse; and as that is a pie in which every one of them has a finger, they look with great envy and admiration on little Jack Horner, who extracted a *plum* from it, and who, I believe, haunts their dreams with his pie and his plum, saying, 'Go, and do thou likewise!'"

The secret council broke up, and Mr. Paperstamp entering with his four compeers, bade the new-comers welcome to Mainchance Villa, and introduced to them Mr. Anyside Antijack. Mr. Paperstamp did not much like Mr. Forester's modes of thinking; indeed he disliked them the more, from their having once been his own; but a man of large landed property was well worth a little civility, as there was no knowing what turn affairs might take, what party might come into place, and who might have the cutting up of the Christmas pie.

They now adjourned to dinner, during which, as usual, little was said, and much was done. When the wine began to circulate, Mr. Feathernest held forth for some time in praise of himself; and by the assistance of a little smattering in Mr. Mystic's synthetical logic, proved himself to be a model of taste, genius, consistency, and public virtue. This was too good an example to be thrown away; and Mr. Paperstamp followed it up with a very lofty encomium on his own virtues and talents, declaring he did not believe so great a genius, or so amiable a man as himself, Peter Paypaul

Paperstamp, Esquire, of Mainchance Villa, had appeared in the world since the days of Jack the Giantkiller, whose *coat of darkness* he hoped would become the costume of all the rising generation, whenever adequate provision should be made for the whole people to be taught and trained.

Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedead, and Mr. Anyside Antijack were all very loud in their encomiums of the wine, which Mr. Paperstamp observed had been tasted for him by his friend Mr. Feathernest, who was a great connoisseur in "Sherris sack."

Mr. Derrydown was very intent on keeping the bottle in motion, in the hope of bringing the members of the critico-poetical council into that state of blind self-love, when the great vacuum of the head, in which brain was, like Mr. Harris's indefinite article, *supplied by negation*, would be inflated with œnogen gas, or, in other words, with the fumes of wine, the effect of which, according to psychological chemistry, is, after filling up every chink and crevice of the cranial void, to evolve through the labial valve, bringing with it all the secrets both of memory and anticipation, which had been carefully laid up in the said chinks and crevices. This state at length arrived; and Mr. Derrydown, to quicken its operation, contrived to pick a quarrel with Mr. Vamp, who being naturally very testy and waspish, poured out upon him a torrent of invectives, to the infinite amusement of Mr. Derrydown, who, however, affecting to be angry, said to him in a tragical tone,

> "Thus in dregs of folly sunk,
> Art thou, miscreant, mad or drunk?
> Cups intemperate always teach
> Virulent abusive speech." *

This produced a general cry of "Chair! chair!" Mr. Paperstamp called Mr. Derrydown to order. The latter apologized with as much gravity as he could assume, and said, to make amends for his warmth, he would give them a toast, and pronounced accordingly: "Your scheme for extinguishing the light of the human understanding: may it meet the success it merits."

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—Nothing can be in a more hopeful

* Cottle's Edda, or, as the author calls it, *Translation* of the Edda, which is a misnomer.

train. We must set the alarmists at work, as in the days of the Antijacobin war: when, to be sure, we had one or two honest men among our opposers *—(*Mr. Feathernest and Mr. Paperstamp smiled and bowed*)—though they were for the most part ill-read in history, and ignorant of human nature.†

Mr. Feathernest and Mr. Paperstamp.—How, sir?

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—For the most part, observe me. Of course I do not include my quondam antagonists, and now very dear friends, Mr. Paperstamp and Mr. Feathernest, who have altered their minds, as the sublime Burke altered his mind,‡ from the most disinterested motives.

Mr. Forester.—Yet there are some persons, and those not the lowest in the scale of moral philosophy, who have called the sublime Burke a pensioned apostate.

Mr. Vamp.—Moral philosophy! Every man who talks of moral philosophy is a thief and a rascal, and will never make any scruple of seducing his neighbour's wife, or stealing his neighbour's property.§

Mr. Forester.—You can prove that assertion of course.

Mr. Vamp.—Prove it! The editor of the Legitimate Review required to prove an assertion!

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—The church is in danger!

Mr. Forester.—I confess I do not see how the church is endangered by a simple request to prove the asserted necessary connection between the profession of moral philosophy and the practice of robbery.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—For your satisfaction, sir, and from my disposition to oblige you, as you are a gentleman of family and fortune, I will prove it. Every moral philosopher discards the creed and commandments:‖ the sixth commandment says, Thou shalt not steal; therefore, every moral philosopher is a thief.

Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Killthedead, and Mr. Paperstamp.——Nothing can be more logical. The church is in danger! The church is in danger!

Mr. Vamp.—Keep up that. It is an infallible tocsin for rallying all the old women in the country about us when everything else fails.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 237. † Ibid.
‡ Ibid., p. 252. § Ibid. ‖ Ibid.

Mr. Vamp, Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Paperstamp, Mr. Killthedead, and Mr. Anyside Antijack.—The church is in danger! the church is in danger!

Mr. Forester.—I am very well aware that the time has been when the voice of reason could be drowned by clamour, and by rallying round the banners of corruption and delusion a mass of blind and bigoted prejudices, that had no real connection with the political question which it was the object to cry down: but I see with pleasure that those days are gone. The people read and think: their eyes are opened; they know that all their grievances arise from the pressure of taxation far beyond their means, from the fictitious circulation of paper-money, and from the corrupt and venal state of popular representation. These facts lie in a very small compass; and till you can reason them out of this knowledge, you may vociferate "The church is in danger" for ever, without a single unpaid voice to join in the outcry.

Mr. Feathernest.—My friend Mr. Mystic holds that it is a very bad thing for the people to read: so it certainly is. Oh for the happy ignorance of former ages! when the people were dolts, and knew themselves to be so.* An ignorant man, judging from instinct, judges much better than a man who reads, and is consequently misinformed.†

Mr. Vamp.—Unless he reads the Legitimate Review.

Mr. Paperstamp.—Darkness! darkness! Jack the Giant-killer's coat of darkness! That is your only wear.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—There was a time when we could lead the people any way, and make them join with all their lungs in the yell of war: then they were people of sound judgment, and of honest and honourable feelings:‡ but when they pretend to feel the pressure of personal suffering, and to read and think about its causes and remedies—such impudence is intolerable.

Mr. Fax.—Are they not the same people still? If they were capable of judging then, are they not capable of judging now?

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—By no means: they are only capable of judging when they see with our eyes; then they see straightforward; when they pretend to use their own,

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p 226. † Ibid.
‡ Ibid., p. 236.

they squint.* They saw with our eyes in the beginning of the Antijacobin war. They would have determined on that war, if it had been decided by universal suffrage.†

Mr. Fax.—Why was not the experiment tried?

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—It was not convenient. But they were in a most amiable ferment of intolerant loyalty.‡

Mr. Forester.—Of which the proof is to be found in the immortal Gagging Bills, by which that intolerant loyalty was coerced.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—The Gagging Bills? Hem! ha! What shall we say to that?—(*To Mr. Vamp.*)

Mr. Vamp.—Say? The church is in danger!

Mr. Featherneat, Mr. Paperstamp, Mr. Killthedead, and Mr. Anyside Antijack.—The church is in danger! the church is in danger!

Mr. Forester.—Why was a war undertaken to prevent revolution, if all the people of this country were so well fortified in loyalty? Did they go to war for the purpose of forcibly preventing themselves from following a bad example against their own will? For this is what your argument seems to imply?

Mr. Fax.—That the people were in a certain degree of ferment, is true: but it required a great deal of management and delusion to turn that ferment into the channel of foreign war.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—Well, sir, and there was no other way to avoid domestic reform, which every man who desires is a ruffian, a scoundrel, and an incendiary,§ as much so as those two rascals Rousseau and Voltaire, who were the trumpeters of Hebert and Marat.‖ Reform, sir, is not to be thought of; we have been at war twenty-five years to prevent it; and to have it, after all, would be very hard. We have got the national debt instead of it: in my opinion a very pretty substitute.

Mr. Derrydown sings—

> And I'll hang on thy neck, my love, my love,
> And I'll hang on thy neck for aye!
> And closer and closer I'll press thee, my love,
> Until my *dying day.*

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—I am happy to reflect that the silly

* *Quarterly* Review, No. xxxi. p. 226. † Ibid., p. 228.
‡ Ibid. § Ibid., p. 273, et passim. ‖ Ibid., p. 258.

of reform will have very few supporters in the le House: but few as they are, the number would d, if all who come into Parliament by means which tion attempts to stigmatize, would abstain from on it. Undoubtedly such practices are scandalous, egally, and therefore morally wrong: but it is false vil to the legislature arises from them.*

ester.—Perhaps not, sir; but very great evil arises hem from the legislature to the people. Your , that they are legally, and *therefore* morally wrong, very curious method of deriving morality from law; ect there is much immorality that is perfectly legal, legality that is supremely immoral. But these you admit, are both legally and morally wrong; ll it a silly question to propose their cessation; and , that all who wish to abolish them, all who wish to egal and immoral practices, are ruffians, scoundrels, liaries.

lthe lead.—Yes, and madmen moreover, and villains.† upon gunpowder! The insane and the desperate

rly Review, No. xxxi. p. 258.

p. 249. It is curious, that in the fourth article of the er, from which I have borrowed so many exquisite the reviewers are very angry that certain "scanda- nmoral practices" in the island of Wahoo are not re- it certainly, according to the logic of these reviewers, nent of Wahoo is entitled to look upon *them* in the light as, scoundrels, incendiaries, firebrands, madmen, and ince all these hard names belong of primary right to those e the reformation of "scandalous and immoral practices!" of Wahoo, it appears, are very much addicted to drunken- bauchery; and the reviewers, in the plenitude of their commend that a few clergymen should be sent out to ay of mending their morals. It does not appear, whether ahmaah is a king by *divine right;* but we must take it that he is not; as, otherwise, the *Quarterly Reviewers* er not admit that there were any "scandalous and im- ices" under his government, or, if they did admit them, not be such "incendiaries, madmen, and villains," as to eir reformation. There are some circumstances, however, conclusive against the *legitimacy* of King Tamaahmaah, hese; that he is a man of great "feeling, energy, and of conduct;" that he "goes about among his people to wants;" and that he has "prevented the recurrence of murders" which disgraced the reigns of his predecessors: it is obvious that he has neither put to death brave and

are scattering firebrands!* We shall all be blown up in a body: sinecures, rotten boroughs, secret-service-men, and the whole *honourable band of gentlemen pensioners*, will all be blown up in a body! *A stand! a stand! it is time to make a stand against popular encrouchment!*

Mr. Vamp, Mr. Feathernest, and Mr. Paperstamp.—The church is in danger!

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—Here is the great blunderbuss that is to blow the whole nation to atoms! the *Spencean* blunderbuss!—(*Saying these words he produced a pop-gun from his pocket,*† *and shot off a paper pellet in the ear of Mr. Paperstamp,*

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generous men, who surrendered themselves under the faith of treaties, nor re-established a fallen Inquisition, nor sent those to whom he owed his crown to the dungeon and the galleys.

In the tenth article of the same number, the reviewers pour forth the bitterness of their gall against Mr. Warden of the Northumberland, who has detected them in promulgating much gross and foolish falsehood concerning the captive Napoleon. They labour most assiduously to *impeach his veracity* and to *discredit his judgment*. On the first point, it is sufficient evidence of the truth of his statements, that the *Quarterly Reviewers* contradict them: but on the second, they accuse him, among other misdemeanours, of having called their *Review* "*a respectable work!*" which certainly *discredits his judgment* completely.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 249.—The reader will be reminded of *Croaker* in the fourth act of the *Good-natured Man:* "Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dogs! all blown up! (*Reads.*) 'Our pockets are low, and money we must have.' Ay, there's the reason: they'll blow us up *because they have got low pockets*. . . . . Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! . . . . Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below, and above in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. *Let all the fires be put out*, and let the *engine* be drawn out in the yard, to *play upon the house* in case of necessity."—*Croaker* was a deep politician. The *engine* to *play* upon the *house:* mark that!

† This illustration of the old fable of the mouse and the mountain, falls short of an exhibition in the Honourable House, on the 29th of January, 1817; when Mr. Canning, amidst a tremendous denunciation of the parliamentary reformers, and a rhetorical chaos of storms, whirlwinds, rising suns, and twilight assassins, produced in proof of his charges—*Spence's Plan!* which was received with an *éclat* of laughter on one side, and shrugs of surprise, disappointment, and disapprobation on the other. I can find but one parallel for the Right Honourable Gentleman's dismay:

Who in a kind of study sate
Denominated brown;

which made the latter spring up in sudden fright, to the irremediable perdition of a decanter of "Sherris sack," over which Mr. Feathernest lamented bitterly.)

Mr. Forester.—I do not see what connection the Spencean theory, the impracticable chimæra of an obscure herd of fanatics, has with the great national question of parliamentary reform.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—Sir, you may laugh at this popgun, but you will find it the mallet of Thor.* The Spenceans are far more respectable than the parliamentary reformers, and have a more distinct and intelligible system!!!†

Mr. Vamp.—Bravo! bravo! bravo! There is not another man in our corps with brass enough to make such an assertion, but Mr. Anyside Antijack.—(*Reiterated shouts of Bravo! from Mr. Vamp, Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Paperstamp, and Mr. Killthedead.*)

Mr. Killthedead.—Make out that, and our job is done.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—Make it out! Nonsense! I shall take it for granted: I shall set up the Spencean plan as a more sensible plan than that of the parliamentary reformers: then knock down the former, and argue against the latter, *à fortiori.*—(*The shouts of Bravo! here became perfectly deafening, the criticopoetical corps being by this time much more than half-seas-over.*)

Mr. Killthedead.—The members for rotten boroughs are the

So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear; when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.—*Paradise Lost*, x. 504.

This Spencean chimæra, which is the very foolishness of folly, and which was till lately invisible to the naked eye of the political entomologist, has since been subjected to a *lens* of *extraordinary power*, under which, like an insect in a microscope, it has appeared a formidable and complicated monster, all bristles, scales, and claws, with a "husk about it like a chestnut:" *Horridus, in jaculis, et pelle Libystidis ursæ!*

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 271. † Ibid.

most independent members in the Honourable House, and the representatives of most constituents least so.*

Mr. Fax.—How will you prove that?

Mr. Killthedead.—By calling the former gentlemen, and the latter mob-representatives.†

Mr. Vamp.—Nothing can be more logical.

Mr. Fax.—Do you call that logic?

Mr. Vamp.—Excellent logic. At least it will pass for such with our readers.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—We, and those who think with us, are the only wise and good men.‡

Mr. Forester.—May I take the liberty to inquire, what you mean by a wise and a good man?

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—A wise man is he who looks after the one thing needful; and a good man is he who has it. The acme of wisdom and goodness in conjunction, consists in appropriating as much as possible of the public money; and saying to those from whose pockets it is taken, "I am perfectly satisfied with things as they are. Let *well* alone!"

Mr. Paperstamp.—We shall make out a very good case; but you must not forget to call the present public distress an awful dispensation:§ a little pious cant goes a great way towards turning the thoughts of men from the dangerous and jacobinical propensity of looking into moral and political causes for moral and political effects.

Mr. Fax.—But the moral and political causes are now too obvious, and too universally known, to be obscured by any such means. All the arts and eloquence of corruption may be overthrown by the enumeration of these simple words: boroughs, taxes, and paper-money.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—Paper-money! What, is the ghost of bullion abroad?‖

Mr. Forester.—Yes! and till you can make the buried substance burst the paper cerements of its sepulchre, its ghost will continue to walk like the ghost of Cæsar, saying to the desolated nation: "I am thy evil spirit!"

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—I must say, I am very sorry to find a gentleman like you taking the part of the swinish multitude, who are only fit for beasts of burden, to raise subsistence for

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 258. † Ibid.
‡ Ibid., p. 273. § Ibid., p. 276. ‖ Ibid., p. 260.

their betters, pay taxes for placemen, and recruit the army and navy for the benefit of legitimacy, divine right, the Jesuits, the Pope, the Inquisition, and the Virgin Mary's petticoat.

Mr. Paperstamp.—Hear! hear! hear! Hear the voice which the stream of Tendency is uttering for elevation of our thought!

Mr. Forester.—It was once said by a poet, whose fallen state none can more bitterly lament than I do:

> We shall exult if they who rule the land
> Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
> Wise, upright, valiant; not a venal band,
> Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
> And honour which they do not understand.

Mr. Feathernest.—Poets, sir, are not amenable to censure, however frequently their political opinions may exhibit marks of inconsistency.* The Muse, as a French author says, is a mere *étourdie*, a *foldtre* who may play at her option on heath or on turf, and transfer her song at pleasure from Hampden to Ferdinand, and from Washington to Louis.

Mr. Forester.—If a poet be contented to consider himself in the light of a merry-andrew, be it so. But if he assume the garb of moral austerity, and pour forth against corruption and oppression the language of moral indignation, there would at least be some decency, if, when he changes sides, he would let the world see that conversion and promotion have not gone hand in hand.

Mr. Feathernest.—What decency might be in that, I know not: but of this I am very certain, that there would be no wisdom in it.

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—No! no! there would be no wisdom in it.

Mr. Feathernest.—Sir, I am a wise and a good man: mark that, sir; ay, and an honourable man.

Mr. Vamp.—"So are we all, all honourable men!"

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—And we will stick by one another with heart and hand——

Mr. Killthedead.—To make a stand against popular encroachment——

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 192.

Mr. Feathernest.—To bring back the glorious ignorance of the feudal ages——

Mr. Paperstamp.—To rebuild the mystic temples of venerable superstition——

Mr. Vamp.—To extinguish, totally and finally, the light of the human understanding——

Mr. Anyside Antijack.—And to get all we can for our trouble!

Mr. Feathernest.—So we will all say.

Mr. Paperstamp.—And so we will all sing.

QUINTETTO.

MR. FEATHERNEST, MR. VAMP, MR. KILLTHEDEAD, MR. PAPERSTAMP, AND MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

To the tune of "*Turning, turning, turning, as the wheel goes round.*"

RECITATIVE.—MR. PAPERSTAMP.

Jack Horner's CHRISTMAS PIE my learned nurse
Interpreted to mean the *public purse.*
From thence a *plum* he drew. O happy Horner!
Who would not be ensconced in thy snug corner?

THE FIVE.

While round the public board all eagerly we linger,
For what we can get we will try, try, try:
And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

By my own poetic laws, I'm a dealer in applause
For those who don't deserve it, but will buy, buy, buy:
So round the court I linger, and thus I get a finger,
A finger, finger, finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. VAMP.

My share of pie to win, I will dash through thick and thin,
And philosophy and liberty shall fly, fly, fly:
And truth and taste shall know, that their everlasting foe
Has a finger, finger, finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. KILLTHEDEAD.

I'll make my verses rattle with the din of war and battle,
For war doth increase sa-la-ry, ry, ry:
And I'll shake the public ears with the triumph of Algiers,
And thus I'll get a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. PAPERSTAMP.

And while you thrive by ranting, I'll try my luck at canting,
And scribble verse and prose all so dry, dry, dry:
And Mystic's patent smoke public intellect shall choke,
And we'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

We'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

My tailor is so clever, that my coat will turn for ever
And take any colour you can dye, dye, dye:
For all my earthly wishes are among the loaves and fishes,
And to have my little finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

CHAPTER XL.

THE HOPES OF THE WORLD.

THE mountain-roads being now buried in snow, they were compelled, on leaving Mainchance Villa, to follow the most broad and beaten track, and they entered on turnpike-road which led in the direction of the sea.

"I no longer wonder," said Mr. Fax, "that men in general re so much disposed, as I have found them, to look with upreme contempt on the literary character, seeing the abject ervility and venality by which it is so commonly debased."*

* "To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice, is to estroy the distinction of good and evil. Many have no other test

Mr. Forester.—What then becomes of the hopes of the world, which you have admitted to consist entirely in the progress of the mind, allowing, as you must allow, the incontrovertible fact of the physical deterioration of the human race?

Mr. Fax.—When I speak of the mind, I do not allude either to poetry or to periodical criticism, nor, in any great degree, to physical science; but I rest my hopes on the very same basis with Mr. Mystic's fear—the general diffusion of moral and political truth.

Mr. Forester.—For poetry, its best days are gone. Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton will return no more.

Mr. Fax.—Lucretius we yet may hope for.

Mr. Forester.—Not till superstition and prejudice have been shorn of a much larger portion of their power. If Lucretius should arise among us in the present day, exile or imprisonment would be his infallible portion. We have yet many steps to make before we shall arrive at the liberality and toleration of Tiberius!* And as to physical science, though it does in some measure weaken the dominion of mental error, yet I fear, where it proves itself in one instance the friend of human liberty, it will be found in ninety-nine the slave of corruption and luxury.

Mr. Fax.—In many cases science is both morally and politically neutral, and its speculations have no connection whatever with the business of life.

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of actions than general opinion; and all are so far influenced by a sense of reputation, that they are often restrained by fear of reproach, and excited by hope of honour, when other principles have lost their power; nor can any species of prostitution promote general depravity more, than that which destroys the force of praise by showing that it may be acquired without deserving it, and which, by setting free the active and ambitious from the dread of infamy, lets loose the rapacity of power, and weakens the only authority by which greatness is controlled. What credit can he expect who professes himself the hireling of vanity however profligate, and without shame or scruple celebrates the worthless, dignifies the mean, and gives to the corrupt, licentious, and oppressive, the ornaments which ought only to add grace to truth, and loveliness to innocence? EVERY OTHER KIND OF ADULTERATION, HOWEVER SHAMEFUL, HOWEVER MISCHIEVOUS, IS LESS DETESTABLE THAN THE CRIME OF COUNTERFEITING CHARACTERS, AND FIXING THE STAMP OF LITERARY SANCTION UPON THE DROSS AND REFUSE OF THE WORLD."—*Rambler*, No. 136.

* Deorum injurias diis curæ.—Tiberius apud *Tacit. Ann. I.* 73.

Mr. Forester.—It is true; and such speculations are often called sublime: though the sublimity of uselessness passes my comprehension. But the neutrality is only apparent: for it has in these cases the real practical effect, and a most pernicious one it is, of withdrawing some of the highest and most valuable minds from the only path of real utility, which I agree with you to be that of moral and political knowledge, to pursuits of no more real importance than that of keeping a dozen eggs at a time dancing one after another in the air.

Mr. Fax.—If it be admitted, on the one hand, that the progress of luxury has kept pace with that of physical science, it must be acknowledged on the other, that superstition has decayed in at least an equal proportion; and I think it cannot be denied that the world is a gainer by the exchange.

Mr. Forester.—The decay of superstition is immeasurably beneficial; but the growth of luxury is not, therefore, the less pernicious. It is lamentable to reflect that *there is most indigence in the richest countries;** and that the increase of

* "Besides all these evils of modern times which I have mentioned, there is in some countries of Europe, and particularly in England, another evil peculiar to civilized countries, but quite unknown in barbarous nations. The evil I mean is *indigence*, and the reader will be surprised when I tell him that it is *greatest in the richest countries;* and, therefore, in England, which I believe is the richest country in Europe, there is more indigence than in any other; for the number of people that are there maintained on public or private charity, and who may therefore be called *beggars*, is prodigious. What proportion they may bear to the whole people, I have never heard computed: but I am sure it must be very great. And I am afraid in those countries they call rich, indigence is not confined to the lower sort of people, but extends even to the better sort: for such is the effect of wealth in a nation, that (however paradoxical it may appear) it does at last make all men poor and indigent; the lower sort through idleness and debauchery, the better sort through luxury, vanity, and extravagant expense. Now, I would desire to know from the greatest admirers of modern times, who maintain that the human race is not degenerated, but rather improved, whether they know any other source of human misery, besides vice, disease, and indigence, and whether these three are not in the greatest abundance in the rich and flourishing country of England? I would further ask these gentlemen, whether, in the cities of the ancient world, there were poor's houses, hospitals, infirmaries, and those other receptacles of indigence and disease which we see in the modern cities? And whether, in the streets of ancient Athens and Rome, there were so many objects of disease, deformity, and misery to be seen as in our streets, besides those which are concealed from public view in the houses above mentioned? In later

[illegible] in the few is counterbalanced by the [illegible] of comfort in the many. Splendid [illegible] dwellings are far from being symptoms of [illegible] prosperity. The palace of luxurious indolence [illegible] rises upon the ruins of a thousand hovels, by the labours [illegible] of whose wretched inhabitants that baleful [illegible] is maintained. Civilization, vice, and folly grow [illegible] together. Corruption begins among the higher orders, [illegible] the people: so that in every nation [illegible] is the first to exhibit symptoms of [illegible] and mental degeneracy, and to show themselves [illegible] and wise. If you recapitulate the few [illegible] that will adorn the history of the present times, [illegible] will [illegible] of them are new creations. The [illegible] I hold to be undeniable: the [illegible] but reason is of slow [illegible] only be one more corrupt as [illegible] the progress of literature will [illegible] that of avarice, luxury, and [illegible]

[illegible] the progress of reason is slow, but [illegible] never abandons. The [illegible] of the people, are equally [illegible] in the shape of innovation; [illegible] the sanctioned sanction of antiquity [illegible] with [illegible] under the semblance of [illegible] which in the present day can [illegible] want of precedents, will [illegible] and become a precedent in its [illegible]*

[illegible] may be diffused in society, but it is [illegible] *despise prejudice*, [illegible] *truth only for itself*,† that its seeds will [illegible] and vigorous life. The love of

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[illegible] times, when the corruption of manners was [illegible] as [illegible] some such things might have been seen [illegible] be seen in Constantinople, under the [illegible] Emperors. [illegible] *Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 194.

[illegible] nunc vetustissima creduntur, nova fuère. In[illegible] exemplis tuemur, inter exem[illegible] 24.

* [illegible] Academica Quæstiones—Preface, p. 4.

truth is the most noble quality of human intellect, the most delightful in the interchange of private confidence, the most important in the direction of those speculations which have public happiness for their aim. Yet of all qualities this is the most rare: it is the Phœnix of the intellectual world. In private intercourse, how very very few are they whose assertions carry conviction! How much petty deception, paltry equivocation, hollow profession, smiling malevolence, and polished hypocrisy combine to make a desert and a solitude of what is called society! How much empty pretence and simulated patriotism, and shameless venality, and unblushing dereliction of principle, and clamorous recrimination, and daring imposture, and secret cabal, and mutual undermining of "Honourable Friends," render utterly loathsome and disgusting the theatre of public life! How much timid deference to vulgar prejudice, how much misrepresentation of the motives of conscientious opponents, how many appeals to unreflecting passion, how much assumption of groundless hypothesis, how many attempts to darken the clearest light and entangle the simplest clue, render not only nugatory, but pernicious, the speculations of moral and political reason! Pernicious, inasmuch as it is better for the benighted traveller to remain stationary in darkness, than to follow an *ignis fatuus* through the fen! Falsehood is the great vice of the age: falsehood of heart, falsehood of mind, falsehood of every form and mode of intellect and intercourse: so that it is hardly possible *to find a man of worth and goodness of whom to make a friend: but he who does find such an one will have more enjoyment of friendship than in a better age; for he will be doubly fond of him, and will love him as Hamlet does Horatio, and with him retiring and getting, as it were, under the shelter of a wall, will let the storm of life blow over him.**

Mr. Fax.—But that retirement must be consecrated to philosophical labour, or, however delightful to the individuals, it will be treason to the public cause. Be the world as bad as it may, it would necessarily be much worse if the votaries of truth and the children of virtue were all to withdraw from its vortex, and leave it to itself. If reason be progressive, however slowly, the wise and good have sufficient encouragement to persevere; and even if the doctrine of deterioration

* *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 280.

[illegible] is true. It is no less their duty to contribute all in their power to retard its progress, by investigating its causes and remedies.

Mr. Forster.—Unanimously. But the progress of theoretical knowledge has a most fearful counterpoise in the accelerated degeneration of practical morality. The frantic love of money, which seems to govern our contemporaries to a degree unprecedented in the history of man, paralyzes the energy of independence, darkens the light of reason, and blunts the blossoms of love.

Mr. Fox.—The *amor sceleratus habendi* is not peculiar either to our times or to civilized life. *Money you must have, no matter from whence*, is a sentence, if we may believe Euripides, as old as the heroic age: and *the same Euripides says of the Females, that as parents keep up their daughters till they can sell them, their minds are sometimes very stale before they are married.**

Mr. Forster.—In that respect then, I must acknowledge the Females and we are much on a par. It is a collateral question well worth considering, how far the security of property, which contributes so much to the diffusion of knowledge, and the permanence of happiness, is favourable to the growth of individual virtue?

Mr. Fox.—Security of property tranquillizes the minds of men, and lets them to shine rather in speculation than in action. In turbulent and insecure states of society, when the fluctuations of power, or the incursions of predatory neighbours, hang like the sword of Damocles over the most flourishing possessions, friends are more dear to each other, mutual services and sacrifices are more useful and more necessary, the energies of heart and hand are continually called forth, and shining examples of the self-oblivious virtues are produced in the same proportion as mental speculation is unknown or disregarded: but our admiration of these virtues must be tempered by the remark, that they arise more from impulsive feeling than from reflective principle: and that where life and fortune hold by such a precarious tenure, the first may be risked, and the second abandoned, with much less effort than would be required for inferior sacrifices in more secure and tranquil times.

* Malthus on Population, book i. chap. vii.

Mr. Forester.—Alas, my friend! I would willingly see such virtues as do honour to human nature, without being very solicitous as to the comparative quantities of impulse and reflection in which they originate. If the security of property and the diffusion of general knowledge were attended with a corresponding increase of benevolence and *individual mental power*, no philanthropist could look with despondency on the prospects of the world: but I can discover no symptoms of either the one or the other. Insatiable accumulators, overgrown capitalists, fatteners on public spoil, I cannot but consider as excrescences on the body politic, typical of disease and prophetic of decay: yet it is to these and such as these, that the poet tunes his harp, and the man of science consecrates his labours: it is for them that an enormous portion of the population is condemned to unhealthy manufactories, not less deadly but more lingering than the pestilence: it is for them that the world rings with lamentations, if the most trivial accident, the most transient sickness, the most frivolous disappointment befall them: but when the prisons swarm, when the workhouses overflow, when whole parishes declare themselves bankrupt, when thousands perish by famine in the wintry streets, where then is the poet, where is the man of science, where is the *elegant* philosopher? The poet is singing hymns to the great ones of the world, the man of science is making discoveries for the adornment of their dwellings or the enhancement of their culinary luxuries, and the *elegant* philosopher is much too refined a personage to allow such vulgar subjects as the sufferings of the poor to interfere with his sublime speculations. *They are married and cannot come!*

Mr. Filt.—Ε-ψαυσας αλγεινοτατας εμοι μεριμνας!* Those *elegant* philosophers are among the most fatal enemies to the advancement of moral and political knowledge; laborious triflers, profound investigators of nothing, everlasting talkers about taste and beauty, who see in the starving beggar only the picturesqueness of his rags, and in the ruined cottage only the harmonizing tints of moss, mildew and stonecrop.

Mr. Forester.—We talk of public feeling and national sympathy. Our dictionaries may define those words and our lips may echo them, but we must look for the realities among

* *Sophocles, Antigone*, 850. (Ed. Erfurdt.)

less enlightened nations. The Canadian savages cannot imagine the possibility of any individual in a community having a full meal, while another has but half an one :* still less could they imagine that one should have too much, while another had nothing. Theirs is that bond of brotherhood which nature weaves and civilization breaks, and from which the older nations grow, the farther they recede.

Mr. Fax.—It cannot be otherwise. The state you have described is adapted only to a small community, and to the infancy of human society. I shall make a very liberal concession to your views, if I admit it to be possible that the middle stage of the progress of man is worse than either the point from which he started, or that at which he will arrive. But it is my decided opinion that we have passed that middle stage, and that every evil incident to the present condition of human society will be removed by the diffusion of moral and political knowledge, and the general increase of moral and political liberty. I contemplate with great satisfaction the rapid decay of many hoary absurdities, which a few transcendental hierophants of the venerable and the mysterious are labouring in vain to revive. I look with well-grounded confidence to a period when there will be neither slaves among the northern, nor monks among the southern Americans. The sun of freedom has risen over that great continent, with the certain promise of a glorious day. I form the best hopes for my own country, in the mental improvement of the people, whenever she shall breathe from the pressure of that preposterous system of finance which sooner or later must fall by its own weight.

Mr. Forester.—I apply to our system of finance, a fiction of the northern mythology. The ash of Yggdrasil overshadows the world: Ratatosk, the squirrel, sports in the branches: Nidhogger, the serpent, gnaws at the root.† The

* "It is notorious, that towards one another the Indians are liberal in the extreme, and for ever ready to supply the deficiencies of their neighbours with any superfluities of their own. They have no idea of amassing wealth for themselves individually; and they wonder that persons can be found in any society so destitute of every generous sentiment, as to enrich themselves at the expense of others, and to live in ease and affluence regardless of the misery and wretchedness of members of the same community to which they themselves belong."—WELD'S *Travels in Canada; Letter XXXV.*

† See the Edda and the Northern Antiquities.

ash of Yggdrasil is the tree of national prosperity: Ratatosk the squirrel is the careless and unreflecting fundholder: Nidhogger the serpent is POLITICAL CORRUPTION, which will in time consume the root, and spread the branches on the dust. What will then become of the squirrel?

Mr. Fax.—Ratatosk must look to himself: Nidhogger must be killed: and the ash of Yggdrasil will rise like a vegetable Phœnix to flourish again for ages.

Thus conversing, they arrived on the sea-shore, where we shall leave them to pursue their way, while we investigate the fate of Anthelia.

CHAPTER XLI.

ALGA CASTLE.

ANTHELIA had not ventured to resume her solitary rambles after her return from Onevote; more especially as she anticipated the period when she should revisit her favourite haunts in the society of one congenial companion whose presence would heighten the magic of their interest, and restore to them that feeling of security which her late adventure had destroyed. But as she was sitting in her library on the morning of her disappearance, she suddenly heard a faint and mournful cry, like the voice of a child in distress. She rose, opened the window and listened. She heard the sounds more distinctly. They seemed to ascend from that part of the dingle immediately beneath the shrubbery that fringed her windows. It was certainly the cry of a child. She immediately ran through the shrubbery and descended the rocky steps into the dingle, where she found a little boy tied to the stem of a tree, crying and sobbing as if his heart would break. Anthelia easily set him at liberty, and his grief passed away like an April shower. She asked who had the barbarity to treat him in such a manner? He said he could not tell—four strange men on horseback had taken him up on the common where his father lived, and brought him there and tied him to the tree, he could not tell why. *Anthelia took his* hand and was leading him from the

dingle, intending to send him home by Peter Gray, when the men who had made the little child their unconscious decoy, broke from their ambush, seized Anthelia, and taking effectual precautions to stifle her cries, placed her on one of their horses, and travelled with great rapidity along narrow and unfrequented ways, till they arrived at a solitary castle on the sea-shore, where they conveyed her to a splendid suite of apartments, and left her in solitude, locking, as they retired, the door of the outer room.

She was utterly unable to comprehend the motive of so extraordinary a proceeding, or to form any conjecture as to its probable result. An old woman of a very unmeaning physiognomy shortly after entered, to tender her services; but to all Anthelia's questions, she only replied with a shake of the head, and a smile which she meant to be very consolatory.

The old woman retired, and shortly after re-appeared with an elegant dinner, which Anthelia dismissed untouched. "There is no harm intended you, my sweet lady," said the old woman; "so pray don't starve yourself." Anthelia assured her she had no such intention, but had no appetite at that time; but she drank a glass of wine at the old woman's earnest entreaty.

In the evening the mystery was elucidated by a visit from Lord Anophel Achthar; who, falling on his knees before her, entreated her to allow the violence of his passion to plead his pardon for a proceeding which nothing but the imminent peril of seeing her in the arms of a rival could have induced him to adopt. Anthelia replied, that if his object were to obtain her affections, he had taken the most effectual method to frustrate his own views; that if he thought by constraint and cruelty to obtain her hand without her affections, he might be assured that he would never succeed. Her heart, however, she candidly told him, was no longer in her power to dispose of; and she hoped, after this frank avowal, he would see the folly, if not the wickedness, of protracting his persecution.

He now, still on his knees, broke out into a rhapsody about love, and hope, and death, and despair, in which he developed the whole treasury of his exuberant and overflowing folly. He then expatiated on his expectations, and pointed out all the advantages of wealth and consequence attached to the

title of Marchioness of Agaric, and concluded by saying, that she must be aware so important and decisive a measure had not been taken without the most grave and profound deliberation, and that he never could suffer her to make her exit from Alga Castle in any other character than that of Lady Achthar. He then left her to meditate on his heroic resolution.

The next day he repeated his visit—resumed his supplications—reiterated his determination to persevere—and received from Anthelia the same reply. She endeavoured to reason with him on the injustice and absurdity of his proceedings; but he told her the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub and Mr. Feathernest the poet had taught him that all reasonings pretending to point out absurdity and injustice were manifestly jacobinical, which he, as one of the pillars of the state, was bound not to listen to.

He renewed his visits every day for a week, becoming with every new visit less humble and more menacing, and consequently more disagreeable to Anthelia, as the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, by whose instructions he acted, secretly foresaw and designed. The latter now undertook to plead his Lordship's cause, and set in a clear point of view to Anthelia the inflexibility of his Lordship's resolutions, which, properly expounded, could not fail to have due weight against the alternatives of protracted solitude and hopeless resistance.

The reverend gentleman, however, had other views than those he held out to Lord Anophel, and presented himself to Anthelia with an aspect of great commiseration. He said he was an unwilling witness of his Lordship's unjust proceedings, which he had done all in his power to prevent, and which had been carried into effect against his will. It was his firm intention to set her at liberty as soon as he could devise the means of doing so; but all the outlets of Alga Castle were so guarded that he had not yet been able to devise any feasible scheme for her escape: but it should be his sole study night and day to effect it.

Anthelia thanked him for his sympathy, and asked why he could not give notice to her friends of her situation, which would accomplish the purpose at once. He replied, that Lord Anophel already mistrusted him, and that if anything of the kind were done, however secretly he might proceed,

the suspicion would certainly fall upon him, and that he should then be a ruined man, as all his worldly hopes rested on the Marquis of Agaric. Anthelia offered to make him the utmost compensation for the loss of the Marquis of Agaric's favour; but he said that was impossible, unless she could make him a bishop, as the Marquis of Agaric would do. His plan, he said, must be to effect her liberation, without seeming to be himself in any way whatever concerned in it; and though he would willingly lose everything for her sake, yet he trusted she would not think ill of him for wishing to wait a few days, that he might try to devise the means of serving her without ruining himself.

He continued his daily visits of sympathy, sometimes amusing her with a hopeful scheme, at others detailing with a rueful face the formidable nature of some unexpected obstacle, hinting continually at his readiness to sacrifice everything for her sake, lamenting the necessity of delay, and assuring her that in the meanwhile no evil should happen to her. He flattered himself that Anthelia, wearied out with the irksomeness of confinement, and the continual alternations of hope and disappointment, and contrasting the respectful tenderness of his manner with the disagreeable system of behaviour to which he had fashioned Lord Anophel, would at length come to a determination of removing all his difficulties by offering him her hand and fortune as a compensation for his anticipated bishopric. It was not, however, very long before Anthelia penetrated his design; but as she did not deem it prudent to come to a rupture with him at that time, she continued to listen to his daily details of plans and impediments, and allowed him to take to himself all the merit he seemed to assume for supplying her with music and books; though he expressed himself very much shocked at her asking him for Gibbon and Rousseau, whose works, he said, ought to be burned *in foro* by the hands of *Carnifex.*

The windows of her apartment were at an immense elevation from the beach, as that part of the castle-wall formed a continued line with the black and precipitous side of the rock on which it stood. During the greater portion of the hours of daylight she sate near the window with her harp, gazing on the changeful aspects of the wintry sea, now slumbering like a summer lake in the sunshine of a halcyon day

—now raging beneath the sway of the tempest, while the dancing snow-flakes seemed to accumulate on the foam of the billows, and the spray was hurled back like snow-dust from the rocks. The feelings these scenes suggested she developed in the following stanzas, to which she adapted a wild and impassioned air, and they became the favourite song of her captivity.

THE MAGIC BARK.

I.

O Freedom! power of life and light!
Sole nurse of truth and glory!
Bright dweller on the rocky cliff!
Lone wanderer on the sea!
Where'er the sunbeam slumbers bright
On snow-clad mountains hoary;
Wherever flies the veering skiff,
O'er waves that breathe of thee!
Be thou the guide of all my thought—
The source of all my being—
The genius of my waking mind—
The spirit of my dreams!
To me thy magic spell be taught,
The captive spirit freeing,
To wander with the ocean-wind
Where'er thy beacon beams.

II.

O! sweet it were, in magic bark,
On one loved breast reclining,
To sail around the varied world,
To every blooming shore;
And oft the gathering storm to mark
Its lurid folds combining;
And safely ride, with sails unfurled,
Amid the tempest's roar;
And see the mighty breakers rave
On cliff and sand and shingle,
And hear, with long re-echoing shock,
The caverned steeps reply;
And while the storm-cloud and the wave
In darkness seemed to mingle,
To skim beside the surf-swept rock,
And glide uninjured by.

III.

And when the summer seas were calm,
And summer skies were smiling,
And evening came, with clouds of gold,

To gild the western wave;
And gentle airs and dews of balm,
The pensive mind beguiling,
Should call the Ocean Swain to fold
His sea-flocks in the cave,
Unearthly music's tenderest spell,
With gentlest breezes blending
And waters softly rippling near
The prow's light course along,
Should flow from Triton's winding shell,
Through ocean's depths ascending
From where it charmed the Nereid's ear,
Her coral bowers among.

IV.

How sweet, where eastern Nature smiles,
With swift and mazy motion
Before the odour-breathing breeze
Of dewy morn to glide;
Or 'mid the thousand emerald isles
That gem the southern ocean,
Where fruits and flowers, from loveliest trees,
O'erhang the slumbering tide:
Or up some western stream to sail,
To where its myriad fountains
Roll down their everlasting rills
From many a cloud-capped height,
Till mingling in some nameless vale,
Mid forest-cinctured mountains,
The river-cataract shakes the hills
With vast and volumed might.

V.

The poison-trees their leaves should shed,
The yellow snake should perish,
The beasts of blood should crouch and cower,
Where'er that vessel past:
All plagues of fens and vapours bred,
That tropic fervours cherish,
Should fly before its healing power,
Like mists before the blast.
Where'er its keel the strand imprest
The young fruit's ripening cluster,
The bird's free song, its touch should greet
The opening flower's perfume;
The streams along the green earth's breast
Should roll in purer lustre,
And love should heighten every sweet,
And brighten every bloom.

VI.

And, Freedom ! thy meridian blaze
Should chase the clouds that lower,
Wherever mental twilight dim
Obscures Truth's vestal flame,
Wherever Fraud and Slavery raise
The throne of blood-stained Power,
Wherever Fear and Ignorance hymn
Some fabled dæmon's name !
The bard, where torrents thunder down
Beside thy burning altar,
Should kindle, as in days of old,
The mind's ethereal fire ;
Ere yet beneath a tyrant's frown
The Muse's voice could falter,
Or Flattery strung with chords of gold
The minstrel's venal lyre.

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

LORD ANOPHEL one morning paid Anthelia his usual visit. "You must be aware, Miss Melincourt," said he, "that if your friends could have found you out, they would have done it before this; but they have searched the whole country far and near, and have now gone home in despair."

Anthelia.—That, my Lord, I cannot believe; for there is one, at least, who I am confident will never be weary of seeking me, and who, I am equally confident, will not always seek in vain.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—If you mean the young lunatic of Redrose Abbey, or his friend the dumb Baronet, they are both gone to London to attend the opening of the Honourable House; and if you doubt my word, I will show you their names in the *Morning Post*, among the Fashionable Arrivals at Wildman's Hotel.

Anthelia.—Your Lordship's word is quite as good as the authority you have quoted.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Well, then, Miss Melincourt, I

presume you perceive that you are completely in my power, and that I have gone too far to recede. If, indeed, I had supposed myself an object of such very great repugnance to you, which I must say (*looking at himself in a glass*) is quite unaccountable, I might not, perhaps, have laid this little scheme, which I thought would be only settling the affair in a compendious way; for, that any woman in England would consider it a very great hardship to be Lady Achthar, and hereafter Marchioness of Agaric, and would feel any very mortal resentment for means that tended to make her so, was an idea, egad, that never entered my head. However, as I have already observed, you are completely in my power: both our characters are compromised, and there is only one way to mend the matter, which is, to call in Grovelgrub, and make him strike up "Dearly beloved."

Anthelia.—As to your character, Lord Anophel, that must be your concern. Mine is in my own keeping; for, having practised all my life a system of uniform sincerity, which gives me a right to be believed by all who know me, and more especially by all who love me, I am perfectly indifferent to private malice or public misrepresentation.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—There is such a thing, Miss Melincourt, as tiring out a man's patience; and 'pon honour, if gentle means don't succeed with you, I must have recourse to rough ones, 'pon honour.

Anthelia.—My Lord!

Lord Anophel Achthar.—I am serious, curse me. You will be glad enough to hush all up, then, and we'll go to court together in due form.

Anthelia.—What you mean by hushing up, Lord Anophel, I know not: but of this be assured, that under no circumstances will I ever be your wife; and that whatever happens to me in any time or place, shall be known to all who are interested in my welfare. I know too well the difference between the true quality of a pure and simple mind, and the false affected modesty which goes by that name in the world, to be intimidated by threats which can only be dictated by a supposition that your wickedness would be my disgrace, and that false shame would induce me to conceal what both truth and justice would command me to make known.

Lord Anophel stood aghast for a few minutes, at the

ıration of such unfashionable sentiments. At length say-
"Ay, preaching is one thing, and practice another, as
/elgrub can testify;" he seized her hand with violence,
threw his arm round her waist. Anthelia screamed, and
hat very moment a violent noise of ascending steps was
d on the stairs; the door was burst open, and Sir Oran
t-ton appeared in the aperture, with the Reverend Mr.
/elgrub in custody, whom he dragged into the apartment,
wed by Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax. Mr. Forester flew to
helia, who threw herself into his arms, hid her face in
bosom, and burst into tears: which when Sir Oran saw,
wrath grew boundless, and quitting his hold of the Rev.
Grovelgrub (who immediately ran downstairs, and out
ıe castle, as fast as a pair of short thick legs could carry
), seized on Lord Anophel Achthar, and was preparing
dmin'.ter natural justice by throwing him out at the
low; but Mr. Fax interposed, and calling Mr. Forester's
ıtion, which was totally engaged with Anthelia, they
eeded in rescuing the terrified sprig of nobility; who im-
iately leaving the enemy in free possession, flew down-
s after his reverend tutor; whom, on issuing from the
le, he discovered at an immense distance on the sands,
running with all his might. Lord Anophel gave him
e, and after a long time came within hail of him, and
ıted to him to stop. But this only served to quicken the
rend gentleman's speed; who, hearing the voice of pur-
, and too much terrified to look back, concluded that the
ıb Baronet had found his voice, and was then in the
act of gaining on his flight. Therefore, the more Lord
phel shouted "Stop!" the more nimbly the reverend
leman sped along the sands, running and roaring all the
, like Falstaff on Gadshill; his Lordship still exerting
ıis powers of speed in the rear, and gaining on his flying
ıtor by very imperceptible gradations: where we shall
e them to run *ad libitum*, while we account for the sudden
arance of Mr. Forester and his friends.

/e left them walking along the shore of the sea, which
followed, till they arrived in the vicinity of Alga Castle,
ı which the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub emerged in evil
r, to take a meditative walk on the sands. The keen
t of the natural man descried him from far. Sir Oran
d on his prey; and though it is supposed that he could

not have overtaken the swift-footed Achilles,* he had very little difficulty in overtaking the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, who had begun to run for his life, as soon as he was aware of the foe. Sir Oran shook his stick over his head, and the reverend gentleman dropping on his knees, put his hands together, and entreated for mercy, saying "he would confess all." Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax came up in time to hear the proposal: the former restrained the rage of Sir Oran, who, however, still held his prisoner fast by the arm; and the reluctant divine, with many a heavy groan, conducted his unwelcome company to the door of Anthelia's apartments.

"O Forester!" said Anthelia, "you have realized all my wishes. I have found you the friend of the poor, the enthusiast of truth, the disinterested cultivator of the rural virtues, the active promoter of the cause of human liberty. It only remained that you should emancipate a captive damsel, who, however, will but change the mode of her durance, and become your captive for life."

It was not long after this event, before the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, and the old chapel of Melincourt Castle, were put in requisition, to make a mystical unit of Anthelia and Mr. Forester. The day was celebrated with great festivity throughout their respective estates, and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe was *voti compos:* that is to say, he had taken a resolution on the day of Anthelia's christening, that he would on the day of her marriage drink one bottle more than he had ever taken at one sitting on any other occasion; which resolution he had now the satisfaction of carrying into effect.

Sir Oran Haut-ton continued to reside with Mr. Forester and Anthelia. They discovered in the progress of time, that he had formed for the latter the same kind of reverential attachment as the Satyr in Fletcher forms for the Holy

* "The civilized man will submit to the greatest pain and labour, in order to excel in any exercise which is honourable; and this induces me to believe that such a man as Achilles might have beat in running even an oran outang, or the savage of the Pyrenees, whom nobody could lay hold of, though that be the exercise in which savages excel the most, and though I am persuaded that the oran outang of Angola is naturally stronger and swifter of foot than Achilles was, or than even the heroes of the preceding age, such as Hercules, and such as Theseus, Pirithous, and others mentioned by Nestor."—Ancient Metaphysics, vol. iii. p. 76.

›herdess :* and Anthelia might have said to him in the s of Corin :

> They wrong thee that do call thee rude :
> Though thou be'st outward rough and tawny-hued,
> Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
> As his who boasts himself born only heir
> To all humanity.

lee Fletcher's FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS. The following extracts the Satyr's speeches to Corin will explain the allusion in the text.

> But behold a fairer sight !
> By that heavenly form of thine,
> Brightest fair ! thou art divine !
> Sprung from great immortal race
> Of the gods ; for in thy face
> Shines more awful majesty,
> Than dull weak mortality
> Dare with misty eyes behold,
> And live ! Therefore on this mould
> Lowly do I bend my knee,
> In worship of thy deity.
>
> *Act I., Scene I.*

> Brightest ! if there be remaining
> Any service, without feigning
> I will do it : were I set
> To catch the nimble wind, or get
> Shadows gliding on the green,
> Or to steal from the great queen
> Of the fairies all her beauty,
> I would do it, so much duty
> Do I owe those precious eyes.
>
> *Act IV., Scene II.*

> Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
> Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
> Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
> Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
> Like Apollo. Tell me, sweetest,
> What new service now is meetest
> For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
> In the middle air, and stay
> The sailing rack ? or nimbly take
> Hold by the moon, and gently make
> Suit to the pale queen of night
> For a beam to give thee light ?
> Shall I dive into the sea,
> And bring thee coral, making way
> Through the rising waves that fall
> In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall

His greatest happiness was in listening to the music of her harp and voice: in the absence of which he solaced himself, as usual, with his flute and French horn. He became likewise a proficient in drawing; but what progress he made in the art of speech we have not been able to ascertain.

Mr. Fax was a frequent visitor at Melincourt, and there was always a cover at the table for the Reverend Mr. Portpipe.

Mr. Hippy felt half inclined to make proposals to Miss Evergreen; but understanding from Mr. Forester, that, from the death of her lover in early youth, that lady had irrevocably determined on a single life,* he comforted himself with passing half his time at Melincourt Castle, and dancing the little Foresters on his knee, whom he taught to call him "grandpapa Hippy," and seemed extremely proud of the imaginary relationship.

Mr. Forester disposed of Redrose Abbey to Sir Telegraph Paxarett, who, after wearing the willow twelve months, married, left off driving, and became a very respectable specimen of an English country gentleman.

We must not conclude without informing those among our tender-hearted readers, who would be much grieved if Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney should have been disappointed in her principal object of making a *good match*, that she had at length the satisfaction, through the skilful management of her mother, of making the happiest of men of Lord Anophel Achthar.

I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? Get thee fruit?
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.
Act V., Scene V.

* "There are very few women who might not have married in some way or other. The old maid, who has either never formed an attachment, or who has been disappointed in the object of it, has, under the circumstances in which she has been placed, conducted herself with the most perfect propriety; and has acted a much more virtuous and honourable part in society, than those women who marry without a proper degree of love, or at least of esteem, for their husbands; a species of immorality which is not reprobated as it deserves."—MALTHUS *on Population*, book iv.

THE END OF MELINCOURT.

NIGHTMARE ABBEY.

There's a dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none see by but those who bear it,
That makes them in the dark see visions
And hag themselves with apparitions,
Find racks for their own minds, and vaunt
Of their own misery and want.—BUTLER.

[First published in 1818.]

Matthew.—Oh! it's your only fine humour, sir. Your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times sir; and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

Stephen.—Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

Matthew.—Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study: it's at your service.

Stephen.—I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you. Have you a stool there, to be melancholy upon?

BEN JONSON. *Every Man in his Humour*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

NIGHTMARE ABBEY.

Ay esleu gazouiller et siffler oye, comme dit le commun proverbe, entre les cygnes, plutoust que d'estre entre tant de gentils poëtes et faconds orateurs mut du tout estimé.—RABELAIS, *Prol. L. 5.*

CHAPTER I.

NIGHTMARE ABBEY, a venerable family-mansion, in a highly picturesque state of semi-dilapidation, pleasantly situated on a strip of dry land between the sea and the fens at the verge of the county of Lincoln, had the honour to be the seat of Christopher Glowry, Esquire This gentleman was naturally of an atrabilarious temperament, and much troubled with those phantoms of indigestion which are commonly called *blue devils.* He had been deceived in an early friendship: he had been crossed in love; and had offered his hand, from pique, to a lady, who accepted it from interest, and who, in so doing, violently tore asunder the bonds of a tried and youthful attachment. Her vanity was gratified by being the mistress of a very extensive, if not very lively establishment; but all the springs of her sympathies were frozen. Riches she possessed, but that which enriches them, the participation of affection, was wanting. All that they could purchase for her became indifferent to her, because *that which* they could not purchase, and which *was more valuable than* themselves, she had, for their sake,

thrown away. She discovered, when it was too late, that she had mistaken the means for the end—that riches, rightly used, are instruments of happiness, but are not in themselves happiness. In this wilful blight of her affections, she found them valueless as means: they had been the end to which she had immolated all her affections, and were now the only end that remained to her. She did not confess this to herself as a principle of action, but it operated through the medium of unconscious self-deception, and terminated in inveterate avarice. She laid on external things the blame of her mind's internal disorder, and thus became by degrees an accomplished scold. She often went her daily rounds through a series of deserted apartments, every creature in the house vanishing at the creak of her shoe, much more at the sound of her voice, to which the nature of things affords no simile; for, as far as the voice of woman, when attuned by gentleness and love, transcends all other sounds in harmony, so far does it surpass all others in discord when stretched into unnatural shrillness by anger and impatience.

Mr. Glowry used to say that his house was no better than a spacious kennel, for every one in it led the life of a dog. Disappointed both in love and in friendship, and looking upon human learning as vanity, he had come to a conclusion that there was but one good thing in the world, *videlicet*, a good dinner; and this his parsimonious lady seldom suffered him to enjoy: but one morning, like Sir Leoline, in "Christabel," "he woke and found his lady dead," and remained a very consolate widower, with one small child.

This only son and heir Mr. Glowry had christened Scythrop, from the name of a maternal ancestor, who had hanged himself one rainy day in a fit of *tædium vitæ*, and had been eulogized by a coroner's jury in the comprehensive phrase of *felo de se;* on which account Mr. Glowry held his memory in high honour, and made a punchbowl of his skull.

When Scythrop grew up, he was sent, as usual, to a public school, where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and thence to the University, where it was carefully taken out of him; and he was sent home, like a well-threshed ear of corn, with nothing in his head: having finished his education to the high satisfaction of the master and fellows of his college, who had, in testimony of their approbation, presented him with a silver fish-slice, on which his name figured at the

head of a laudatory inscription in some semi-barbarous dialect of Anglo-Saxonized Latin.

His fellow-students, however, who drove tandem and random in great perfection, and were connoisseurs in good inns, had taught him to drink deep ere he departed. He had passed much of his time with these choice spirits, and had seen the rays of the midnight lamp tremble on many a lengthening file of empty bottles. He passed his vacations sometimes at Nightmare Abbey, sometimes in London, at the house of his uncle, Mr. Hilary, a very cheerful and elastic gentleman, who had married the sister of the melancholy Mr. Glowry. The company that frequented his house was the gayest of the gay. Scythrop danced with the ladies and drank with the gentlemen, and was pronounced by both a very accomplished, charming fellow and an honour to the University.

At the house of Mr. Hilary, Scythrop first saw the beautiful Miss Emily Girouette. He fell in love; which is nothing new. He was favourably received; which is nothing strange. Mr. Glowry and Mr. Girouette had a meeting on the occasion, and quarrelled about the terms of the bargain; which is neither new nor strange. The lovers were torn asunder, weeping and vowing everlasting constancy; and, in three weeks after this tragical event, the lady was led a smiling bride to the altar, by the Honourable Mr. Lackwit; which is neither strange nor new.

Scythrop received this intelligence at Nightmare Abbey, and was half distracted on the occasion. It was his first disappointment, and preyed deeply on his sensitive spirit. His father, to comfort him, read him a Commentary on Ecclesiastes, which he had himself composed, and which demonstrated incontrovertibly that all is vanity. He insisted particularly on the text, "One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman amongst all those have I not found."

"How could he expect it," said Scythrop, "when the whole thousand were locked up in his seraglio? His experience is no precedent for a free state of society like that in which we live."

"Locked up or at large," said Mr. Glowry, "the result is the same: their minds are always locked up, and vanity and interest keep the key. I speak feelingly, Scythrop."

"*I am sorry for it, sir,*" said Scythrop. "But how is it

that their minds are locked up? The fault is in their artificial education, which studiously models them into mere musical dolls, to be set out for sale in the great toy-shop of society."

"To be sure," said Mr. Glowry, "their education is not so well finished as yours has been; and your idea of a musical doll is good. I bought one myself, but it was confoundedly out of tune; but, whatever be the cause, Scythrop, the effect is certainly this, that one is pretty nearly as good as another, as far as any judgment can be formed of them before marriage. It is only after marriage that they show their true qualities, as I know by bitter experience. Marriage is, therefore, a lottery, and the less choice and selection a man bestows on his ticket the better; for if he has incurred considerable pains and expense to obtain a lucky number, and his lucky number proves a blank, he experiences not a simple, but a complicated disappointment; the loss of labour and money being superadded to the disappointment of drawing a blank, which, constituting simply and entirely the grievance of him who has chosen his ticket at random, is, from its simplicity, the more endurable." This very excellent reasoning was thrown away upon Scythrop, who retired to his tower as dismal and disconsolate as before.

The tower which Scythrop inhabited stood at the south-eastern angle of the Abbey; and, on the southern side, the foot of the tower opened on a terrace, which was called the garden, though nothing grew on it but ivy, and a few amphibious weeds. The south-western tower, which was ruinous and full of owls, might, with equal propriety, have been called the aviary. This terrace or garden, or terrace-garden, or garden-terrace (the reader may name it *ad libitum*), took in an oblique view of the open sea, and fronted a long tract of level sea-coast, and a fine monotony of fens and windmills.

The reader will judge, from what we have said, that this building was a sort of castellated abbey; and it will, probably, occur to him to inquire if it had been one of the strongholds of the ancient church militant. Whether this was the case, or how far it had been indebted to the taste of Mr. Glowry's ancestors for any transmutations from its original taste, are, unfortunately, circumstances not within the pale of our knowledge.

The north-western tower contained the apartments of Mr.

Glowry. The moat at its base, and the fens beyond, comprised the whole of his prospect. The moat surrounded the Abbey, and was in immediate contact with the walls on every side but the south.

The north-eastern tower was appropriated to the domestics, whom Mr. Glowry always chose by one of two criterions,—a long face or a dismal name. His butler was Raven; his steward was Crow; his valet was Skellet. Mr. Glowry maintained that the valet was of French extraction, and that his name was Squelette. His grooms were Mattocks and Graves. On one occasion, being in want of a footman, he received a letter from a person signing himself Diggory Deathshead, and lost no time in securing this acquisition; but on Diggory's arrival, Mr. Glowry was horror-struck by the sight of a round ruddy face, and a pair of laughing eyes. Deathshead was always grinning,—not a ghastly smile, but the grin of a comic mask; and disturbed the echoes of the hall with so much unhallowed laughter, that Mr. Glowry gave him his discharge. Diggory, however, had stayed long enough to make conquests of all the old gentleman's maids, and left him a flourishing colony of young Deathsheads to join chorus with the owls, that had before been the exclusive choristers of Nightmare Abbey.

The main body of the building was divided into rooms of state, spacious apartments for feasting, and numerous bedrooms for visitors, who, however, were few and far between.

Family interests compelled Mr. Glowry to receive occasional visits from Mr. and Mrs. Hilary, who paid them from the same motive; and, as the lively gentleman on these occasions found few conductors for his exuberant gaiety, he became like a double-charged electric jar, which often exploded in some burst of outrageous merriment to the signal discomposure of Mr. Glowry's nerves.

Another occasional visitor, much more to Mr. Glowry's taste, was Mr. Flosky,* a very lachrymose and morbid gentleman, of some note in the literary world, but in his own estimation of much more merit than name. The part of his character which recommended him to Mr. Glowry, was his very fine sense of the grim and the tearful. No one could relate a dismal story with so many minutiæ of supererogatory

* A *corruption of* Filosky, quasi φιλοσκιος, a lover, or [illegible], of *shadows.*

wretchedness. No one could call up a *rawhead and bloody bones* with so many adjuncts and circumstances of ghastliness. Mystery was his mental element. He lived in the midst of that visionary world in which nothing is but what is not. He dreamed with his eyes open, and saw ghosts dancing round him at noontide. He had been in his youth an enthusiast for liberty, and had hailed the dawn of the French Revolution as the promise of a day that was to banish war and slavery, and every form of vice and misery, from the face of the earth. Because all this was not done, he deduced that nothing was done; and from this deduction, according to his system of logic, he drew a conclusion that worse than nothing was done; that the overthrow of the feudal fortresses of tyranny and superstition was the greatest calamity that had ever befallen mankind; and that their only hope now was to rake the rubbish together, and rebuild it without any of those loopholes by which the light had originally crept in. To qualify himself for a coadjutor in this laudable task, he plunged into the central opacity of Kantian metaphysics, and lay *perdu* several years in transcendental darkness, till the common daylight of common sense became intolerable to his eyes. He called the sun an *ignis fatuus;* and exhorted all who would listen to his friendly voice, which were about as many as called "God save King Richard," to shelter themselves, from its delusive radiance in the obscure haunt of Old Philosophy. This word Old had great charms for him. The good old times were always on his lips; meaning the days when polemic theology was in its prime, and rival prelates beat the drum ecclesiastic with Herculean vigour, till the one wound up his series of syllogisms with the very orthodox conclusion of roasting the other.

But the dearest friend of Mr. Glowry, and his most welcome guest, was Mr. Toobad, the Manichæan Millenarian. The twelfth verse of the twelfth chapter of Revelations was always in his mouth: "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come among you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." He maintained that the supreme dominion of the world was, for wise purposes, given over for a while to the Evil Principle; and that this precise period of time, commonly called the enlightened age, was the point of his plenitude of power. He used to add that by-and-by he would be cast

down, and a high and happy order of things succeed; but he never omitted the saving clause, "Not in our time:" which last words were always echoed in doleful response by the sympathetic Mr. Glowry.

Another and very frequent visitor, was the Reverend Mr. Larynx, the vicar of Claydyke, a village about ten miles distant;—a good-natured accommodating divine, who was always most obligingly ready to take a dinner and a bed at the house of any country gentleman in distress for a companion. Nothing came amiss to him,—a game at billiards, at chess, at draughts, at backgammon, at piquet, or at all-fours in a *tête-à-tête*,—or any game on the cards, round, square, or triangular, in a party of any number exceeding two. He would even dance among friends, rather than that a lady, even if she were on the wrong side of thirty, should sit still for want of a partner. For a ride, a walk, or a sail, in the morning,—a song after dinner, a ghost story after supper,—a bottle of port with the squire, or a cup of green tea with his lady,—for all or any of these, or for anything else that was agreeable to any one else, consistently with the dye of his coat, the Reverend Mr. Larynx was at all times equally ready. When at Nightmare Abbey, he would condole with Mr. Glowry,—drink Madeira with Scythrop,—crack jokes with Mr. Hilary,—hand Mrs. Hilary to the piano, take charge of her fan and gloves, and turn over her music with surprising dexterity,—quote Revelations with Mr. Toobad,—and lament the good old times of feudal darkness with the transcendental Mr. Flosky.

CHAPTER II.

SHORTLY after the disastrous termination of Scythrop's passion for Miss Emily Girouette, Mr. Glowry found himself, much against his will, involved in a lawsuit, which compelled him to dance attendance on the High Court of Chancery. Scythrop was left alone at Nightmare Abbey. He was a burnt child, and dreaded the fire of female eyes. He wandered about the ample pile, or along the garden terrace, with "his cogitative faculties immersed in cogibundity

of cogitation." The terrace terminated at the south-western tower, which, as we have said, was ruinous and full of owls. Here would Scythrop take his evening seat, on a fallen fragment of mossy stone, with his back resting against the ruined wall,—a thick canopy of ivy, with an owl in it, over his head, —and the Sorrows of Werter in his hand. He had some taste for romance reading before he went to the University, where, we must confess, in justice to his college, he was cured of the love of reading in all its shapes; and the cure would have been radical, if disappointment in love, and total solitude, had not conspired to bring on a relapse. He began to devour romances and German tragedies, and, by the recommendation of Mr. Flosky, to pore over ponderous tomes of transcendental philosophy, which reconciled him to the labour of studying them by their mystical jargon and necromantic imagery. In the congenial solitude of Nightmare Abbey, the distempered ideas of metaphysical romance and romantic metaphysics had ample time and space to germinate into a fertile crop of chimeras, which rapidly shot up into vigorous and abundant vegetation.

He now became troubled with the *passion for reforming the world.** He built many castles in the air, and peopled them with secret tribunals, and bands of illuminati, who were always the imaginary instruments of his projected regeneration of the human species. As he intended to institute a perfect republic, he invested himself with absolute sovereignty over these mystical dispensers of liberty. He slept with Horrid Mysteries under his pillow, and dreamed of venerable eleutherarchs and ghastly confederates holding midnight conventions in subterranean caves. He passed whole mornings in his study, immersed in gloomy reverie, stalking about the room in his nightcap, which he pulled over his eyes like a cowl, and folding his striped calico dressing-gown about him like the mantle of a conspirator.

"Action," thus he soliloquized, "is the result of opinion, and to new-model opinion would be to new-model society. Knowledge is power; it is in the hands of a few, who employ it to mislead the many, for their own selfish purposes of aggrandisement and appropriation. What if it were in the hands of a few who should employ it to lead the many!

* See Forsyth's Principles of Moral Science.

What if it were universal, and the multitude were enlightened? No. The many must be always in leading-strings; but let them have wise and honest conductors. A few to think, and many to act; that is the only basis of perfect society. So thought the ancient philosophers: they had their esoterical and exoterical doctrines. So thinks the sublime Kant, who delivers his oracles in language which none but the initiated can comprehend. Such were the views of those secret associations of illuminati, which were the terror of superstition and tyranny, and which, carefully selecting wisdom and genius from the great wilderness of society, as the bee selects honey from the flowers of the thorn and the nettle, bound all human excellence in a chain, which, if it had not been prematurely broken, would have commanded opinion, and regenerated the world."

Scythrop proceeded to meditate on the practicability of reviving a confederation of regenerators. To get a clear view of his own ideas, and to feel the pulse of the wisdom and genius of the age, he wrote and published a treatise, in which his meanings were carefully wrapt up in the monk's hood of transcendental technology, but filled with hints of matter deep and dangerous, which he thought would set the whole nation in a ferment; and he awaited the result in awful expectation, as a miner who has fired a train awaits the explosion of a rock. However, he listened and heard nothing; for the explosion, if any ensued, was not sufficiently loud to shake a single leaf of the ivy on the towers of Nightmare Abbey; and some months afterwards he received a letter from his bookseller, informing him that only seven copies had been sold, and concluding with a polite request for the balance.

Scythrop did not despair. "Seven copies," he thought, "have been sold. Seven is a mystical number, and the omen is good. Let me find the seven purchasers of my seven copies, and they shall be the seven golden candlesticks with which I will illuminate the world."

Scythrop had a certain portion of mechanical genius, which his romantic projects tended to develop. He constructed models of cells and recesses, sliding panels and secret passages, that would have baffled the skill of the Parisian police. He took the opportunity of his father's absence to smuggle a dumb carpenter into the Abbey, and between them they gave reality to one of these models in Scythrop's tower. Scythrop

[illegible] that a great number of human regenerations would be [illegible] in mental disorders and determined, for the benefit of [illegible] to adopt all possible precautions for the preservation of himself.

The servants, seen by the women, had been tutored into [illegible]. Profound silence reigned throughout and around the abbey, except when the occasional sounding of a door which had [illegible] through the galleries, or the heavy fall of the [illegible] rather would make the hollow echoes of the hall. Scyllarop smoked about like the grand inquisitor, and the servants flitted past him like familiars. In the venerable [illegible] in the terrace, under the ivy of the [illegible] tower, the only sounds that came to his ear were the [illegible] of the wind in the ivy, the plaintive voices of the [illegible], the [illegible] the occasional striking of the [illegible] and the monotonous lash of the sea on its [illegible]. In the meantime, he drank Madeira, and [illegible] in a dark night regale of the crazy fabric of human nature.

CHAPTER III.

MR. GLOWRY returned from London with the loss of his [illegible]. Issue was with him, but the law was against him. He found Scyllarop in a mood most [illegible] and they vied with each other in [illegible] lamenting the depravity of this degenerate [illegible] and occasionally interspersing divers grim jokes about graves, worms, and epitaphs. Mr. Glowry's friends, whom we have mentioned in the first chapter, availed themselves of his return to pay him a simultaneous visit. At the same time arrived Scyllarop's friend and fellow-[illegible], the Honourable Mr. Listless. Mr. Glowry had discovered this fashionable young gentleman in London, "stretched on the rack of a too easy chair," and devoured with a gloomy and misanthropical *ne caro*, and had pressed him so earnestly to take the benefit of the pure country air at Nightmare Abbey, that Mr. Listless, finding it would give him more trouble to refuse than to comply, summoned his

French valet, Fatout, and told him he was going to Lincolnshire. On this simple hint, Fatout went to work, and the imperials were packed, and the post-chariot was at the door, without the Honourable Mr. Listless having said or thought another syllable on the subject.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilary brought with them an orphan niece, a daughter of Mr. Glowry's youngest sister, who had made a runaway love-match with an Irish officer. The lady's fortune disappeared in the first year: love, by a natural consequence, disappeared in the second: the Irishman himself, by a still more natural consequence, disappeared in the third. Mr. Glowry had allowed his sister an annuity, and she had lived in retirement with her only daughter, whom, at her death, which had recently happened, she commended to the care of Mrs. Hilary.

Miss Marionetta Celestina O'Carroll was a very blooming and accomplished young lady. Being a compound of the *Allegro Vivace* of the O'Carrolls, and of the *Andante Doloroso* of the Glowries, she exhibited in her own character all the diversities of an April sky. Her hair was light-brown; her eyes hazel, and sparkling with a mild but fluctuating light; her features regular; her lips full, and of equal size; and her person surpassingly graceful. She was a proficient in music. Her conversation was sprightly, but always on subjects light in their nature and limited in their interest: for moral sympathies, in any general sense, had no place in her mind. She had some coquetry, and more caprice, liking and disliking almost in the same moment; pursuing an object with earnestness while it seemed unattainable, and rejecting it when in her power as not worth the trouble of possession.

Whether she was touched with a *penchant* for her cousin Scythrop, or was merely curious to see what effect the tender passion would have on so *outré* a person, she had not been three days in the Abbey before she threw out all the lures of her beauty and accomplishments to make a prize of his heart. Scythrop proved an easy conquest. The image of Miss Emily Girouette was already sufficiently dimmed by the power of philosophy and the exercise of reason: for to these influences, or to any influence but the true one, are usually ascribed the mental cures performed by the great physician Time. Scythrop's romantic dreams had indeed given him many *pure anticipated cognitions* of combinations of beauty

and intelligence, which, he had some misgivings, were not exactly realized in his cousin Marionetta; but, in spite of these misgivings, he soon became distractedly in love; which, when the young lady clearly perceived, she altered her tactics, and assumed as much coldness and reserve as she had before shown ardent and ingenuous attachment. Scythrop was confounded at the sudden change; but, instead of falling at her feet and requesting an explanation, he retreated to his tower, muffled himself in his night-cap, seated himself in the president's chair of his imaginary secret tribunal, summoned Marionetta with all terrible formalities, frightened her out of her wits, disclosed himself, and clasped the beautiful penitent to his bosom.

While he was acting this reverie—in the moment in which the awful president of the secret tribunal was throwing back his cowl and his mantle, and discovering himself to the lovely culprit, as her adoring and magnanimous lover, the door of the study opened, and the real Marionetta appeared.

The motives which had led her to the tower were, a little penitence, a little concern, a little affection, and a little fear as to what the sudden secession of Scythrop, occasioned by her sudden change of manner, might portend. She had tapped several times unheard, and of course unanswered; and at length, timidly and cautiously opening the door, she discovered him standing before a black velvet chair, which was mounted on an old oak table, in the act of throwing open his striped calico dressing-gown, and flinging away his night-cap, which is what the French call an imposing attitude.

Each stood a few moments fixed in their respective places —the lady in astonishment, and the gentleman in confusion. Marionetta was the first to break silence. "For heaven's sake," said she, "my dear Scythrop, what is the matter?"

"For heaven's sake, indeed!" said Scythrop, springing from the table; "for your sake, Marionetta, and you are my heaven,—distraction is the matter. I adore you, Marionetta, and your cruelty drives me mad." He threw himself at her knees, devoured her hand with kisses, and breathed a thousand vows in the most passionate language of romance.

Marionetta listened a long time in silence, till her lover had exhausted his eloquence and paused for a reply. She then said, with a very arch look, "I prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world." The levity of this quotation, and

of the manner in which it was delivered, jarred so discordantly on the high-wrought enthusiasm of the romantic innamorato, that he sprang upon his feet, and beat his forehead with his clenched fists. The young lady was terrified; and deeming it expedient to soothe him, took one of his hands in hers, placed the other hand on his shoulder, looked up in his face with a winning seriousness, and said, in the tenderest possible tone, "What would you have, Scythrop?"

Scythrop was in heaven again. "What would I have? What but you, Marionetta? You, for the companion of my studies, the partner of my thoughts, the auxiliary of my great designs for the emancipation of mankind."

"I am afraid I should be but a poor auxiliary, Scythrop, what would you have me do?"

"Do as Rosalia does with Carlos, divine Marionetta. Let us each open a vein in the other's arm, mix our blood in a bowl, and drink it as a sacrament of love. Then we shall see visions of transcendental illumination, and soar on the wings of ideas into the space of pure intelligence."

Marionetta could not reply; she had not so strong a stomach as Rosalia, and turned sick at the proposition. She disengaged herself suddenly from Scythrop, sprang through the door of the tower, and fled with precipitation along the corridors. Scythrop pursued her, crying, "Stop, stop, Marionetta—my life, my love!" and was gaining rapidly on her flight, when, at an ill-omened corner, where two corridors ended in an angle, at the head of a staircase, he came into sudden and violent contact with Mr. Toobad, and they both plunged together to the foot of the stairs, like two billiard-balls into one pocket. This gave the young lady time to escape, and enclose herself in her chamber; while Mr. Toobad, rising slowly, and rubbing his knees and shoulders, said, "You see, my dear Scythrop, in this little incident, one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil; for what but a systematic design and concurrent contrivance of evil could have made the angles of time and place coincide in our unfortunate persons at the head of this accursed staircase?"

"Nothing else, certainly," said Scythrop: "you are perfectly in the right, Mr. Toobad. Evil, and mischief, and misery, and confusion, and vanity, and vexation of spirit, and death, and disease, and assassination, and war, and poverty,

and pestilence, and famine, and avarice, and selfishness, and rancour, and jealousy, and spleen, and malevolence, and the disappointments of philanthropy, and the faithlessness of friendship, and the crosses of love—all prove the accuracy of your views, and the truth of your system; and it is not impossible that the infernal interruption of this fall down stairs may throw a colour of evil on the whole of my future existence."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Toobad, "you have a fine eye for consequences."

So saying, he embraced Scythrop, who retired with a disconsolate step, to dress for dinner; while Mr. Toobad stalked across the hall, repeating, "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth, and of the sea, for the devil is come among you, having great wrath."

CHAPTER IV.

THE flight of Marionetta, and the pursuit of Scythrop, had been witnessed by Mr. Glowry, who, in consequence, narrowly observed his son and his niece in the evening; and, concluding from their manner, that there was a better understanding between them than he wished to see, he determined on obtaining the next morning from Scythrop a full and satisfactory explanation. He, therefore, shortly after breakfast, entered Scythrop's tower, with a very grave face, and said, without ceremony or preface, "So, sir, you are in love with your cousin."

Scythrop, with a little hesitation, answered, "Yes, sir."

"That is candid, at least; and she is in love with you?"

"I wish she were, sir."

"You know she is, sir."

"Indeed, sir, I do not."

"But you hope she is."

"I do, from my soul."

"Now that is very provoking, Scythrop, and very disappointing: I could not have supposed that you, Scythrop Glowry, of Nightmare Abbey, would have been infatuated with such a dancing, laughing, singing, thoughtless, careless,

merry-hearted thing as Marionetta, in all respects the reverse of you and me. It is very disappointing, Scythrop. And do you know, sir, that Marionetta has no fortune?"

"It is the more reason, sir, that her husband should have one."

"The more reason for her; but not for you. My wife had no fortune, and I had no consolation in my calamity. And do you reflect, sir, what an enormous slice this lawsuit has cut out of our family estate? we who used to be the greatest landed proprietors in Lincolnshire."

"To be sure, sir, we had more acres of fen than any man on this coast: but what are fens to love? What are dykes and windmills to Marionetta?"

"And what, sir, is love to a windmill? Not grist, I am certain: besides, sir, I have made a choice for you. I have made a choice for you, Scythrop. Beauty, genius, accomplishments, and a great fortune into the bargain. Such a lovely, serious creature, in a fine state of high dissatisfaction with the world, and everything in it. Such a delightful surprise I had prepared for you. Sir, I have pledged my honour to the contract—the honour of the Glowries of Nightmare Abbey: and now, sir, what is to be done?"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot say. I claim, on this occasion, that liberty of action which is the co-natal prerogative of every rational being."

"Liberty of action, sir? There is no such thing as liberty of action. We are all slaves and puppets of a blind and unpathetic necessity."

"Very true, sir; but liberty of action, between individuals, consists in their being differently influenced, or modified, by the same universal necessity; so that the results are unconsentaneous, and their respective necessitated volitions clash and fly off in a tangent."

"Your logic is good, sir: but you are aware, too, that one individual may be a medium of adhibiting to another a mode or form of necessity, which may have more or less influence in the production of consentaneity; and therefore, sir, if you do not comply with my wishes in this instance (you have had your own way in everything else), I shall be under the necessity of disinheriting you, though I shall do it with tears in my eyes." Having said these words, he vanished suddenly, in the dread of Scythrop's logic.

Mr. Glowry immediately sought Mrs. Hilary, and communicated to her his views of the case in point. Mrs. Hilary, as the phrase is, was as fond of Marionetta as if she had been her own child: but—there is always a *but* on these occasions—she could do nothing for her in the way of fortune, as she had two hopeful sons, who were finishing their education at Brazen-nose, and who would not like to encounter any diminution of their prospects, when they should be brought out of the house of mental bondage—*i.e.*, the University—to the land flowing with milk and honey—*i.e.*, the west end of London.

Mrs. Hilary hinted to Marionetta that propriety, and delicacy, and decorum, and dignity, etc., etc., etc.,* would require them to leave the Abbey immediately. Marionetta listened in silent submission, for she knew that her inheritance was passive obedience; but when Scythrop, who had watched the opportunity of Mrs. Hilary's departure, entered, and, without speaking a word, threw himself at her feet in a paroxysm of grief, the young lady, in equal silence and sorrow, threw her arms round his neck and burst into tears. A very tender scene ensued, which the sympathetic susceptibilities of the soft-hearted reader can more accurately imagine than we can delineate. But when Marionetta hinted that she was to leave the Abbey immediately, Scythrop snatched from its repository his ancestor's skull, filled it with Madeira, and presenting himself before Mr. Glowry, threatened to drink off the contents, if Mr. Glowry did not immediately promise that Marionetta should not be taken from the Abbey without her own consent. Mr. Glowry, who took the Madeira to be some deadly brewage, gave the required promise in dismal panic. Scythrop returned to Marionetta with a joyful heart, and drank the Madeira by the way.

Mr. Glowry, during his residence in London, had come to an agreement with his friend Mr. Toobad, that a match between Scythrop and Mr. Toobad's daughter would be a very desirable occurrence. She was finishing her education in a German convent, but Mr. Toobad described her as being fully impressed with the truth of his Ahrimanic philosophy,† and

* We are not masters of the whole vocabulary. See any novel by any literary lady.

† Ahrimanes, in the Persian mythology, is the evil power, the prince of the kingdom of darkness. He is the rival of Oromases,

ltogether as gloomy and anti-Thalian a young lady as ›wry himself could desire for the future mistress of ıare Abbey. She had a great fortune in her own ›hich was not, as we have seen, without its weight in g Mr. Glowry to set his heart upon her as his daugh- .w that was to be; he was therefore very much dis- by Scythrop's untoward attachment to Marionetta. loled on the occasion with Mr. Toobad; who said had been too long accustomed to the intermeddling of il in all his affairs to be astonished at this new trace :loven claw; but that he hoped to outwit him yet, for sure there could be no comparison between his daugh- Marionetta, in the mind of any one who had a proper on of the fact that, the world being a great theatre of ›riousness and solemnity are the characteristics of , and laughter and merriment make a human being no han a baboon. Mr. Glowry comforted himself with w of the subject, and urged Mr. Toobad to expedite ghter's return from Germany. Mr. Toobad said he laily expectation of her arrival in London, and would immediately to meet her, that he might lose no time ›ing her to Nightmare Abbey. "Then," he added, all see whether Thalia or Melpomene—whether the or the Penserosa—will carry off the symbol of vic-

›re can be no doubt," said Mr. Glowry, "which way le will incline, or Scythrop is no true scion of the le stem of the Glowrys."

›e of the kingdom of light. These two powers have divided ıl dominion. Sometimes one of the two has a temporary cy.—According to Mr. Toobad, the present period would be n of Ahrimanes. Lord Byron seems to be of the same by the use he has made of Ahrimanes in "Manfred;" where : Alastor, or Κακος Δαιμων, of Persia, is hailed king of the ; the Nemesis of Greece, in concert with three of the Scan- Valkyræ, under the name of the Destinies; the astrological f the alchemists of the middle ages; an elemental witch, ıted from Denmark to the Alps; and a chorus of Dr. ı devils, who come in the last act for a soul. It is difficult ve where this heterogeneous mythological company could ›inally met, except at a *table d'hôte*, like the six kings in le."

CHAPTER V.

MARIONETTA felt secure of Scythrop's heart; and, notwithstanding the difficulties that surrounded her, she could not debar herself from the pleasure of tormenting her lover, whom she kept in a perpetual fever. Sometimes she would meet him with the most unmitigated affection: sometimes with the most chilling indifference; rousing him to anger by artificial coldness—softening him to love by eloquent tenderness—or inflaming him to jealousy by coquetting with the Honourable Mr. Listless, who seemed, under her magical influence, to burst into sudden life, like the bud of the evening primrose. Sometimes she would sit by the piano, and listen with becoming attention to Scythrop's pathetic remonstrances; but, in the most impassioned part of his oratory, she would convert all his ideas into a chaos, by striking up some Rondo Allegro, and saying, "Is it not pretty?" Scythrop would begin to storm, and she would answer him with,

> "Zitti, zitti, piano, piano,
> Non facciamo confusione,"

or some similar *facezia*, till he would start away from her, and enclose himself in his tower, in an agony of agitation, vowing to renounce her, and her whole sex, for ever; and returning to her presence at the summons of the billet, which she never failed to send with many expressions of penitence, and promises of amendment. Scythrop's schemes for regenerating the world, and detecting his seven golden candlesticks, went on very slowly in this fever of his spirit.

Things proceeded in this train for several days; and Mr. Glowry began to be uneasy at receiving no intelligence from Mr. Toobad; when one evening the latter rushed into the library, where the family and the visitors were assembled, vociferating, "The devil is come among you, having great wrath!" He then drew Mr. Glowry aside into another apartment, and after remaining some time together, they re-entered the library with faces of great dismay, but did not condescend to explain to any one the cause of their discomfiture.

The next morning, early, Mr. Toobad departed. Mr.

Glowry sighed and groaned all day, and said not a word to any one. Scythrop had quarrelled, as usual, with Marionetta, and was enclosed in his tower, in a fit of morbid sensibility. Marionetta was comforting herself at the piano, with singing the airs of *Nina pazza per amore;* and the Honourable Mr. Listless was listening to the harmony, as he lay supine on the sofa, with a book in his hand, into which he peeped at intervals. The Reverend Mr. Larynx approached the sofa, and proposed a game at billiards.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Billiards! Really I should be very happy; but, in my present exhausted state, the exertion is too much for me. I do not know when I have been equal to such an effort. (*He rang the bell for his valet. Fatout entered.*) Fatout, when did I play at billiards last?

Fatout.--De fourteen December de last year, Monsieur. (*Fatout bowed and retired.*)

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—So it was. Seven months ago. You see, Mr. Larynx; you see, sir. My nerves, Miss O'Carroll, my nerves are shattered. I have been advised to try Bath. Some of the faculty recommend Cheltenham. I think of trying both, as the seasons don't clash. The season, you know, Mr. Larynx—the season, Miss O'Carroll—the season is everything.

Marionetta.—And health is something. *N'est-ce pas,* Mr. Larynx?

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—Most assuredly, Miss O'Carroll. For, however, reasoners may dispute about the *summum bonum,* none of them will deny that a very good dinner is a very good thing: and what is a good dinner without a good appetite? and whence is a good appetite but from good health? Now, Cheltenham, Mr. Listless, is famous for good appetites.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—The best piece of logic I ever heard, Mr. Larynx; the very best I assure you. I have thought very seriously of Cheltenham: very seriously and profoundly. I thought of it—let me see—when did I think of it? (*He rang again, and Fatout re-appeared.*) Fatout, when did I think of going to Cheltenham, and did not go?

Fatout.—De Juillet twenty-von, de last summer, Monsieur. (*Fatout retired.*)

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—So it was. An invaluable fellow that, Mr. Larynx—invaluable, Miss O'Carroll.

Marionetta.—So I should judge, indeed. He seems to serve you as a walking memory, and to be a living chronicle, not of your actions only, but of your thoughts.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—An excellent definition of the fellow, Miss O'Carroll,—excellent, upon my honour. Ha! ha! he! Heigho! Laughter is pleasant, but the exertion is too much for me.

A parcel was brought in for Mr. Listless; it had been sent express. Fatout was summoned to unpack it; and it proved to contain a new novel, and a new poem, both of which had long been anxiously expected by the whole host of fashionable readers; and the last number of a popular Review, of which the editor and his coadjutors were in high favour at court, and enjoyed ample pensions* for their services to church and state. As Fatout left the room, Mr. Flosky entered, and curiously inspected the literary arrivals.

Mr. Flosky.—(*Turning over the leaves.*) "Devilman, a novel." Hm. Hatred—revenge—misanthropy—and quotations from the Bible. Hm. This is the morbid anatomy of black bile.—"Paul Jones, a poem." Hm. I see how it is. Paul Jones, an amiable enthusiast—disappointed in his affections—turns pirate from ennui and magnanimity—cuts various masculine throats, wins various feminine hearts—is hanged at the yard-arm! The catastrophe is very awkward, and very unpoetical.—"The Downing Street Review." Hm. First article—An Ode to the Red Book, by Roderick Sackbut, Esquire. Hm. His own poem reviewed by himself. Hm-m-m.

(*Mr. Flosky proceeded in silence to look over the other articles of the Review; Marionetta inspected the novel, and Mr. Listless the poem.*)

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—For a young man of fashion and family, Mr. Listless, you seem to be of a very studious turn.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Studious! You are pleased to be facetious, Mr. Larynx. I hope you do not suspect me of being studious. I have finished my education. But there are some fashionable books that one must read, because they are ingredients of the talk of the day: otherwise I am no fonder of books than I dare say you yourself are, Mr. Larynx.

* "PENSION. Pay given to a slave of state for treason to his country."—JOHNSON'S Dictionary.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—Why, sir, I cannot say that I am indeed particularly fond of books; yet neither can I say that I never do read. A tale or a poem, now and then, to a circle of ladies over their work, is no very heterodox employment of the vocal energy. And I must say, for myself, that few men have a more Job-like endurance of the eternally recurring questions and answers that interweave themselves, on these occasions, with the crisis of an adventure, and heighten the distress of a tragedy.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—And very often make the distress when the author has omitted it.

Marionetta.—I shall try your patience some rainy morning Mr. Larynx; and Mr. Listless shall recommend us the very newest new book, that everybody reads.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—You shall receive it, Miss O'Carroll, with all the gloss of novelty; fresh as a ripe greengage in all the downiness of its bloom. A mail-coach copy from Edinburgh, forwarded express from London.

Mr. Flosky.—This rage for novelty is the bane of literature. Except my works and those of my particular friends, nothing is good that is not as old as Jeremy Taylor: and *entre nous*, the best parts of my friends' books were either written or suggested by myself.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Sir, I reverence you. But I must say, modern books are very consolatory and congenial to my feelings. There is, as it were, a delightful north-east wind, an intellectual blight breathing through them; a delicious misanthropy and discontent, that demonstrates the nullity of virtue and energy, and puts me in good humour with myself and my sofa.

Mr. Flosky.—Very true, sir. Modern literature is a north-east wind—a blight of the human soul, I take credit to myself for having helped to make it so. The way to produce fine fruit is to blight the flower. You call this a paradox. Marry, so be it. Ponder thereon.

The conversation was interrupted by the re-appearance of Mr. Toobad, covered with mud. He just showed himself at the door, muttered "The devil is come among you!" and vanished. The road which connected Nightmare Abbey with the civilized world was artificially raised above the level of the fens, and ran through them in a straight line as far as the eye could reach, with a ditch on each side, of which the water

[redacted]

[illegible] assuredly [illegible] right, sir!" said [illegible] Mr. Tribad: "but [illegible] There are more [illegible] girls." They parted [illegible] resolutions, and [illegible] was found empty, [illegible] Tribad had no clue to [illegible] town and country [illegible] Nightmare Abbey [illegible] Mr. Glowry. [illegible] that this was a [illegible] and rebellion: [illegible] discovered the [illegible] was come unto her, having [illegible]

In the evening, the whole party met, as usual, in the ibrary. Marionetta sat at the harp; the Honourable Mr. .istless sat by her and turned over her music, though the xertion was almost too much for him. The Reverend Mr. .arynx relieved him occasionally in this delightful labour. icythrop, tormented by the demon Jealousy, sat in the corner iting his lips and fingers. Marionetta looked at him every ow and then with a smile of most provoking good humour, rhich he pretended not to see, and which only the more exsperated his troubled spirit. He took down a volume of Dante, and pretended to be deeply interested in the Purgaorio, though he knew not a word he was reading, as Marionetta was well aware; who, tripping across the room, eeped into his book, and said to him, "I see you are in the iddle of Purgatory."—"I am in the middle of hell," said icythrop furiously. "Are you?" said she; "then come cross the room, and I will sing you the finale of Don iovanni."

"Let me alone," said Scythrop. Marionetta looked at m with a deprecating smile, and said, "You unjust, cross ature, you."—"Let me alone," said Scythrop, but much s emphatically than at first, and by no means wishing to taken at his word. Marionetta left him immediately, and urning to the harp, said, just loud enough for Scythrop to :—"Did you ever read Dante, Mr. Listless? Scythrop ading Dante, and is just now in Purgatory."—"And I," the Honourable Mr. Listless, "am not reading Dante, m just now in Paradise," bowing to Marionetta.

rionetta.—You are very gallant, Mr. Listless; and I ay you are very fond of reading Dante.

Honourable Mr. Listless.—I don't know how it is, but never came in my way till lately. I never had him collection, and if I had had him I should not have im. But I find he is growing fashionable, and I am must read him some wet morning.

metta.—No, read him some evening, by all means. u ever in love, Mr. Listless?

onourable Mr. Listless.—I assure you, Miss O'Carroll, ill I came to Nightmare Abbey. I dare say it is sant; but it seems to give so much trouble that I xertion would be too much for me.

Marionetta. Shall I teach you a compendious method of courtship, that will give you no trouble whatever.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—You will confer on me an inexpressible obligation. I am all impatience to learn it.

Marionetta. Sit with your back to the lady and read Dante; only be sure to begin in the middle, and turn over three or four pages at once—backwards as well as forwards, and she will immediately perceive that you are desperately in love with her—desperately.

(*The Honourable Mr. Listless sitting between Scythrop and Marionetta, and fixing all his attention on the beautiful speaker, did not observe Scythrop, who was doing as she described.*)

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—You are pleased to be facetious, Miss O'Carroll. The lady would infallibly conclude that I was the greatest brute in town.

Marionetta. Far from it. She would say, perhaps, some people have odd methods of showing their affection.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—But I should think, with submission

Mr. Flosky. (*Joining them from another part of the room.*) Did I not hear Mr. Listless observe that Dante is becoming fashionable?

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—I did hazard a remark to that effect, Mr. Flosky, though I speak on such subjects with a consciousness of my own nothingness, in the presence of so great a man as Mr. Flosky. I know not what is the colour of Dante's devils, but as he is certainly becoming fashionable I conclude they are blue; for the blue devils, as it seems to me, Mr. Flosky, constitute the fundamental feature of fashionable literature.

Mr. Flosky. The blue are, indeed, the staple commodity; but as they will not always be commanded, the black, red, and gray may be admitted as substitutes. Tea, late dinners, and the French Revolution have played the devil, Mr. Listless, and brought the devil into play.

Mr. Toobad (*starting up*). Having great wrath.

Mr. Flosky. This is no play upon words, but the sober sadness of veritable fact.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Tea, late dinners, and the French Revolution. I cannot exactly see the connection of ideas.

Mr. Flosky.—I should be sorry if you could; I pity the man who can see the connection of his own ideas. Still more do I pity him, the connection of whose ideas any other person can see. Sir, the great evil is, that there is too much commonplace light in our moral and political literature; and light is a great enemy to mystery, and mystery is a great friend to enthusiasm. Now the enthusiasm for abstract truth is an exceedingly fine thing, as long as the truth, which is the object of the enthusiasm, is so completely abstract as to be altogether out of the reach of the human faculties; and, in that sense, I have myself an enthusiasm for truth, but in no other, for the pleasure of metaphysical investigation lies in the means, not in the end; and if the end could be found, the pleasure of the means would cease. The mind, to be kept in health, must be kept in exercise. The proper exercise of the mind is elaborate reasoning. Analytical reasoning is a base and mechanical process, which takes to pieces and examines, bit by bit, the rude material of knowledge, and extracts therefrom a few hard and obstinate things called facts, everything in the shape of which I cordially hate. But synthetical reasoning, setting up as its goal some unattainable abstraction, like an imaginary quantity in algebra, and commencing its course with taking for granted some two assertions which cannot be proved, from the union of these two assumed truths produces a third assumption, and so on in infinite series, to the unspeakable benefit of the human intellect. The beauty of this process is, that at every step it strikes out into two branches, in a compound ratio of ramification; so that you are perfectly sure of losing your way, and keeping your mind in perfect health, by the perpetual exercise of an interminable quest; and for these reasons I have christened my eldest son Emanuel Kant Flosky.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—Nothing can be more luminous.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—And what has all that to do with Dante, and the blue devils?

Mr. Hilary.—Not much, I should think, with Dante, but a great deal with the blue devils.

Mr. Flosky.—It is very certain, and much to be rejoiced at, that our literature is hag-ridden. Tea has shattered our nerves; late dinners make us slaves of indigestion; the French Revolution has made us shrink from the name of philosophy, and has destroyed, in the more refined part of

the community (of which number I am one), all enthusiasm for political liberty. That part of the *reading public* which shuns the solid food of reason for the light diet of fiction, requires a perpetual adhibition of *sauce piquante* to the palate of its depraved imagination. It lived upon ghosts, goblins, and skeletons (I and my friend Mr. Sackbut served up a few of the best), till even the devil himself, though magnified to the size of Mount Athos, became too base, common, and popular for its surfeited appetite. The ghosts have therefore been laid, and the devil has been cast into outer darkness, and now the delight of our spirits is to dwell on all the vices and blackest passions of our nature, tricked out in a masquerade dress of heroism and disappointed benevolence; the whole secret of which lies in forming combinations that contradict all our experience, and affixing the purple shred of some particular virtue to that precise character, in which we should be most certain not to find it in the living world; and making this single virtue not only redeem all the real and manifest vices of the character, but make them actually pass for necessary adjuncts, and indispensable accompaniments and characteristics of the said virtue.

Mr. Toobad.—That is, because the devil is come among us, and finds it for his interest to destroy all our perceptions of the distinctions of right and wrong.

Marionetta.—I do not precisely enter into your meaning, Mr. Flosky, and should be glad if you would make it a little more plain to me.

Mr. Flosky.—One or two examples will do it, Miss O'Carroll. If I were to take all the mean and sordid qualities of a money-dealing Jew, and tack on to them, as with a nail, the quality of extreme benevolence, I should have a very decent hero for a modern novel; and should contribute my quota to the fashionable method of administering a mass of vice, under a thin and unnatural covering of virtue, like a spider wrapt in a bit of gold leaf, and administered as a wholesome pill. On the same principle, if a man knocks me down, and takes my purse and watch by main force, I turn him to account, and set him forth in a tragedy as a dashing young fellow, disinherited for his romantic generosity, and full of a most amiable hatred of the world in general, and his own country in particular, and of a most enlightened and chivalrous affection for himself: then, with

the addition of a wild girl to fall in love with him, and a series of adventures in which they break all the Ten Commandments in succession (always, you will observe, for some sublime motive, which must be carefully analyzed in its progress), I have as amiable a pair of tragic characters as ever issued from that new region of the belles lettres, which I have called the Morbid Anatomy of Black Bile, and which is greatly to be admired and rejoiced at, as affording a fine scope for the exhibition of mental power.

Mr. Hilary.—Which is about as well employed as the power of a hothouse would be in forcing up a nettle to the size of an elm. If we go on in this way, we shall have a new art of poetry, of which one of the first rules will be: To remember to forget that there are any such things as sunshine and music in the world.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—It seems to be the case with us at present, or we should not have interrupted Miss O'Carroll's music with this exceedingly dry conversation.

Mr. Flosky.—I should be most happy if Miss O'Carroll would remind us that there are yet both music and sunshine——

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—In the voice and the smile of beauty. May I entreat the favour of—(*turning over the pages of music.*)

All were silent, and Marionetta sung:—

Why are thy looks so blank, gray friar?
  Why are thy looks so blue?
Thou seem'st more pale and lank, gray friar,
  Than thou wast used to do:—
  Say, what has made thee rue?

Thy form was plump, and a light did shine
  In thy round and ruby face,
Which showed an outward visible sign
  Of an inward spiritual grace:—
  Say, what has changed thy case?

Yet will I tell thee true, gray friar,
  I very well can see,
That, if thy looks are blue, gray friar,
  'Tis all for love of me,—
  'Tis all for love of me.

But breathe not thy vows to me, gray friar,
  Oh ! breathe them not, I pray ;
For ill beseems in a reverend friar,
  The love of a mortal may ;
  And I needs must say thee nay.

But, could'st thou think my heart to move
  With that pale and silent scowl ?
Know, he who would win a maiden's love,
  Whether clad in cap or cowl,
  Must be more of a lark than an owl.

Scythrop immediately replaced Dante on the shelf, and joined the circle round the beautiful singer. Marionetta gave him a smile of approbation that fully restored his complacency, and they continued on the best possible terms during the remainder of the evening. The Honourable Mr. Listless turned over the leaves with double alacrity, saying, "You are severe upon invalids, Miss O'Carroll : to escape your satire, I must try to be sprightly, though the exertion is too much for me."

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW visitor arrived at the Abbey, in the person of Mr. Asterias, the ichthyologist. This gentleman had passed his life in seeking the living wonders of the deep through the four quarters of the world ; he had a cabinet of stuffed and dried fishes, of shells, sea-weeds, corals, and madrepores, that was the admiration and envy of the Royal Society. He had penetrated into the watery den of the Sepia Octopus, disturbed the conjugal happiness of that turtle-dove of the ocean, and come off victorious in a sanguinary conflict. He had been becalmed in the tropical seas, and had watched, in eager expectation, though unhappily always in vain, to see the colossal polypus rise from the water, and entwine its enormous arms round the masts and the rigging. He maintained the origin of all things from water, and insisted that the polypodes were the first of animated things, and that, from their round bodies and many-

shooting arms, the Hindoos had taken their gods, the most ancient of deities. But the chief object of his ambition, the end and aim of his researches, was to discover a triton and a mermaid, the existence of which he most potently and implicitly believed, and was prepared to demonstrate, *à priori*, *à posteriori*, *à fortiori*, synthetically and analytically, syllogistically and inductively, by arguments deduced both from acknowledged facts and plausible hypotheses. A report that a mermaid had been seen "sleeking her soft alluring locks" on the sea-coast of Lincolnshire, had brought him in great haste from London, to pay a long-promised and often-postponed visit to his old acquaintance, Mr. Glowry.

Mr. Asterias was accompanied by his son, to whom he had given the name of Aquarius—flattering himself that he would, in the process of time, become a constellation among the stars of ichthyological science. What charitable female had lent him the mould in which this son was cast, no one pretended to know; and, as he never dropped the most distant allusion to Aquarius's mother, some of the wags of London maintained that he had received the favours of a mermaid, and that the scientific perquisitions which kept him always prowling about the sea-shore, were directed by the less philosophical motive of regaining his lost love.

Mr. Asterias perlustrated the sea-coast for several days, and reaped disappointment, but not despair. One night, shortly after his arrival, he was sitting in one of the windows of the library, looking towards the sea, when his attention was attracted by a figure which was moving near the edge of the surf, and which was dimly visible through the moonless summer night. Its motions were irregular, like those of a person in a state of indecision. It had extremely long hair, which floated in the wind. Whatever else it might be, it certainly was not a fisherman. It might be a lady; but it was neither Mrs. Hilary nor Miss O'Carroll, for they were both in the library. It might be one of the female servants; but it had too much grace, and too striking an air of habitual liberty to render it probable. Besides, what should one of the female servants be doing there at this hour, moving to and fro, as it seemed, without any visible purpose? It could scarcely be a stranger, for Claydyke, the nearest village, was ten miles *distant*; and what female would come ten miles

across the fens, for no purpose but to hover over the surf, under the walls of Nightmare Abbey? Might it not be a mermaid? It was possibly a mermaid. It was probably a mermaid. It was very probably a mermaid. Nay, what else could it be but a mermaid? It certainly was a mermaid. Mr. Asterias stole out of the library on tip-toe, with his finger on his lips, having beckoned Aquarius to follow him.

The rest of the party was in great surprise at Mr. Asterias's movement, and some of them approached the window to see if the locality would tend to elucidate the mystery. Presently they saw him and Aquarius cautiously stealing along on the other side of the moat, but they saw nothing more; and Mr. Asterias, returning, told them, with accents of great disappointment, that he had had a glimpse of a mermaid, but she had eluded him in the darkness, and was gone, he presumed, to sup with some enamoured triton, in a submarine grotto.

"But, seriously, Mr. Asterias," said the Honourable Mr. Listless, "do you positively believe there are such things as mermaids?"

Mr. Asterias.—Most assuredly; and tritons too.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—What! things that are half human and half fish?

Mr. Asterias.—Precisely. They are the oran outangs of the sea. But I am persuaded that there are also complete sea men, differing in no respect from us, but that they are stupid and covered with scales; for, though our organization seems to exclude us essentially from the class of amphibious animals, yet anatomists well know that the foramen ovale may remain open in an adult, and that respiration is, in that case, not necessary to life: and how can it be otherwise explained that the Indian divers, employed in the pearl fishery, pass whole hours under the water; and that the famous Swedish gardener of Troningholm lived a day and a half under the ice without being drowned? A Nereid, or mermaid, was taken in the year 1403 in a Dutch lake, and was in every respect like a Frenchwoman except that she did not speak. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, an English ship a hundred and fifty leagues from land, in the Greenland seas, discovered a flotilla of sixty or seventy little skiffs, in each of which was a triton, or sea man: at the approach of the English vessel, the whole of them, seized with simultaneous fear, disappeared,

skiffs and all, under the water, as if they had been a human variety of the nautilus. The illustrious Don Feijoo has preserved an authentic and well-attested story of a young Spaniard, named Francis de la Vega, who, bathing with some of his friends in June, 1674, suddenly dived under the sea and rose no more. His friends thought him drowned: they were plebeians and pious Catholics; but a philosopher might very legitimately have drawn the same conclusion.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—Nothing could be more logical.

Mr. Asterias.—Five years afterwards, some fishermen near Cadiz found in their nets a triton, or sea man; they spoke to him in several languages——

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—They were very learned fishermen.

Mr. Hilary.—They had the gift of tongues by especial favour of their brother fisherman, St. Peter.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Is Saint Peter the tutelar saint of Cadiz? (*None of the company could answer this question, and Mr. Asterias proceeded.*)

They spoke to him in several languages, but he was as mute as a fish. They handed him over to some holy friars, who exorcised him; but the devil was mute too. After some days he pronounced the name Lierganes. A monk took him to that village. His mother and brothers recognized and embraced him; but he was as insensible to their caresses as any other fish would have been. He had some scales on his body, which dropped off by degrees; but his skin was as hard and rough as shagreen. He stayed at home nine years, without recovering his speech or his reason: he then disappeared again; and one of his old acquaintance, some years after, saw him pop his head out of the water, near the coast of the Asturias. These facts were certified by his brothers, and by Don Gaspardo de la Riba Aguero, Knight of Saint James, who lived near Lierganes, and often had the pleasure of our triton's company to dinner. Pliny mentions an embassy of the Olyssiponians to Tiberius, to give him intelligence of a triton which had been heard playing on its shell in a certain cave; with several other authenticated facts on the subject of Tritons and Nereids.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—You astonish me. I have been much on the sea-shore, in the season, but I do not think I ever saw a mermaid. (*He rang, and summoned* Fatout, who

made his appearance half-seas-over.) Fatout, did I ever see a mermaid?

Fatout.—Mermaid! mer-r-m-m-maid! Ah! merry maid! Oui, monsieur. Yes, sir, very many. I vish dere was one or two here in de kitchen—ma foi! Dey be all as melancholic as so many tombstone!

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—I mean, Fatout, an odd kind of human fish.

Fatout.—De odd fish! Ah, oui! I understand the phrase: ve have seen nothing else since ve left town—ma foi!

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—You seem to have a cup too much, sir.

Fatout.—Non, monsieur: de cup too little. De fen be very unwholesome, and I drink-a-de ponch vid Raven de butler, to keep out de bad air.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Fatout! I insist on your being sober.

Fatout.—Oui, monsieur; I vil be as sober as de révérendissime père Jean. I should be ver glad of de merry maid; but de butler be de odd fish, and he swim in de bowl de ponch. Ah! ah! I do recollect de little-a song:—"About fair maids, and about fair maids, and about my merry maids all." (*Fatout reeled out, singing.*)

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—I am overwhelmed: I never saw the rascal in such a condition before. But will you allow me, Mr. Asterias, to inquire into the *cui bono* of all the pains and expense you have incurred to discover a mermaid? The *cui bono*, sir, is the question I always take the liberty to ask when I see any one taking much trouble for any object. I am myself a sort of Signor Pococurante, and should like to know if there be anything better or pleasanter, than the state of existing and doing nothing?

Mr. Asterias.—I have made many voyages, Mr. Listless, to remote and barren shores: I have travelled over desert and inhospitable lands: I have defied danger—I have endured fatigue—I have submitted to privation. In the midst of these I have experienced pleasures which I would not at any time have exchanged for that of existing and doing nothing. I have known many evils, but I have never known the worst of all, which, as it seems to me, are those which are comprehended in the inexhaustible varieties of *ennui:* spleen, chagrin, vapours, blue devils, time-killing, discontent, misan-

thropy, and all their interminable train of fretfulness, querulousness, suspicions, jealousies, and fears, which have alike infected society, and the literature of society; and which would make an arctic ocean of the human mind, if the more humane pursuits of philosophy and science did not keep alive the better feelings and more valuable energies of our nature.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—You are pleased to be severe upon our fashionable belles lettres.

Mr. Asterias.—Surely not without reason, when pirates, highwaymen, and other varieties of the extensive genus Marauder, are the only *beau idéal* of the active, as splenetic and railing misanthropy is of the speculative energy. A gloomy brow and a tragical voice seem to have been of late the characteristics of fashionable manners: and a morbid, withering, deadly, antisocial sirocco, loaded with moral and political despair, breathes through all the groves and valleys of the modern Parnassus; while science moves on in the calm dignity of its course, affording to youth delights equally pure and vivid—to maturity, calm and grateful occupation—to old age, the most pleasing recollections and inexhaustible materials of agreeable and salutary reflection; and, while its votary enjoys the disinterested pleasure of enlarging the intellect and increasing the comforts of society, he is himself independent of the caprices of human intercourse and the accidents of human fortune. Nature is his great and inexhaustible treasure. His days are always too short for his enjoyment: *ennui* is a stranger to his door. At peace with the world and with his own mind, he suffices to himself, makes all around him happy, and the close of his pleasing and beneficial existence is the evening of a beautiful day.*

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Really I should like very well to lead such a life myself, but the exertion would be too much for me. Besides, I have been at college. I contrive to get through my day by sinking my morning in bed, and killing the evening in company; dressing and dining in the intermediate space, and stopping the chinks and crevices of the few vacant moments that remain with a little easy reading. And that amiable discontent and antisociality which

* *See Denys Montfort*: Histoire Naturelle des Mollusques; Vues *Générales, pp. 37, 38.*

you reprobate in our present drawing-room table literature, I find, I do assure you, a very fine mental tonic, which reconciles me to my favourite pursuit of doing nothing, by showing me that nobody is worth doing anything for.

Marionetta.—But is there not in such compositions a kind of unconscious self-detection, which seems to carry their own antidote with them? For surely no one who cordially and truly either hates or despises the world will publish a volume every three months to say so.

Mr. Flosky.—There is a secret in all this, which I will elucidate with a dusky remark. According to Berkeley, the *esse* of things is *percipi*. They exist as they are perceived. But, leaving for the present, as far as relates to the material world, the materialists, hyloists, and antihyloists, to settle this point among them, which is indeed

> A subtle question, raised among
> Those out o' their wits, and those i' the wrong.

for only we transcendentalists are in the right: we may very safely assert that the *esse* of happiness is *percipi*. It exists as it is perceived. "It is the mind that maketh well or ill." The elements of pleasure and pain are everywhere. The degree of happiness that any circumstances or objects can confer on us depends on the mental disposition with which we approach them. If you consider what is meant by the common phrases, a happy disposition and a discontented temper, you will perceive that the truth for which I am contending is universally admitted. (*Mr. Flosky suddenly stopped; he found himself unintentionally trespassing within the limits of common sense.*)

Mr. Hilary.—It is very true; a happy disposition finds materials of enjoyment everywhere. In the city, or the country—in society, or in solitude—in the theatre, or the forest—in the hum of the multitude, or in the silence of the mountains, are alike materials of reflection and elements of pleasure. It is one mode of pleasure to listen to the music of "Don Giovanni," in a theatre glittering with light, and crowded with elegance and beauty: it is another to glide at sunset over the bosom of a lonely lake, where no sound disturbs the silence but the motion of the boat through the waters. A happy disposition derives pleasure from both, a discontented temper from neither, but is always busy in

detecting deficiencies, and feeding dissatisfaction with comparisons. The one gathers all the flowers, the other all the nettles, in its path. The one has the faculty of enjoying everything, the other of enjoying nothing. The one realizes all the pleasure of the present good; the other converts it into pain, by pining after something better, which is only better because it is not present, and which, if it were present, would not be enjoyed. These morbid spirits are in life what professed critics are in literature; they see nothing but faults, because they are predetermined to shut their eyes to beauties. The critic does his utmost to blight genius in its infancy; that which rises in spite of him he will not see; and then he complains of the decline of literature. In like manner, these cankers of society complain of human nature and society, when they have wilfully debarred themselves from all the good they contain, and done their utmost to blight their own happiness and that of all around them. Misanthropy is sometimes the product of disappointed benevolence; but it is more frequently the offspring of overweening and mortified vanity, quarrelling with the world for not being better treated than it deserves.

Scythrop (*to Marionetta*).—These remarks are rather uncharitable. There is great good in human nature, but it is at present ill-conditioned. Ardent spirits cannot but be dissatisfied with things as they are; and, according to their views of the probabilities of amelioration, they will rush into the extremes of either hope or despair—of which the first is enthusiasm, and the second misanthropy; but their sources in this case are the same, as the Severn and the Wye run in different directions, and both rise in Plinlimmon.

Marionetta.—"And there is salmon in both;" for the resemblance is about as close as that between Macedon and Monmouth.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARIONETTA observed the next day a remarkable perturbation in Scythrop, for which she could not imagine any probable cause. She was willing to believe at first that it had some transient and trifling source,

and would pass off in a day or two; but, contrary to this expectation, it daily increased. She was well aware that Scythrop had a strong tendency to the love of mystery, for its own sake; that is to say, he would employ mystery to serve a purpose, but would first choose his purpose by its capability of mystery. He seemed now to have more mystery on his hands than the laws of the system allowed, and to wear his coat of darkness with an air of great discomfort. All her little playful arts lost by degrees much of their power, either to irritate or to soothe; and the first perception of her diminished influence produced in her an immediate depression of spirits, and a consequent sadness of demeanour, that rendered her very interesting to Mr. Glowry; who, duly considering the improbability of accomplishing his wishes with respect to Miss Toobad (which improbability naturally increased in the diurnal ratio of that young lady's absence), began to reconcile himself by degrees to the idea of Marionetta being his daughter.

Marionetta made many ineffectual attempts to extract from Scythrop the secret of his mystery; and, in despair of drawing it from himself, began to form hopes that she might find a clue to it from Mr. Flosky, who was Scythrop's dearest friend, and was more frequently than any other person admitted to his solitary tower. Mr. Flosky, however, had ceased to be visible in a morning. He was engaged in the composition of a dismal ballad; and Marionetta's uneasiness overcoming her scruples of decorum, she determined to seek him in the apartment which he had chosen for his study. She tapped at the door, and at the sound "Come in," entered the apartment. It was noon, and the sun was shining in full splendour, much to the annoyance of Mr. Flosky, who had obviated the inconvenience by closing the shutters, and drawing the window-curtains. He was sitting at his table by the light of a solitary candle, with a pen in one hand, and a muffineer in the other, with which he occasionally sprinkled salt on the wick to make it burn blue. He sate with "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and turned his inspired gaze on Marionetta as if she had been the ghastly ladie of a magical vision; then placed his hand before his eyes, with an appearance of manifest pain—shook his head—withdrew his hand—rubbed his eyes, like a waking man—and said, in a tone of ruefulness most jeremitalorically pathetic, "To what am I

to attribute this very unexpected pleasure, my dear Miss O'Carroll?"

Marionetta.—I must apologise for intruding on you, Mr. Flosky; but the interest which I—you—take in my cousin Scythrop——"

Mr. Flosky.—Pardon me, Miss O'Carroll; I do not take any interest in any person or thing on the face of the earth; which sentiment, if you analyse it, you will find to be the quintessence of the most refined philanthropy.

Marionetta.—I will take it for granted that it is so, Mr. Flosky; I am not conversant with metaphysical subtleties, but——

Mr. Flosky.—Subtleties! my dear Miss O'Carroll. I am sorry to find you participating in the vulgar error of the *reading public*, to whom an unusual collocation of words, involving a juxtaposition of antiperistatical ideas, immediately suggests the notion of hyperoxysophistical paradoxology.

Marionetta.—Indeed, Mr. Flosky, it suggests no such notion to me. I have sought you for the purpose of obtaining information.

Mr. Flosky (*shaking his head*).—No one ever sought me for such a purpose before.

Marionetta.—I think, Mr. Flosky—that is, I believe—that is, I fancy—that is, I imagine——

Mr. Flosky.—The τουτεστι, the *id est*, the *cioè*, the *c'est à dire*, the *that is*, my dear Miss O'Carroll, is not applicable in this case—if you will permit me to take the liberty of saying so. Think is not synonymous with believe—for belief, in many most important particulars, results from the total absence, the absolute negation of thought, and is thereby the sane and orthodox condition of mind; and thought and belief are both essentially different from fancy, and fancy, again, is distinct from imagination. This distinction between fancy and imagination is one of the most abstruse and important points of metaphysics. I have written seven hundred pages of promise to elucidate it, which promise I shall keep as faithfully as the bank will its promise to pay.

Marionetta.—I assure you, Mr. Flosky, I care no more about metaphysics than I do about the bank; and, if you will condescend to talk to a simple girl in intelligible terms——

Mr. Flosky.—Say not condescend! Know you not that you talk to the most humble of men, to one who has buckled

on the armour of sanctity, and clothed himself with humility as with a garment?

Marionetta.—My cousin Scythrop has of late had an air of mystery about him, which gives me great uneasiness.

Mr. Flosky.—That is strange: nothing is so becoming to a man as an air of mystery. Mystery is the very key-stone of all that is beautiful in poetry, all that is sacred in faith, and all that is recondite in transcendental psychology. I am writing a ballad which is all mystery; it is "such stuff as dreams are made of," and is, indeed, stuff made of a dream; for, last night I fell asleep as usual over my book, and had a vision of pure reason. I composed five hundred lines in my sleep; so that, having had a dream of a ballad, I am now officiating as my own Peter Quince, and making a ballad of my dream, and it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it has no bottom.

Marionetta.—I see, Mr. Flosky, you think my intrusion unseasonable, and are inclined to punish it, by talking nonsense to me. (*Mr. Flosky gave a start at the word nonsense, which almost overturned the table.*) I assure you, I would not have intruded if I had not been very much interested in the question I wish to ask you.—(*Mr. Flosky listened in sullen dignity.*)—My cousin Scythrop seems to have some secret preying on his mind.—(*Mr. Flosky was silent.*)—He seems very unhappy—Mr. Flosky.—Perhaps you are acquainted with the cause.—(*Mr. Flosky was still silent.*)—I only wish to know—Mr. Flosky—if it is anything—that could be remedied by anything—that any one—of whom I know anything—could do.

Mr. Flosky (*after a pause*).—There are various ways of getting at secrets. The most approved methods, as recommended both theoretically and practically in philosophical novels, are eaves-dropping at key-holes, picking the locks of chests and desks, peeping into letters, steaming wafers, and insinuating hot wire under sealing-wax; none of which methods I hold it lawful to practise.

Marionetta.—Surely, Mr. Flosky, you cannot suspect me of wishing to adopt or encourage such base and contemptible arts.

Mr. Flosky.—Yet are they recommended, and with well-strung reasons, by writers of gravity and note, as simple and easy methods of studying character, and gratifying that laudable curiosity which aims at the knowledge of man.

Marionetta.—I am as ignorant of this morality which you do not approve, as of the metaphysics which you do: I should be glad to know by your means, what is the matter with my cousin; I do not like to see him unhappy, and I suppose there is some reason for it.

Mr. Flosky.—Now I should rather suppose there is no reason for it: it is the fashion to be unhappy. To have a reason for being so would be exceedingly commonplace: to be so without any is the province of genius: the art of being miserable for misery's sake, has been brought to great perfection in our days; and the ancient Odyssey, which held forth a shining example of the endurance of real misfortune, will give place to a modern one, setting out a more instructive picture of querulous impatience under imaginary evils.

Marionetta.—Will you oblige me, Mr. Flosky, by giving me a plain answer to a plain question?

Mr. Flosky.—It is impossible, my dear Miss O'Carroll. I never gave a plain answer to a question in my life.

Marionetta.—Do you, or do you not, know what is the matter with my cousin?

Mr. Flosky.—To say that I do not know, would be to say that I am ignorant of something; and God forbid that a transcendental metaphysician, who has pure anticipated cognitions of everything, and carries the whole science of geometry in his head without ever having looked into Euclid, should fall into so empirical an error as to declare himself ignorant of anything: to say that I do know, would be to pretend to positive and circumstantial knowledge touching present matter of fact, which, when you consider the nature of evidence, and the various lights in which the same thing may be seen——

Marionetta.—I see, Mr. Flosky, that either you have no information, or are determined not to impart it; and I beg your pardon for having given you this unnecessary trouble.

Mr. Flosky.—My dear Miss O'Carroll, it would have given me great pleasure to have said anything that would have given you pleasure; but if any person living could make report of having obtained any information on any subject from Ferdinando Flosky, my transcendental reputation would be ruined for ever.

CHAPTER IX.

SCYTHROP grew every day more reserved, mysterious, and *distrait;* and gradually lengthened the duration of his diurnal seclusions in his tower. Marionetta thought she perceived in all this very manifest symptoms of a warm love cooling.

It was seldom that she found herself alone with him in the morning, and, on these occasions, if she was silent in the hope of his speaking first, not a syllable would he utter; if she spoke to him indirectly, he assented monosyllabically; if she questioned him, his answers were brief, constrained, and evasive. Still, though her spirits were depressed, her playfulness had not so totally forsaken her, but that it illuminated at intervals the gloom of Nightmare Abbey; and if, on any occasion, she observed in Scythrop tokens of unextinguished or returning passion, her love of tormenting her lover immediately got the better both of her grief and her sympathy, though not of her curiosity, which Scythrop seemed determined not to satisfy. This playfulness, however, was in a great measure artificial, and usually vanished with the irritable Strephon, to whose annoyance it had been exerted. The Genius Loci, the *tutela* of Nightmare Abbey, the spirit of black melancholy, began to set his seal on her pallescent countenance. Scythrop perceived the change, found his tender sympathies awakened, and did his utmost to comfort the afflicted damsel, assuring her that his seeming inattention had only proceeded from his being involved in a profound meditation on a very hopeful scheme for the regeneration of human society. Marionetta called him ungrateful, cruel, cold-hearted, and accompanied her reproaches with many sobs and tears: poor Scythrop growing every moment more soft and submissive—till, at length, he threw himself at her feet, and declared that no competition of beauty, however dazzling, genius, however transcendent, talents, however cultivated, or philosophy, however enlightened, should ever make him renounce his divine Marionetta.

"Competition!" thought Marionetta, and suddenly, with an air of the most freezing indifference, she said, "You are perfectly at liberty, sir, to do as you please; I beg you will follow your own plans, without any reference to me."

Scythrop was confounded. What was become of all her passion and her tears? Still kneeling, he kissed her hand with rueful timidity, and said, in most pathetic accents, "Do you not love me, Marionetta?"

"No," said Marionetta, with a look of cold composure: "No." Scythrop still looked up incredulously. "No I tell you."

"Oh! very well, madam," said Scythrop, rising, "if that is the case, there are those in the world——"

"To be sure there are, sir;—and do you suppose that I do not see through your designs, you ungenerous monster?"

"My designs, Marionetta!"

"Yes, your designs, Scythrop. You have come here to cast me off, and artfully contrive that it should appear to be my doing, and not yours, thinking to quiet your tender conscience with this pitiful stratagem. But do not suppose that you are of so much consequence to me; do not suppose it: you are of no consequence to me at all—not at all, therefore, leave me: I renounce you: leave me: why do you not leave me?"

Scythrop endeavoured to remonstrate, but without success. She reiterated her injunctions to him to leave her, till, in the simplicity of his spirit, he was preparing to comply. When he had nearly reached the door, Marionetta said, "Farewell." Scythrop looked back. "Farewell, Scythrop," she repeated, "you will never see me again."

"Never see you again, Marionetta?"

"I shall go from hence to-morrow, perhaps to-day; and before we meet again, one of us will be married, and we might as well be dead, you know, Scythrop."

The sudden change of her voice in the last few words, and the burst of tears that accompanied them, acted like electricity on the tender-hearted youth; and, in another instant, a complete reconciliation was accomplished without the intervention of words.

There are, indeed, some learned casuists, who maintain that love has no language, and that all the misunderstandings and dissensions of lovers arise from the fatal habit of employing words on a subject to which words are inapplicable; that love, beginning with looks, that is to say, with the physiognomical *expression of* congenial mental dispositions, tends *through a regular gradation* of signs and symbols of affection, *to that consummation* which is most devoutly to be wished;

and that it neither is necessary that there should be, nor probable that there would be, a single word spoken from first to last between two sympathetic spirits, were it not that the arbitrary institutions of society have raised, at every step of this very simple process, so many complicated impediments and barriers in the shape of settlements and ceremonies, parents and guardians, lawyers, Jew-brokers, and parsons, that many an adventurous knight (who, in order to obtain the conquest of a Hesperian fruit, is obliged to fight his way through all these monsters) is either repulsed at the onset, or vanquished before the achievement of his enterprise: and such a quantity of unnatural talking is rendered inevitably necessary through all the stages of the progression, that the tender and volatile spirit of love often takes flight on the pinions of some of the *επεα πτερροεντα*, or *winged words*, which are pressed into his service in despite of himself.

At this conjunction, Mr. Glowry entered, and sitting down near them, said, "I see how it is: and, as we are all sure to be miserable do what we may, there is no need of taking pains to make one another more so; therefore, with God's blessing and mine, there"—joining their hands as he spoke.

Scythrop was not exactly prepared for this decisive step; but he could only stammer out, "Really, sir, you are too good;" and Mr. Glowry departed to bring Mr. Hilary to ratify the act.

Now, whatever truth there may be in the theory of love and language, of which we have so recently spoken, certain it is, that during Mr. Glowry's absence, which lasted half an hour, not a single word was said by either Scythrop or Marionetta.

Mr. Glowry returned with Mr. Hilary, who was delighted at the prospect of so advantageous an establishment for his orphan niece, of whom he considered himself in some manner the guardian, and nothing remained, as Mr. Glowry observed, but to fix the day.

Marionetta blushed, and was silent. Scythrop was also silent for a time, and at length hesitatingly said, "My dear sir, your goodness overpowers me; but really you are so precipitate."

Now, this remark, if the young lady had made it, would, whether she thought it or not—for sincerity is a thing of no account on these occasions, nor indeed on any other, according

Mr. Flosky—this remark, if the young lady had made it, uld have been perfectly *comme il faut;* but, being made by e young gentleman, it was *toute autre chose*, and was, indeed, the eyes of his mistress, a most heinous and irremissible ence. Marionetta was angry, very angry, but she con-ıled her anger, and said, calmly and coldly, "Certainly, u are much too precipitate, Mr. Glowry. I assure you, sir, ıave by no means made up my mind; and, indeed, as far I know it, it inclines the other way; but it will be quite ne enough to think of these matters seven years hence." fore surprise permitted reply, the young lady had locked rself up in her own apartment.

"Why, Scythrop," said Mr. Glowry, elongating his face ceedingly, "the devil is come among us sure enough, as r. Toobad observes: I thought you and Marionetta were th of a mind."

"So we are, I believe, sir," said Scythrop, gloomily, and ılked away to his tower.

"Mr. Glowry," said Mr. Hilary, "I do not very well ıderstand all this."

"Whims, brother Hilary," said Mr. Glowry; "some little olish love quarrel, nothing more. Whims, freaks, April owers. They will be blown over by to-morrow."

"If not," said Mr. Hilary, "these April showers have ade us April fools."

"Ah!" said Mr. Glowry, "you are a happy man, and in l your afflictions you can console yourself with a joke, let it ever so bad, provided you crack it yourself. I should be ry happy to laugh with you, if it would give you any satis-ction; but, really, at present, my heart is so sad, that find it impossible to levy a contribution on my muscles.

CHAPTER X.

ON the evening on which Mr. Asterias had caught a glimpse of a female figure on the sea-shore, which he had translated into the visual sign of his interior ognition of a mermaid, Scythrop, retiring to his tower, found is study pre-occupied. A stranger, muffled in a cloak, was ting at his table. Scythrop paused in surprise. The

stranger rose at his entrance, and looked at him intently a few moments, in silence. The eyes of the stranger alone were visible. All the rest of his figure was muffled and mantled in the folds of a black cloak, which was raised, by the right hand, to the level of the eyes. This scrutiny being completed, the stranger, dropping the cloak, said, "I see, by your physiognomy, that you may be trusted;" and revealed to the astonished Scythrop a female form and countenance of dazzling grace and beauty, with long flowing hair of raven blackness, and large black eyes of almost oppressive brilliancy, which strikingly contrasted with a complexion of snowy whiteness. Her dress was extremely elegant, but had an appearance of foreign fashion, as if both the lady and the mantuamaker were of "far countree."

> "I guess 't was frightful there to see
> A lady so richly clad as she,
> Beautiful exceedingly."

For, if it be terrible for one young lady to find another under a tree at midnight, it must, *à fortiori*, be much more terrible to a young gentleman to find a young lady in his study at that hour. If the logical consecutiveness of this conclusion be not manifest to my readers, I am sorry for their dulness, and must refer them, for more ample elucidation, to a treatise which Mr. Flosky intends to write, on the Categories of Relation, which comprehend Substance and Accident, Cause and Effect, Action and Re-action.

Scythrop, therefore, either was or ought to have been frightened; at all events, he was astonished; and astonishment, though not in itself fear, is nevertheless a good stage towards it, and is, indeed, as it were the half-way house between respect and terror, according to Mr. Burke's graduated scale of the sublime.*

* There must be some mistake in this, for the whole honourable band of gentlemen-pensioners has resolved unanimously, that Mr. Burke was a very sublime person, particularly after he had prostituted his own soul, and betrayed his country and mankind, for 1200*l.* a year: yet he does not appear to have been a very terrible personage, and certainly went off with a very small portion of human respect, though he contrived to excite, in a great degree, the astonishment of all honest men. Our immaculate laureate (who gives us to understand that, if he had not been purified by holy matrimony into a mystical type, he would have died a virgin) is another sublime

"You are surprised," said the lady; "yet why should you be surprised? If you had met me in a drawing-room, and I had been introduced to you by an old woman, it would have been a matter of course: can the division of two or three walls, and the absence of an unimportant personage, make the same object essentially different in the perception of a philosopher?"

"Certainly not," said Scythrop; "but when any class of objects has habitually presented itself to our perceptions in invariable conjunction with particular relations, then, on the sudden appearance of one object of the class divested of those accompaniments, the essential difference of the relation is, by an involuntary process, transferred to the object itself, which thus offers itself to our perceptions with all the strangeness of novelty."

"You are a philosopher," said the lady, "and a lover of liberty. You are the author of a treatise, called "Philosophical Gas; or, a Project for a General Illumination of the Human Mind.'"

"I am," said Scythrop, delighted at this first blossom of his renown.

"I am a stranger in this country," said the lady; "I have been but a few days in it, yet I find myself immediately under the necessity of seeking refuge from an atrocious persecution. I had no friend to whom I could apply; and, in the midst of my difficulties, accident threw your pamphlet in my way. I saw that I had, at least, one kindred mind in this nation, and determined to apply to you."

"And what would you have me do?" said Scythrop, more and more amazed, and not a little perplexed.

"I would have you," said the young lady, "assist me in finding some place of retreat, where I can remain concealed

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gentleman of the same genus: he very much astonished some persons when he sold his birthright for a pot of sack; but not even his *Sosia* had a grain of respect for him, though, doubtless, he thinks his name very terrible to the enemy, when he flourishes his criticopoetico-political tomahawk, and sets up his Indian yell for the blood of his old friends: but, at best, he is a mere political scarecrow, a man of straw, ridiculous to all who know of what materials he is made; and to none more so, than to those who have stuffed him, and set him up, as the Priapus of the garden of the golden apples of corruption.

from the indefatigable search that is being made for me. I have been so nearly caught once or twice already, that I cannot confide any longer in my own ingenuity."

Doubtless, thought Scythrop, this is one of my golden candlesticks. "I have constructed," said he, "in this tower, an entrance to a small suite of unknown apartments in the main building, which I defy any creature living to detect. If you would like to remain there a day or two, till I can find you a more suitable concealment, you may rely on the honour of a transcendental eleutherarch."

"I rely on myself," said the lady. "I act as I please, go where I please, and let the world say what it will. I am rich enough to set it at defiance. It is the tyrant of the poor and the feeble, but the slave of those who are above the reach of its injury."

Scythrop ventured to inquire the name of his fair *protégée*. "What is a name?" said the lady: "any name will serve the purpose of distinction. Call me Stella. I see by your looks," she added, "that you think all this very strange. When you know me better, your surprise will cease. I submit not to be an accomplice in my sex's slavery. I am, like yourself, a lover of freedom, and I carry my theory into practice. *They alone are subject to blind authority who have no reliance on their own strength.*"

Stella took possession of the recondite apartments. Scythrop intended to find her another asylum; but from day to day he postponed his intention, and by degrees forgot it. The young lady reminded him of it from day to day, till she also forgot it. Scythrop was anxious to learn her history; but she would add nothing to what she had already communicated, that she was shunning an atrocious persecution. Scythrop thought of Lord C. and the Alien Act, and said, "As you will not tell your name, I suppose it is in the green bag." Stella, not understanding what he meant, was silent; and Scythrop, translating silence into acquiescence, concluded that he was sheltering an *illuminée* whom Lord S. suspected of an intention to take the Tower, and set fire to the Bank: exploits, at least, as likely to be accomplished by the hands and eyes of a young beauty, as by a drunken cobbler and doctor, armed with a pamphlet and an old stocking.

Stella, in her conversations with Scythrop displayed a highly cultivated and energetic mind, full of impassioned

schemes of liberty, and impatience of masculine usurpation. She had a lively sense of all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and the vivid pictures which her imagination presented to her of the numberless scenes of injustice and misery which are being acted at every moment in every part of the inhabited world, gave an habitual seriousness to her physiognomy, that made it seem as if a smile had never once hovered on her lips. She was intimately conversant with the German language and literature; and Scythrop listened with delight to her repetitions of her favourite passages from Schiller and Göthe, and to her encomiums on the sublime Spartacus Weishaupt, the immortal founder of the sect of the Illuminati. Scythrop found that his soul had a greater capacity of love than the image of Marionetta had filled. The form of Stella took possession of every vacant corner of the cavity, and by degrees displaced that of Marionetta from many of the outworks of the citadel; though the latter still held possession of the *keep*. He judged, from his new friend calling herself Stella, that, if it were not her real name, she was an admirer of the principles of the German play from which she had taken it, and took an opportunity of leading the conversation to that subject; but to his great surprise, the lady spoke very ardently of the singleness and exclusiveness of love, and declared that the reign of affection was one and indivisible; that it might be transferred, but could not be participated. "If I ever love," said she, "I shall do so without limit or restriction. I shall hold all difficulties light, all sacrifices cheap, all obstacles gossamer. But for love so total, I shall claim a return as absolute. I will have no rival: whether more or less favoured will be of little moment. I will be neither first nor second—I will be alone. The heart which I shall possess I will possess entirely, or entirely renounce."

Scythrop did not dare to mention the name of Marionetta; he trembled lest some unlucky accident should reveal it to Stella, though he scarcely knew what result to wish or anticipate, and lived in the double fever of a perpetual dilemma. He could not dissemble to himself that he was not in love, at the same time, with two damsels of minds and habits as remote as the antipodes. The scale of predilection always inclined to the fair one who happened to be present; but the absent was never *effectually* outweighed, though the degrees of

exaltation and depression varied according to accidental variations in the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual graces of his respective charmers. Passing and repassing several times a day from the company of the one to that of the other, he was like a shuttlecock between two battledores, changing its direction as rapidly as the oscillations of a pendulum, receiving many a hard knock on the cork of a sensitive heart, and flying from point to point on the feathers of a super-sublimated head. This was an awful state of things. He had now as much mystery about him as any romantic transcendentalist or transcendental romancer could desire. He had his esoterical and his exoterical love. He could not endure the thought of losing either of them, but he trembled when he imagined the possibility that some fatal discovery might deprive him of both. The old proverb concerning two strings in a bow gave him some gleams of comfort; but that concerning two stools occurred to him more frequently, and covered his forehead with a cold perspiration. With Stella, he would indulge freely in all his romantic and philosophical visions. He could build castles in the air, and she would pile towers and turrets on the imaginary edifices. With Marionetta it was otherwise: she knew nothing of the world and society beyond the sphere of her own experience. Her life was all music and sunshine, and she wondered what any one could see to complain of in such a pleasant state of things. She loved Scythrop, she hardly knew why; indeed, she was not always sure that she loved him at all: she felt her fondness increase or diminish in an inverse ratio to his. When she had manœuvred him into a fever of passionate love, she often felt and always assumed indifference: if she found that her coldness was contagious, and that Scythrop either was, or pretended to be, as indifferent as herself, she would become doubly kind, and raise him again to that elevation from which she had previously thrown him down. Thus, when his love was flowing, hers was ebbing: when his was ebbing hers was flowing. Now and then there were moments of level tide, when reciprocal affection seemed to promise imperturbable harmony; but Scythrop could scarcely resign his spirit to the pleasing illusion, before the pinnace of the lover's affections was caught in some eddy of the lady's caprice, and he was whirled away from the shore of his hopes, without rudder or compass, into an ocean of mists and storms. It

resulted, from this system of conduct, that all that passed between Scythrop and Marionetta consisted in making and unmaking love. He had no opportunity to take measure of her understanding by conversations on general subjects, and of his favourite designs; and being left in this respect to the exercise of indefinite conjecture, he took it for granted, as most lovers would do in similar circumstances, that she had great natural talents, which she wasted at present on trifles: that coquetry would end with marriage, and leave room for philosophy to exert its influence on her mind. Stella had no coquetry, no disguise: she was an enthusiast in subjects of general interest; and her conduct to Scythrop was always uniform, or rather showed a regular progression of partiality which seemed fast ripening into love.

CHAPTER XI.

SCYTHROP, attending one day the summons to dinner, found in the drawing-room his friend Mr. Cypress, the poet, whom he had known at college, and who was a great favourite of Mr. Glowry. Mr. Cypress said, he was on the point of leaving England, but could not think of doing so without a farewell-look at Nightmare Abbey and his respected friends, the moody Mr. Glowry and the mysterious Mr. Scythrop, the sublime Mr. Flosky and the pathetic Mr. Listless; to all of whom, and the morbid hospitality of the melancholy dwelling in which they were then assembled, he assured them he should always look back with as much affection as his lacerated spirit could feel for anything. The sympathetic condolence of their respective replies were cut short by Raven's announcement of "dinner on table."

The conversation that took place when the wine was in circulation, and the ladies were withdrawn, we shall report with our usual scrupulous fidelity.

Mr. Glowry.—You are leaving England, Mr. Cypress. There is a delightful melancholy in saying farewell to an old acquaintance, when the chances are twenty to one against ever meeting again. *A smiling bumper to sad parting, and let us all be unhappy together.*

Mr. Cypress (*filling a bumper*).—This is the only social habit that the disappointed spirit never unlearns.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx (*filling*).—It is the only piece of academical learning that the finished educatee retains.

Mr. Flosky (*filling*).—It is the only objective fact which the sceptic can realize.

Scythrop (*filling*).—It is the only styptic for a bleeding heart.

The Honourable Mr. Listless (*filling*).—It is the only trouble that is very well worth taking.

Mr. Asterias (*filling*).—It is the only key of conversational truth.

Mr. Toobad (*filling*).—It is the only antidote to the great wrath of the devil.

Mr. Hilary (*filling*).—It is the only symbol of perfect life. The inscription "HIC NON BIBITUR" will suit nothing but a tombstone.

Mr. Glowry.—You will see many fine old ruins, Mr. Cypress; crumbling pillars and mossy walls—many a one-legged Venus and headless Minerva—many a Neptune buried in sand—many a Jupiter turned topsy-turvy—many a perforated Bacchus doing duty as a water-pipe—many reminiscences of the ancient world, which I hope was better worth living in than the modern; though, for myself, I care not a straw more for one than the other, and would not go twenty miles to see anything that either could show.

Mr. Cypress.—It is something to seek, Mr. Glowry. The mind is restless, and must persist in seeking, though to find is to be disappointed. Do you feel no aspirations towards the countries of Socrates and Cicero? No wish to wander among the venerable remains of the greatness that has passed for ever.

Mr. Glowry.—Not a grain.

Scythrop.—It is, indeed, much the same as if a lover should dig up the buried form of his mistress, and gaze upon relics which are anything but herself, to wander among a few mouldy ruins, that are only imperfect indexes to lost volumes of glory, and meet at every step the more melancholy ruins of human nature—a degenerate race of stupid and shrivelled slaves, grovelling in the lowest depths of servility and superstition.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—It is the fashion to go abroad. I have thought of it myself, but am hardly equal to the exertion. To be sure, a little eccentricity and originality are

allowable in some cases; and the most eccentric and original of all characters is an Englishman who stays at home.

Scythrop.—I should have no pleasure in visiting countries that are past all hope of regeneration. There is great hope of our own; and it seems to me that an Englishman, who, either by his station in society, or by his genius, or (as in your instance, Mr. Cypress) by both, has the power of essentially serving his country in its arduous struggle with its domestic enemies, yet forsakes his country, which is still so rich in hope, to dwell in others which are only fertile in the ruins of memory, does what none of those ancients, whose fragmentary memorials you venerate, would have done in similar circumstances.

Mr. Cypress.—Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife; and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country. I have written an ode to tell the people as much, and they may take it as they list.

Scythrop.—Do you suppose, if Brutus had quarrelled with his wife, he would have given it as a reason to Cassius for having nothing to do with his enterprise? Or would Cassius have been satisfied with such an excuse?

Mr. Flosky.—Brutus was a senator: so is our dear friend: but the cases are different. Brutus had some hope of political good: Mr. Cypress has none. How should he, after what we have seen in France?

Scythrop.—A Frenchman is born in harness, ready saddled, bitted, and bridled, for any tyrant to ride. He will fawn under his rider one moment, and throw him and kick him to death the next; but another adventurer springs on his back, and by dint of whip and spur, on he goes as before. We may, without much vanity, hope better of ourselves.

Mr. Cypress.—I have no hope for myself or for others. Our life is a false nature; it is not in the harmony of things; it is an all-blasting upas, whose root is earth, and whose leaves are the skies which rain their poison-dews upon mankind. We wither from our youth; we gasp with unslaked thirst for unattainable good; lured from the first to the last by phantoms—love, fame, ambition, avarice—all idle, and all ill—one meteor of many names, that vanishes in the smoke of death.*

Mr. Flosky.—A most delightful speech, Mr. Cypress.

* *Childe Harold*, canto 4, cxxiv. cxxvi.

most amiable and instructive philosophy. You have only to impress its truth on the minds of all living men, and life will then, indeed, be the desert and the solitude; and I must do you, myself, and our mutual friends the justice to observe that let society only give fair play, at one and the same time, as I flatter myself it is inclined to do, to your system of morals, and my system of metaphysics, and Scythrop's system of politics, and Mr. Listless's system of manners, and Mr. Toobad's system of religion, and the result will be as fine a mental chaos as even the immortal Kant himself could ever have hoped to see; in the prospect of which I rejoice.

Mr. Hilary.—"Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at:" I am one of those who cannot see the good that is to result from all this mystifying and blue-devilling of society. The contrast it presents to the cheerful and solid wisdom of antiquity is too forcible not to strike any one who has the least knowledge of classical literature. To represent vice and misery as the necessary accompaniments of genius, is as mischievous as it is false, and the feeling is as unclassical as the language in which it is usually expressed.

Mr. Toobad.—It is our calamity. The devil has come among us, and has begun by taking possession of all the cleverest fellows. Yet, forsooth, this is the enlightened age. Marry, how? Did our ancestors go peeping about with dark lanterns, and do we walk at our ease in broad sunshine? Where is the manifestation of our light? By what symptoms do you recognize it? What are its signs, its tokens, its symptoms, its symbols, its categories, its conditions? What is it, and why? How, where, when is it to be seen, felt, and understood? What do we see by it which our ancestors saw not, and which at the same time is worth seeing? We see a hundred men hanged, where they saw one. We see five hundred transported, where they saw one. We see five thousand in the workhouse, where they saw one. We see scores of Bible societies, where they saw none. We see paper, where they saw gold. We see men in stays, where they saw men in armour. We see painted faces, where they saw healthy ones. We see children perishing in manufactories, where they saw them flourishing in the fields. We see prisons, where they saw castles. We see masters, where they saw representatives. In short, they saw true men, where we see false knaves. They saw Milton, and we see Mr. Sackbut.

Mr. Flosky.—The false knave, sir, is my honest friend; therefore, I beseech you, let him be countenanced. God forbid but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request.

Mr. Toobad.—"Good men and true" was their common term, like the καλος κἀγαθος of the Athenians. It is so long since men have been either good or true, that it is to be questioned which is most obsolete, the fact or the phraseology.

Mr. Cypress.—There is no worth nor beauty but in the mind's idea. Love sows the wind and reaps the whirlwind.* Confusion, thrice confounded, is the portion of him who rests even for an instant on that most brittle of reeds—the affection of a human being. The sum of our social destiny is to inflict or to endure.†

Mr. Hilary.—Rather to bear and forbear, Mr. Cypress—a maxim which you perhaps despise. Ideal beauty is not the mind's creation: it is real beauty, refined and purified in the mind's alembic, from the alloy which always more or less accompanies it in our mixed and imperfect nature. But still the gold exists in a very ample degree. To expect too much is a disease in the expectant, for which human nature is not responsible; and, in the common name of humanity, I protest against these false and mischievous ravings. To rail against humanity for not being abstract perfection, and against human love for not realizing all the splendid visions of the poets of chivalry, is to rail at the summer for not being all sunshine, and at the rose for not being always in bloom.

Mr. Cypress.—Human love! Love is not an inhabitant of the earth. We worship him as the Athenians did their unknown God: but broken hearts are the martyrs of his faith, and the eye shall never see the form which phantasy paints, and which passion pursues through paths of delusive beauty, among flowers whose odours are agonies, and trees whose gums are poison.‡

Mr. Hilary.—You talk like a Rosicrusian, who will love nothing but a sylph, who does not believe in the existence of a sylph, and who yet quarrels with the whole universe for not containing a sylph.

Mr. Cypress.—The mind is diseased of its own beauty,

* Childe Harold, canto 4, cxxiii. † Ibid., canto 3, lxxi.
‡ Ibid., canto 4, cxxi. cxxxvi.

and fevers into false creation. The forms which the sculptor's soul has seized exist only in himself.*

Mr. Flosky.—Permit me to disccpt. They are the mediums of common forms combined and arranged into a common standard. The ideal beauty of the Helen of Zeuxis was the combined medium of the real beauty of the virgins of Crotona.

Mr. Hilary.—But to make ideal beauty the shadow in the water, and like the dog in the fable, to throw away the substance in catching at the shadow, is scarcely the characteristic of wisdom, whatever it may be of genius. To reconcile man as he is to the world as it is, to preserve and improve all that is good, and destroy or alleviate all that is evil, in physical and moral nature—have been the hope and aim of the greatest teachers and ornaments of our species. I will say, too, that the highest wisdom and the highest genius have been invariably accompanied with cheerfulness. We have sufficient proofs on record that Shakespeare and Socrates were the most festive companions. But now the little wisdom and genius we have seem to be entering into a conspiracy against cheerfulness.

Mr. Toobad.—How can we be cheerful with the devil among us?

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—How can we be cheerful when our nerves are shattered?

Mr. Flosky.—How can we be cheerful when we are surrounded by a *reading public*, that is growing too wise for its betters?

Scythrop.—How can we be cheerful when our great general designs are crossed every moment by our little particular passions?

Mr. Cypress.—How can we be cheerful in the midst of disappointment and despair?

Mr. Glowry.—Let us all be unhappy together.

Mr. Hilary.—Let us sing a catch.

Mr. Glowry.—No: a nice tragical ballad. The Norfolk Tragedy to the tune of the Hundredth Psalm.

Mr. Hilary.—I say a catch.

Mr. Glowry.—I say no. A song from Mr. Cypress.

All.—A song from Mr. Cypress.

* Childe Harold, canto 4, cxxii.

Mr. Cypress sung—

There is a fever of the spirit,
  The brand of Cain's unresting doom,
Which in the lone dark souls that bear it
  Glows like the lamp in Tullia's tomb:
Unlike that lamp, its subtle fire
  Burns, blasts, consumes its cell, the heart,
Till, one by one hope, joy, desire,
  Like dreams of shadowy smoke depart.

When hope, love, life itself, are only
  Dust—spectral memories—dead and cold—
The unfed fire burns bright and lonely,
  Like that undying lamp of old:
And by that dreary illumination,
  Till time its clay-built home has rent,
Thought broods on feeling's desolation—
  The soul is its own monument.

Mr. Glowry.—Admirable. Let us all be unhappy together.

Mr. Hilary.—Now, I say again, a catch.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—I am for you.

Mr. Hilary.—"Seamen three."

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—Agreed. I'll be Harry Gill, with the voice of three. Begin.

Mr. Hilary and the Reverend Mr. Larynx—

Seamen three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's degree,
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmed bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine.

This catch was so well executed by the spirit and science of Mr. Hilary, and the deep tri-une voice of the reverend gentleman, that the whole party, in spite of themselves, caught the contagion, and joined in chorus at the conclusion, each raising a bumper to his lips:

> The bowl goes trim: the moon doth shine:
> And our ballast is old wine.

Mr. Cypress, having his ballast on board, stepped, the same evening, into his bowl, or travelling chariot, and departed to rake seas and rivers, lakes and canals, for the moon of ideal beauty.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the custom of the Honourable Mr. Listless, on adjourning from the bottle to the ladies, to retire for a few moments to make a second toilette, that he might present himself in becoming taste. Fatout, attending as usual, appeared with a countenance of great dismay, and informed his master that he had just ascertained that the abbey was haunted. Mrs. Hilary's *gentlewoman*, for whom Fatout had lately conceived a *tendresse*, had been, as she expressed it, "fritted out of her seventeen senses" the preceding night as she was retiring to her bedchamber, by a ghostly figure she had met stalking along one of the galleries, wrapped in a white shroud, with a bloody turban on its head. She had fainted away with fear; and, when she recovered, she found herself in the dark, and the figure was gone. "*Sacré—cochon—bleu!*" exclaimed Fatout, giving very deliberate emphasis to every portion of his terrible oath—"I vould not meet de *revenant*, de ghost—*non*—not for all de *bowl-de-ponch* in de vorld."

"Fatout," said the Honourable Mr. Listless, "did I ever see a ghost?"

"*Jamais*, monsieur, never."

"Then I hope I never shall, for, in the present shattered state of my nerves, I am afraid it would be too much for me. There—loosen the lace of my stays a little, for

really this plebeian practice of eating—Not too loose—consider my shape. That will do. And I desire that you bring me no more stories of ghosts; for, though I do not believe in such things, yet, when one is awake in the night, one is apt, if one thinks of them, to have fancies that give one a kind of a chill, particularly if one opens one's eyes suddenly on one's dressing gown hanging in the moonlight, between the bed and the window."

The Honourable Mr. Listless, though he had prohibited Fatout from bringing him any more stories of ghosts, could not help thinking of that which Fatout had already brought; and, as it was uppermost in his mind, when he descended to the tea and coffee cups, and the rest of the company in the library, he almost involuntarily asked Mr. Flosky, whom he looked up to as a most oraculous personage, whether any story of any ghost that had ever appeared to any one, was entitled to any degree of belief?

Mr. Flosky.—By far the greater number to a very great degree.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Really, that is very alarming!

Mr. Flosky.—*Sunt geminæ somni portæ.* There are two gates through which ghosts find their way to the upper air: fraud and self-delusion. In the latter case a ghost is a *deceptio visûs*, an ocular spectrum, an idea with the force of a sensation. I have seen many ghosts myself. I dare say there are few in this company who have not seen a ghost.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—I am happy to say, I never have, for one.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—We have such high authority for ghosts, that it is rank scepticism to disbelieve them. Job saw a ghost, which came for the express purpose of asking a question, but did not wait for an answer.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—Because Job was too frightened to give one.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—Spectres appeared to the Egyptians during the darkness with which Moses covered Egypt. The witch of Endor raised the ghost of Samuel. Moses and Elias appeared on Mount Tabor. An evil spirit was sent into the army of Sennacherib, and exterminated it in a single night.

Mr. Toobad.—Saying, The devil has come among you, having great wrath.

Mr. Flosky.—Saint Macarius interrogated a skull, which

was found in the desert, and made it relate, in presence of several witnesses, what was going forward in hell. Saint Martin of Tours, being jealous of a pretended martyr, who was the rival saint of his neighbourhood, called up his ghost, and made him confess that he was damned. Saint Germain, being on his travels, turned out of an inn a large party of ghosts, who had every night taken possession of the *table d'hôte*, and consumed a copious supper.

Mr. Hilary.—Jolly ghosts, and no doubt all friars. A similar party took possession of the cellar of M. Swebach, the painter, in Paris, drank his wine, and threw the empty bottles at his head.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—An atrocious act.

Mr. Flosky.—Pausanias relates, that the neighing of horses and the tumult of combatants were heard every night on the field of Marathon: but those who went purposely to hear these sounds suffered severely for their curiosity; but those who heard them by accident passed with impunity.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx.—I once saw a ghost myself in my study, which is the last place where any one but a ghost would look for me. I had not been into it for three months, and was going to consult Tillotson, when on opening the door, I saw a venerable figure in a flannel dressing gown, sitting in my arm-chair, and reading my Jeremy Taylor. It vanished in a moment, and so did I; and what it was or what it wanted I have never been able to ascertain.

Mr. Flosky.—It was an idea with the force of a sensation. It is seldom that ghosts appeal to two senses at once; but, when I was in Devonshire, the following story was well attested to me. A young woman, whose lover was at sea, returning one evening over some solitary fields, saw her lover sitting on a stile over which she was to pass. Her first emotions were surprise and joy, but there was a paleness and seriousness in his face that made them give place to alarm. She advanced towards him, and he said to her, in a solemn voice, "The eye that hath seen me shall see me no more. Thine eye is upon me, but I am not." And with these words he vanished; and on that very day and hour, as it afterwards appeared, he had perished by shipwreck.

The whole party now drew round in a circle, and each related some ghostly anecdote, heedless of the flight of time, till, in a pause of the conversation, they heard the hollow tongue of midnight sounding twelve.

Mr. Hilary.—All these anecdotes admit of solution on psychological principles. It is more easy for a soldier, a philosopher, or even a saint, to be frightened at his own shadow, than for a dead man to come out of his grave. Medical writers cite a thousand singular examples of the force of imagination. Persons of feeble, nervous, melancholy temperament, exhausted by fever, by labour, or by spare diet, will readily conjure up, in the magic ring of their old phantasy, spectres, gorgons, chimæras, and all the objects of their hatred and their love. We are most of us like Don Quixote, to whom a windmill was a giant, and Dulcinea was a magnificent princess: all more or less the dupes of our own imagination, though we do not all go so far as to see ghosts, or to fancy ourselves pipkins and teapots.

Mr. Flosky.—I can safely say, I have seen too many ghosts myself to believe in their external existence. I have seen all kinds of ghosts: black spirits and white, red spirits and gray. Some in the shape of venerable old men, who have met me in my rambles at noon; some of beautiful young women, who have peeped through my curtains at midnight.

The Honourable Mr. Listless.—And have proved, I doubt not, "palpable to feeling as to sight."

Mr. Flosky.—By no means, sir. You reflect upon my purity. Myself and my friends, particularly my friend Mr. Sackbut, are famous for our purity. No, sir, genuine untangible ghosts. I live in a world of ghosts. I see a ghost at this moment.

Mr. Flosky fixed his eyes on the door at the further end of the library. The company looked in the same direction. The door silently opened, and a ghastly figure, shrouded in white drapery, with the semblance of a bloody turban on its head, entered and stalked slowly up the apartment. Mr. Flosky, familiar as he was with ghosts, was not prepared for this apparition, and made the best of his way out at the opposite door. Mrs. Hilary and Marionetta followed, screaming. The Honourable Mr. Listless, by two turns of his body, rolled first off the sofa and then under it. The Reverend Mr. Larynx leaped up and fled with so much precipitation, that he overturned the table on the foot of Mr. Glowry. Mr. Glowry roared with pain in the ear of Mr. Toobad. Mr. Toobad's alarm so bewildered his senses, that, missing the door, he threw up one of the windows, jumped out in his panic, and

plunged over head and ears in the moat. Mr. Asterias and his son, who were on the watch for their mermaid, were attracted by the splashing, threw a net over him, and dragged him to land.

Scythrop and Mr. Hilary meanwhile had hastened to his assistance, and, on arriving at the edge of the moat, followed by several servants with ropes and torches, found Mr. Asterias and Aquarius busy in endeavouring to extricate Mr. Toobad from the net, who was entangled in the meshes, and floundering with rage. Scythrop was lost in amazement; but Mr. Hilary saw, at one view, all the circumstances of the adventure, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; on recovering from which, he said to Mr. Asterias, "You have caught an odd fish, indeed." Mr. Toobad was highly exasperated at this unseasonable pleasantry; but Mr. Hilary softened his anger, by producing a knife, and cutting the Gordian knot of his reticular envelopment. "You see," said Mr. Toobad—"you see, gentlemen, in my unfortunate person proof upon proof of the present dominion of the devil in the affairs of this world; and I have no doubt but that the apparition of this night was Apollyon himself in disguise, sent for the express purpose of terrifying me into this complication of misadventures. The devil is come among you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GLOWRY was much surprised, on occasionally visiting Scythrop's tower, to find the door always locked, and to be kept sometimes waiting many minutes for admission: during which he invariably heard a heavy rolling sound like that of a ponderous mangle, or of a waggon on a weighing-bridge, or of theatrical thunder.

He took little notice of this for some time: at length his curiosity was excited, and, one day, instead of knocking at the door, as usual, the instant he reached it, he applied his ear to the key-hole, and like Bottom, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, "spied a voice," which he guessed to be of the feminine gender, and knew to be not Scythrop's, whose deeper tones he distinguished at intervals. Having attempted

in vain to catch a syllable of the discourse, he knocked violently at the door, and roared for immediate admission. The voices ceased, the accustomed rolling sound was heard, the door opened, and Scythrop was discovered alone. Mr. Glowry looked round to every corner of the apartment, and then said, "Where is the lady?"

"The lady, sir?" said Scythrop.

"Yes, sir, the lady."

"Sir, I do not understand you."

"You don't, sir?"

"No, indeed, sir. There is no lady here."

"But, sir, this is not the only apartment in the tower, and I make no doubt there is a lady upstairs."

"You are welcome to search, sir."

"Yes, and while I am searching, she will slip out from some lurking-place, and make her escape."

"You may lock this door, sir, and take the key with you."

"But there is the terrace door: she has escaped by the terrace."

"The terrace, sir, has no other outlet, and the walls are too high for a lady to jump down."

"Well, sir, give me the key."

Mr. Glowry took the key, searched every nook of the tower, and returned.

"You are a fox, Scythrop; you are an exceedingly cunning fox, with that demure visage of yours. What was that lumbering sound I heard before you opened the door?"

"Sound, sir?"

"Yes, sir, sound."

"My dear sir, I am not aware of any sound, except my great table, which I moved on rising to let you in."

"The table!—let me see that. No, sir; not a tenth part heavy enough, not a tenth part."

"But, sir, you do not consider the laws of acoustics: a whisper becomes a peal of thunder in the focus of reverberation. Allow me to explain this: sounds striking on concave surfaces are reflected from them, and, after reflection, converge to points which are the foci of these surfaces. It follows, therefore, that the ear may be so placed in one, as that it shall hear a *sound better* than when situated nearer to the point of *the first impulse*: again, in the case of two concave surfaces *placed opposite* to each other——"

"Nonsense, sir. Don't tell me of foci. Pray, sir, will concave surfaces produce two voices when nobody speaks? I heard two voices, and one was feminine; feminine, sir: what say you to that?"

"Oh, sir, I perceive your mistake: I am writing a tragedy, and was acting over a scene to myself. To convince you, I will give you a specimen; but you must first understand the plot. It is a tragedy on the German model. The Great Mogul is in exile, and has taken lodgings at Kensington, with his only daughter, the Princess Rantrorina, who takes in needlework, and keeps a day-school. *The princess is discovered hemming a set of shirts for the parson of the parish: they are to be marked with a large R. Enter to her the Great Mogul. A pause, during which they look at each other expressively. The princess changes colour several times. The Mogul takes snuff in great agitation. Several grains are heard to fall on the stage. His heart is seen to beat through his upper benjamin.*—THE MOGUL (*with a mournful look at his left shoe*). "My shoe-string is broken."—THE PRINCESS (*after an interval of melancholy reflection*). "I know it."—THE MOGUL. "My second shoe-string! The first broke when I lost my empire: the second has broken to-day. When will my poor heart break!"—THE PRINCESS. "Shoe-strings, hearts, and empires! Mysterious sympathy!"

"Nonsense, sir," interrupted Mr. Glowry. "That is not at all like the voice I heard."

"But, sir," said Scythrop, "a key-hole may be so constructed as to act like an acoustic tube, and an acoustic tube, sir, will modify sound in a very remarkable manner. Consider the construction of the ear, and the nature and causes of sound. The external part of the ear is a cartilaginous funnel."

"It won't do, Scythrop. There is a girl concealed in this tower, and find her I will. There are such things as sliding panels and secret closets."—He sounded round the room with his cane, but detected no hollowness.—"I have heard, sir," he continued, "that during my absence, two years ago, you had a dumb carpenter closeted with you, day after day. I did not dream that you were laying contrivances for carrying on secret intrigues. Young men will have their way: I had my way when I was a young man: but, sir, when your cousin Marionetta——"

Scythrop now saw that the affair was growing serious.

To have clapped his hand upon his father's mouth, to have entreated him to be silent, would, in the first place, not have made him so; and, in the second, would have shown a dread of being overheard by somebody. His only resource, therefore, was to try and drown Mr. Glowry's voice; and, having no other subject, he continued his description of the ear, raising his voice continually as Mr. Glowry raised his.

"When your cousin Marionetta," said Mr. Glowry, "whom you profess to love—whom you profess to love, sir——"

"The internal canal of the ear," said Scythrop, "is partly bony and partly cartilaginous. This internal canal is—"

"Is actually in the house, sir; and, when you are so shortly to be—as I expect——"

"Closed at the further end by the *membrana tympani*—"

"Joined together in holy matrimony—"

"Under which is carried a branch of the fifth pair of nerves—"

"I say, sir, when you are so shortly to be married to your cousin Marionetta—"

"The *caritas tympani*—"

A loud noise was heard behind the book-case, which, to the astonishment of Mr. Glowry, opened in the middle, and the massy compartments, with all their weight of books, receding from each other in the manner of a theatrical scene, with a heavy rolling sound (which Mr. Glowry immediately recognized to be the same which had excited his curiosity) disclosed an interior apartment, in the entrance of which stood the beautiful Stella, who, stepping forward, exclaimed, "Married! Is he going to be married? The profligate!"

"Really, madam," said Mr. Glowry, "I do not know what he is going to do, or what I am going to do, or what any one is going to do; for all this is incomprehensible."

"I can explain it all," said Scythrop, "in a most satisfactory manner, if you will but have the goodness to leave us alone."

"Pray, sir, to which act of the tragedy of the Great Mogul does this incident belong?"

"I entreat you, my dear sir, leave us alone."

Stella threw herself into a chair, and burst into a tempest of tears. Scythrop sat down by her, and took her hand. She snatched her hand away, and turned her back upon him.

He rose, sat down on the other side, and took her other hand. She snatched it away, and turned from him again. Scythrop continued entreating Mr. Glowry to leave them alone; but the old gentleman was obstinate, and would not go.

"I suppose, after all," said Mr. Glowry maliciously, "it is only a phænomenon in acoustics, and this young lady is a reflection of sound from concave surfaces."

Some one tapped at the door: Mr. Glowry opened it, and Mr. Hilary entered. He had been seeking Mr. Glowry, and had traced him to Scythrop's tower. He stood a few moments in silent surprise, and then addressed himself to Mr. Glowry for an explanation.

"The explanation," said Mr. Glowry, "is very satisfactory. The Great Mogul has taken lodgings at Kensington, and the external part of the ear is a cartilaginous funnel."

"Mr. Glowry, that is no explanation."

"Mr. Hilary, it is all I know about the matter."

"Sir, this pleasantry is very unseasonable. I perceive that my niece is sported with in a most unjustifiable manner, and I shall see if she will be more successful in obtaining an intelligible answer." And he departed in search of Marionetta.

Scythrop was now in a hopeful predicament. Mr. Hilary made a hue and cry in the abbey, and summoned his wife and Marionetta to Scythrop's apartment. The ladies, not knowing what was the matter, hastened in great consternation. Mr. Toobad saw them sweeping along the corridor, and judging from their manner that the devil had manifested his wrath in some new shape, followed from pure curiosity.

Scythrop, meanwhile, vainly endeavoured to get rid of Mr. Glowry and to pacify Stella. The latter attempted to escape from the tower, declaring she would leave the abbey immediately, and he should never see or hear of her more. Scythrop held her hand, and detained her by force, till Mr. Hilary reappeared with Mrs. Hilary and Marionetta. Marionetta, seeing Scythrop grasping the hand of a strange beauty, fainted away in the arms of her aunt. Scythrop flew to her assistance; and Stella, with redoubled anger, sprang towards the door, but was intercepted in her intended flight by being caught in the arms of Mr. Toobad, who exclaimed—"Celinda!"

"Papa!" said the young lady disconsolately.

"The devil is come among you," said Mr. Toobad, "how came my daughter here?"

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Glowry.

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Scythrop, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilary.

"Yes," said Mr. Toobad, "my daughter Celinda."

Marionetta opened her eyes and fixed them on Celinda; Celinda, in return, fixed hers on Marionetta. They were at remote points of the apartment. Scythrop was equidistant from both of them, central and motionless, like Mahomet's coffin.

"Mr. Glowry," said Mr. Toobad, "can you tell by what means my daughter came here?"

"I know no more," said Mr. Glowry, "than the Great Mogul."

"Mr. Scythrop," said Mr. Toobad, "how came my daughter here?"

"I did not know, sir, that the lady was your daughter."

"But how came she here?"

"By spontaneous locomotion," said Scythrop, sullenly.

"Celinda," said Mr. Toobad, "what does all this mean?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"This is most unaccountable. When I told you in London that I had chosen a husband for you, you thought proper to run away from him; and now, to all appearance, you have run away to him."

"How, sir! was that your choice?"

"Precisely; and if he is yours too we shall be both of a mind, for the first time in our lives."

"He is not my choice, sir. This lady has a prior claim: I renounce him."

"And I renounce him," said Marionetta.

Scythrop knew not what to do. He could not attempt to conciliate the one without irreparably offending the other; and he was so fond of both, that the idea of depriving himself for ever of the society of either was intolerable to him: he therefore retreated into his stronghold, mystery; maintained an impenetrable silence; and contented himself with stealing occasionally a deprecating glance at each of the objects of his idolatry. Mr. Toobad and Mr. Hilary, in the meantime, were each insisting on an explanation from Mr. Glowry, who they thought had been playing a double game

on this occasion. Mr. Glowry was vainly endeavouring to persuade them of his innocence in the whole transaction. Mrs. Hilary was endeavouring to mediate between her husband and brother. The Honourable Mr. Listless, the Reverend Mr. Larynx, Mr. Flosky, Mr. Asterias, and Aquarius, were attracted by the tumult to the scene of action, and were appealed to severally and conjointly by the respective disputants. Multitudinous questions, and answers *en masse*, composed a *charivari*, to which the genius of Rossini alone could have given a suitable accompaniment, and which was only terminated by Mrs. Hilary and Mr. Toobad retreating with the captive damsels. The whole party followed, with the exception of Scythrop, who threw himself into his arm-chair, crossed his left foot over his right knee, placed the hollow of his left hand on the interior ancle of his left leg, rested his right elbow on the elbow of the chair, placed the ball of his right thumb against his right temple, curved the fore-finger along the upper part of his forehead, rested the point of the middle finger on the bridge of his nose, and the points of the two others on the lower part of the palm, fixed his eyes intently on the veins in the back of his left hand, and sat in this position like the immovable Theseus, who, as is well known to many who have not been at college, and to some few who have, *sedet, æternumque sedebit.** We hope the admirers of the *minutiæ* in poetry and romance will appreciate this accurate description of a pensive attitude.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCYTHROP was still in this position when Raven entered to announce that dinner was on table.

"I cannot come," said Scythrop.

Raven sighed. "Something is the matter," said Raven: "but man is born to trouble."

"Leave me," said Scythrop: "go, and croak elsewhere."

"Thus it is," said Raven. "Five-and-twenty years have I lived in Nightmare Abbey, and now all the reward of my

* Sits, and will sit for ever.

affection is—Go, and croak elsewhere. I have danced you on my knee, and fed you with marrow."

"Good Raven," said Scythrop, "I entreat you to leave me."

"Shall I bring your dinner here?" said Raven. "A boiled fowl and a glass of Madeira are prescribed by the faculty in cases of low spirits. But you had better join the party: it is very much reduced already."

"Reduced! How?"

"The Honourable Mr. Listless is gone. He declared that, what with family quarrels in the morning, and ghosts at night, he could get neither sleep nor peace; and that the agitation was too much for his nerves: though Mr. Glowry assured him that the ghost was only poor Crow walking in his sleep, and that the shroud and bloody turban were a sheet and a red nightcap."

"Well, sir?"

"The Reverend Mr. Larynx has been called off on duty, to marry or bury (I don't know which) some unfortunate person or persons, at Claydyke: but man is born to trouble!"

"Is that all?"

"No. Mr. Toobad is gone too, and a strange lady with him."

"Gone!"

"Gone. And Mr. and Mrs. Hilary, and Miss O'Carroll: they are all gone. There is nobody left but Mr. Asterias and his son, and they are going to-night."

"Then I have lost them both!"

"Won't you come to dinner?"

"No."

"Shall I bring your dinner here?"

"Yes."

'What will you have?"

"A pint of port and a pistol."*

"A pistol!"

"And a pint of port. I will make my exit like Werter. Go. Stay. Did Miss Carroll say anything?"

"No."

"Did Miss Toobad say anything?"

"The strange lady? No."

"Did either of them cry?"

* See "The Sorrows of Werter," Letter 93.

"No."

"What did they do?"

"Nothing."

"What did Mr. Toobad say?"

"He said, fifty times over, the devil was come among us."

"And they are gone?"

"Yes; and the dinner is getting cold. There is a time for everything under the sun. You may as well dine first, and be miserable afterwards."

"True, Raven. There is something in that. I will take your advice: therefore bring me——"

"The port and the pistol?"

"No; the boiled fowl and Madeira."

Scythrop had dined, and was sipping his Madeira alone, immersed in melancholy musing, when Mr. Glowry entered, followed by Raven, who, having placed an additional glass, and set a chair for Mr. Glowry, withdrew. Mr. Glowry sat down opposite Scythrop. After a pause, during which each filled and drank in silence, Mr. Glowry said, "So, sir, you have played your cards well. I proposed Miss Toobad to you: you refused her. Mr. Toobad proposed you to her: she refused you. You fell in love with Marionetta, and were going to poison yourself, because, from pure fatherly regard to your temporal interests, I withheld my consent. When, at length, I offered you my consent, you told me I was too precipitate. And, after all, I find you and Miss Toobad living together in the same tower, and behaving in every respect like two plighted lovers. Now, sir, if there be any rational solution of all this absurdity, I shall be very much obliged to you for a small glimmering of information."

"The solution, sir, is of little moment; but I will leave it in writing for your satisfaction. The crisis of my fate is come: the world is a stage, and my direction is *exit*."

"Do not talk so, sir;—do not talk so, Scythrop. What would you have?"

"I would have my love."

"And pray, sir, who is your love?"

"Celinda—Marionetta—either—both."

"Both! That may do very well in a German tragedy; and the Great Mogul might have found it very feasible in his lodgings at Kensington; but it will not do in Lincolnshire. Will you have Miss Toobad?"

"Yes."

"And renounce Marionetta?"

"No."

"But you must renounce one."

"I cannot."

"And you cannot have both. What is to be done?"

"I must shoot myself."

"Don't talk so, Scythrop. Be rational, my dear Scythrop. Consider, and make a cool, calm choice, and I will exert myself in your behalf."

"Why should I choose, sir? Both have renounced *me:* I have no hope of either."

"Tell me which you would have, and I will plead your cause irresistibly."

"Well, sir,—I will have—no, sir, I cannot renounce either. I cannot choose either. I am doomed to be the victim of eternal disappointments; and I have no resource but a pistol."

"Scythrop—Scythrop;—if one of them should come to you—what then?"

"That, sir, might alter the case: but that cannot be."

"It can be, Scythrop; it will be: I promise you it will be. Have but a little patience—but a week's patience; and it shall be."

"A week, sir, is an age: but, to oblige you, as a last act of filial duty, I will live another week. It is now Thursday evening, twenty-five minutes past seven. At this hour and minute, on Thursday next, love and fate shall smile on me, or I will drink my last pint of port in this world."

Mr. Glowry ordered his travelling-chariot, and departed from the abbey.

CHAPTER XV.

THE day after Mr. Glowry's departure was one of incessant rain, and Scythrop repented of the promise he had given. The next day was one of bright sunshine: he sat on the terrace, read a tragedy of Sophocles, and was not sorry, when Raven announced dinner, to find himself

alive. On the third evening, the wind blew, and the rain beat, and the owl flapped against his windows; and he put a new flint in his pistol. On the fourth day, the sun shone again; and he locked the pistol up in a drawer, where he left it undisturbed till the morning of the eventful Thursday, when he ascended the turret with a telescope, and spied anxiously along the road that crossed the fens from Claydyke: but nothing appeared on it. He watched in this manner from ten a.m. till Raven summoned him to dinner at five; when he stationed Crow at the telescope, and descended to his own funeral-feast. He left open the communications between the tower and the turret, and called aloud at intervals to Crow,—"Crow, Crow, is anything coming?" Crow answered, "The wind blows, and the windmills turn, but I see nothing coming;" and, at every answer, Scythrop found the necessity of raising his spirits with a bumper. After dinner, he gave Raven his watch to set by the abbey clock. Raven brought it, Scythrop placed it on the table, and Raven departed. Scythrop called again to Crow; and Crow, who had fallen asleep, answered mechanically, "I see nothing coming." Scythrop laid his pistol between his watch and his bottle. The hour-hand passed the VII.—the minute-hand moved on;—it was within three minutes of the appointed time. Scythrop called again to Crow. Crow answered as before. Scythrop rang the bell: Raven appeared.

"Raven," said Scythrop, "the clock is too fast."

"No, indeed," said Raven, who knew nothing of Scythrop's intentions; "if anything, it is too slow."

"Villain!" said Scythrop, pointing the pistol at him; "it is too fast!"

"Yes—yes—too fast, I meant," said Raven, in manifest fear.

"How much too fast?" said Scythrop.

"As much as you please," said Raven.

"How much, I say?" said Scythrop, pointing the pistol again.

"An hour, a full hour, sir," said the terrified butler.

"Put back my watch," said Scythrop.

Raven, with trembling hand, was putting back the watch, when the rattle of wheels was heard in the court; and Scythrop, springing downstairs by three steps together, was at the door in sufficient time to have handed either of the young ladies

from the carriage, if she had happened to be in it; but Mr. Glowry was alone.

"I rejoice to see you," said Mr. Glowry; "I was fearful of being too late, for I waited till the last moment, in the hope of accomplishing my promise; but all my endeavours have been vain, as these letters will show."

Scythrop impatiently broke the seals. The contents were these:—

"Almost a stranger in England, I fled from parental tyranny, and the dread of an arbitrary marriage, to the protection of a stranger and a philosopher, whom I expected to find something better than, or at least something different from, the rest of his worthless species. Could I, after what has occurred, have expected nothing more from you than the commonplace impertinence of sending your father to treat with me, and with mine, for me? I should be a little moved in your favour, if I could believe you capable of carrying into effect the resolutions which your father says you have taken, in the event of my proving inflexible; though I doubt not you will execute them as far as relates to the pint of wine, twice over, at least. I wish you much happiness with Miss O'Carroll. I shall always cherish a grateful recollection of Nightmare Abbey, for having been the means of introducing me to a true transcendentalist; and, though he is a little older than myself, which is all one in Germany, I shall very soon have the pleasure of subscribing myself

"CELINDA FLOSKY."

"I hope, my dear cousin, that you will not be angry with me, but that you will always think of me as a sincere friend, who will always feel interested in your welfare; I am sure you love Miss Toobad much better than me, and I wish you much happiness with her. Mr. Listless assures me that people do not kill themselves for love nowadays, though it is still the fashion to talk about it. I shall, in a very short time, change my name and situation, and shall always be happy to see you in Berkeley Square, when, to the unalterable designation of your affectionate cousin, I shall subjoin the signature of

MARIONETTA LISTLESS."

Scythrop tore both the letters to atoms, and railed in good set terms against the fickleness of women.

"Calm yourself, my dear Scythrop," said Mr. Glowry; "there are yet maidens in England."

"Very true, sir," said Scythrop.

"And the next time," said Mr. Glowry, "have but one string to your bow."

"Very good advice," said Scythrop.

"And, besides," said Mr. Glowry, "the fatal time is past, for it is now almost eight."

"Then that villain, Raven," said Scythrop, "deceived me, when he said that the clock was too fast; but, as you observe very justly, the time has gone by, and I have just reflected that these repeated crosses in love qualify me to take a very advanced degree in misanthropy; and there is, therefore, good hope that I may make a figure in the world. But I shall ring for the rascal Raven, and admonish him."

Raven appeared. Scythrop looked at him very fiercely two or three minutes; and Raven, still remembering the pistol, stood quaking in mute apprehension, till Scythrop, pointing significantly towards the dining-room, said, "Bring some Madeira."

END OF VOL. I.

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